THE FAMOVS HISTORIE OF the Seauen Champions of Christendome.

Saint GEORGE of *England*, Saint DENIS of *France* Saint IAMES of *Spaine*, Saint ANTHONY of *Italy*, Saint ANDREVV of *Scotland*, Saint PATRICKE of *Ireland*, and Saint DAVID of *Wales*

Shewing their Honourable Battels by Sea and Land: their Tilts, Iusts, Turnaments for Ladies: their Combats with Giants, Monsters and Dragons: their aduentures in forraine Nations; their Inchantments in the *Holy Land*: their Knight-hoods Proweſſe and Chiualrie, in *Europe*, *Africa*, and *Asia*, with their Victories againſt the enemies of *Christ*.

Whereunto is added by the firſt Author, the true manner of their deaths, being ſeauen famous Tragedies: and how they came to be called the ſeauen Saints of CHRISTENDOME.

The firſt Part.

LONDON,
Printed by *William Stansby*.

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The first Part.

LONDON,
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TO ALL COVRTEOVS Readers, RICHARD IOHNSON wisheth increase of vertuous *Knowledge.*

GEntle Readers, in kindnesse accept of my labours, and bee not like the chattering Cranes, nor *Momus* mates, that carpe at euery thing. What the simple say, I care not: what the spightfull speake, I passe not: onely the censure of the conceited I stand vnto, that is the marke I ayme at: whose good likings if I obtaine, I haue wonne my race: if not, I faint in the first attempt, and so lose the quiet of my happy goale.

Yours in kindnesse to command,

R.I

The Authors Muſe vpon the Hiſtory.

THe famous facts, O *Mars*, deriu'd from thee,
By wearie pen, and painfull Authors toyle,
Enroll'd wee finde ſuch feates of chiualrie,
As hath beene ſeldome ſeene in any ſoyle.

Thy Enſignes here we finde in field diſplaide,
The Trophies of thy victories erected:
Such deedes of Armes as none could haue aſſaide,
But Knights whoſe courage Feare hath ne're deiected.

Such Ladies ſau'd, ſuch Monſters made to fall,
Such Gyants ſlaine, ſuch helliſh furies queld:
That humane forces, few or none at all,
In ſuch exploits their liues could ſafely ſhield.

But vertue ſtirring vp their noble mindes
By valiant conqueſt to enlarge their fames,
Hath cauſ'd them ſeeke aduentures forth to finde,
Which regiſtreth their neuer-dying names.
Then fortune, Time, and fame agree in this,
That honor's gaine the greateſt glory is.

THE

THE HONORABLE HISTORIE OF THE seauen Champions of CHRISTENDOME.

CHAP. I.

Of the wonderfull and strange birth of Saint *George* of *England*: how hee was cut out of his Mothers wombe, and after stolne from his Nurses by *Kalyb* the Lady of the Woods: Her loue to him, and her gifts: and how he inclosed her in a rocke of stone, and redeemed sixe Christian Knights out of prison.

AFter the angry Greeke had ruinated the cheife Citie in Phrigia and turned King Priams glorious buildings to a waste and desolate wildernesse, Duke Aeneas exempted from his native habitation, with many of his distressed Countrymen (like Pilgrims) wandred the world to finde some happy Region, where they might erect the Image of their subuerted Troy: but before that labour could be accomplished, Aeneas ended his dayes in the confines of Italy, and left his sonne Askanius to gouerne in his stead: Askanius dying left Siluius to rule:

Siluius deceasing, left the noble and aduenturous Brutus which Brute. (being the fourth discent from Eneas:) first made conquest of this Land of Britaine, then inhabited with Monsters, Gyants, and a kind of wild people without gouerment, but by pollicie, he ouercame them and established good Lawes: where hee founded the first foundation of new Troy, and named it Troynouant, but since by processe of time called London. Thus beganne the Isle of Britaine to flourish, not only with sumptuous buildings, but also with valiant and couragious Knights, whose aduentures and bold attempts in Chiualry, Fame shall describe what oblivion buried in obscuritie. After this the Land was repleniſhed with Cities, and deuided into Shires, & Countries: Dukedomes, Earledomes, and Lordships were the patrimonie of high and noble mindes: wherein they liued not then like Cowards in their Mothers bosomes, but merited renowne by martiall discipline: For the famous Citie of Couentry was the place wherein the first Christian Champion of England was borne, and the first that euer sought for forraigne aduentures, whose name to this day all Europe highly hath in regarde: and for his bold and magnanimous deedes at armes, gaue him this title, The valiant Knight Saint George of England, whose golden Garter is not onely worne by nobles, but by Kings: and in memory of his victories the Kings of England fight vnder his Banner. Therefore Caliope, thou Sacred sister of the Muses, guide so my pen, that it may write the true discourse of this worthy Champion.

When nature by true Consanguinitie had created him in his mothers wombe, shee dreamed to be conceiued of a dragon, which should bee the cause of her death: which dreame shee long concealed and kept secret, vntill her painefull burden grew so heauie that her wombe was scarce able to indure it, so finding opportunitie to reueale it to her Lord and husband being then Lord high Steward of England, shee reuealed her dreame after this manner. My honourable Lord

you

you know I am by birth the King of Englands Daughter, and for these one & twenty yeares haue I beene your true and lawfull wife, yet neuer was in any hope of child till now or that by me your name should suruiue: Therefore I coniure you by the pleasures of your youth, and the deare and naturall loue you beare to the Infant conceiued in my wombe, that either by Art, wisdome, or some other inspiration you calculate vpon my troublesome Dreames, and tell what they signifie: For these thirty nights past, my silent slumbers haue beene greatly hindred by greiuous Dreames: for night by night no sooner could sweet sleepe take possession of my sences, but me thought I was conceiued with a dreadfull Dragon, which would bee the cause of his Parents death: euen as Hecuba the beauteous Queene of Troy, when Paris was in her womb, dreamed to be conceiued with a fire-brand, which indeede was truely verified: for Paris hauing rauished the Parragon of Greece, and brought Helena into Troy, in reuenge thereof the Grecians turned the towers of Illium into blazes of fire. Therefore most deare and well-beloued Lord preuent the like danger, that I be not the mother of a viperous Sonne. These words strucke such terrour to his heart, that for a time hee stood speechlesse but hauing recouered his lost sences, he answered her in this manner:

My most deare and beloued Lady, what Art, or Learning can performe, with all conuenient speede shall be accomplished, for neuer shall rest take possession in my heart nor sleepe close vp the closets of mine eyes, till I vnderstand the signification of these thy troublesome dreames. So leauing her in her chamber, in companie of other Ladies that came to comfort her in her melancholy sadnesse, hee tooke his iourney to the solitarie walkes of Kalib, the wise Lady of the woods, without any company except another Knight that bore vnder his arme a white Lambe which they intended to offer to the Inchantresse. So trauailing for the space of two dayes they came to a thicket beset about with old, withered, and hollow trees, wherein they were entertained with

such

such dismall croking of night Rauens, hissing of Serpents, bellowing of Bulls, and roaring of Monsters, that it rather seemed a wilderneſſe of Furies then a worldly habitation: by which they knew it to be the Inchanted vale of Kalyb, the Lady of the woods. So pacing to the middle of the thicket, they came to a Caue, whose gate and entry was of Iron, wherein hung a Brazen horne for them to winde that would speake with the Sorcereſſe. First offering their Lamb with great humilitie before the posterne of the Caue, then exempting all feare, they winded the brazen horne, the sound whereof seemed to shake the foundation of the earth: after which they heard a loud and hollow voyce that vttered these words following:

Sir Knight from whence thou cam'ſt returne,
Thou haſt a Sonne moſt strangely borne:
A Dragon that ſhall ſplit in twaine,
Thy Ladies wombe with extreame paine:
A Champion bold from thence ſhall ſpring,
And practiſe many a wondrous thing.
Returne therefore, make no delay,
For it is true what I here ſay.

This darke Riddle, or rather mysticall Oracle, being thrice repeated in this order so much amazed them that they stood in doubt whether it were best to return, or to winde the brazen horne the second time: but being perſwaded by the other knight, not to moue the impatience of Kalyb, he rested satisfied with that answere.

Thus he left the inchanted Caue to the gouernment of Kalyb, and with all speede diſpatched his iourney to his native habitation: but in the meane time his Lady being ouercharged with extreame paine and bitter anguiſh of her labourſome wombe, was forced either to the ſpoyle of her Infant, or decay of her owne life: but regarding more the benefit of her Country, then her owne safety, and for

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the preservation of her child, shee most willingly committed her tender wombe to be opened, that her infant might be taken forth alive.

Thus with the consent of many learned Chirurgions, this most noble and magnanimous Lady, was cast into a dead sleepe, her wombe cut up with sharp rasors, and the Infant taken from the bed of his creation. Upon his breast nature had pictured the lively forme of a Dragon, upon his right hand a blood red Crosse, and on his left leg a golden Garter, they named him George, and provided him three nurses, one to give him suck, another to keepe him a sleepe, and the third to provide him food. Not many dayes after his nativity, the fell Inchantresse Kalyb, being the utter enemy to true Nobility, by charmes and witchcrafts, stole this Infant from his careleste nurses: At which time (though all too late) her noble Lord and husband returned, in good hope to heare a joyfull delivery of his Lady, and a comfort of a sonne: but his wished joy was turned into an unlookt for sorrow, for he found not only his Lady dismembred of her wombe, but his young sonne wanting, without any newes of his abode, which woefull spectacle bereaved him of his wits, that for a time he stood senselesse, like weeping Niobe, but at last brake into these bitter exclamations.

O heavens! why cover you not the earth, with everlasting night? why do these accursed eyes behold the Sunne? O that the waves of Oedipus might end my dayes, or like an exile, joy in banishment, where I may warble forth my sorrowes to the whispering woods, that senselesse trees may record my losse, and untamed beasts grieve at my want. What monster hath bereaved me of my child? or what Tyrant hath bene glutted with his Tragedie? O that the wind would be a messenger, and bring me happie newes of his abode: if hee bee drencht in the deepest Seas, thither will I dive to fetch him up: if hee bee hidden in the caverns of the earth, thither will I digge to see my sonne: or if he, like a feathered fowle, lie hovering in the ayre, yet thither will I

sie, and imbrace him that never yet my eyes beheld. But why do I thunder forth my exclamations thus in vaine, when neither earth, nor seas, nor any thing in earth, nor seas will grant me comfort for his recovery?

Thus complayned hee many months, for the losse of his sonne, and sent Messengers into every circuit of the Land, but no man proved so fortunate as to returne him happy tydings. He thus being frustrate of all good hopes, store himselfe with jewels, and so intended to travell the wide world, either to speed in his journey, or to leave his bones in some forraigne Region. Thus leaving his native Country, wandred from place to place, till the haires of his head were grown as white as silver, and his beard like to the thistle downe, but at last he ended his travell in Bohemia, where, what for age and excessive griefe, he laid himselfe downe under a ruinated Monastery wall, and died: the Commons of that Country having knowledge of his name (by a Jewell hee wore in his bosome) ingraved it in Marble stone right over his sepulchre, where we leave him sleeping in peace, and turne to his sonne remayning with Kalyb the Lady of the woods in the inchanted Cave.

Now twice seven yéares were fully finished since Kalyb first had in keeping the noble Knight Saint George of England, whose minde many times thirsted after honourable adventures, and often attempted to set himselfe at liberty, but the fell Inchantresse tendring him as the apple of her eye, appoynted twelve sturdy Satyres to attend his person, so that neither force, nor policy could further his intent: shee kept him, not to triumph in his Tragedy, nor to spend his dayes in slavery, but feeding his fancy with all delights and pleasures that Art and Nature could afford: For in him shee fired her chiefe felicity, and lusted after his beauty: But hee seeking to advance himselfe by Martiall discipline and Knightly attempts, utterly refused her proffered courtesies, and highly disdained to affect so wicked a creature. Shee seeing her love bestowed in vaine, upon a time being

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in a secret corner of her Cave, began to flatter him in this manner.

Thou knowest (my deare George) how worthily I have deserved thy love, and how for thy sake I have kept my virginity unstained, yet thou more cruell than the Tygers bred in Lybia, rejectest me, Deare Knight, fulfill my desires, and at thy pleasure my charmes shall practise wondrous things, as to move Heaven, to raine showers of stones upon thy enemies, to convert the Sun to fire, the Moone to blood, or make a desolation of the whole world.

The noble Knight Saint George considered in his minde that love would make the wisest blind: Therefore by these her faire promises he hoped to obtaine liberty, the which moved him to make her this answere.

Most wise and learned Kalyb, thou wonder of the world, I condescend to all thy desires, upon this condition, that I may bee sole Protector and Governour of this Inchanted Cave, and that thou describe to me my birth, my name, and parentage: thereto shee willingly consented, and began her discourse in this manner: Thou art by birth said shee, sonne to the Lord Albert high Steward of England, and from thy birth to this day have I kept thee as my child, within these solitary woods: so taking him by the hand, she led him into a brazen Castle, wherein remained as prisoners, six of the bravest Knights in the world. These are said shee, six worthy Champions of Christendome, the first is Saint Dennis of France, the second Saint Iames of Spaine, the third Saint Anthony of Italy, the fourth Saint Andrew of Scotland, the fift Saint Patrick of Ireland, the first Saint David of Wales, and thou art borne to bee the seventh, thy name being Saint George of England, for so thou shalt be termed in time to come. Then leading him a little further, shee brought him into a large faire roome, where stood seven of the goodliest Steeds that ever eye beheld, sir lo these (said shee) belong to the six Champions, and the seventh will I bestow on thee, whose name is Bayard: likewise shee led

him to another roome, where hung the richest armour in the world: so choosing out the strongest corslet from her Armorie, she with her owne hands buckled it about his breast, laced on his Helmet, and attired him with a rich Caparison: then fetching forth a mighty fauchion, she put it likewise in his hand. Now (said shee) art thou armed in richer furniture than was Ninus the first Monarch of the world: thy sword is of such force and invincible power, that whilest thou art mounted on his back, there can be no knight in all the world so hardy as to conquer thee: thy Armour is of the purest Lydian steele, that neither weapon can peirce, nor Battle-axe bruise: thy sword which is called Ascalon, is made of the Cyclops that it will separate & cut the hardest flint & hew in sunder the strongest steele: for in the pummell lies such precious vertue, that neither treason, witchcrafts, nor any other violence can bee offered thee, so long as thou wearest it.

Thus the lustfull Kalyb was so blinded in her owne conceit, that shee not only bestowed the riches of her Cave upon him, but gave him power and authority through a silver wand which shee put in his hand, to worke her owne destruction: for cumming by a huge great rock of stone, this valiant knight strooke his charming rod thereon: whereupon it opened, and shewed apparantly before his eyes a number of sucking babes, which the inchantresse had murthered by her witchcrafts and sorceries. Said shee, this is a place of horror, where naught is heard but strikes and rufull grones of dead mens soules: but if thy eares can endure to heare them, and thy eyes behold them, I will lead the way. So the Lady of the woods, holely stepping in before, little doubting the pretended policy of S. George, was deceived in her owne practises: for no sooner entred she the rocke, but he strooke his silver wand thereon, and immediatly it closed, where shee bellowed forth exclamations to the senseleese stones, without all hope of delivery.

Thus this noble Knight deceived the wicked Inchantresse

trelle Kalyb, and set the of her six Champions likewise at liberty, who rendred him all knightly courtesies, and gave him thankes for their safe delivery. So storing themselves with all things fitting to their desires, tooke their journeyes from their inchanted Grove, whose proceedings, fortunes, and heroicall adventures shall be shewed in the Chapter following.

CHAP. II.

Kalybs Lamentation in the rock of stone, her Will and Testament, and how shee was torne in peeces by Spirits: with other things that hapned in the Cave.

BVT after the departure of the seven worthy Champions, Kalyb seeing her selfe fast closed in the rock of stone, by the policy of the English knight, grew into such extreame passion of minde, that she cursed the houre of her creation, and bitterly banned all motions of conjuration, the earth shee wearied with her cries, whereby the very stones seemed to relent, and as it were, wept pearled teares, and sweat with very anguish of her griefe: the blasted Oakes that grew about the Inchanted Rocke, likewise seemed to rue at her exclamations, the blustring winds were silent; the murmuring of Birds still, and solitary dumbnesse tooke possession of every creature that abode within the circuits of the woods, to heare her woefull lamentations, which she uttered in this manner.

O miserable Kalyb! accursed bee thy destiny: for now thou art inclosed within a desolate and a darksome den where neither Sunne can lend thee comfort with his bright beames, nor ayre extend breathing coolenesse to thy wofull body, for in the deepe foundations of the earth thou art for ever-

more inclosed that hath beene the wonder of time for Magicke: I that by Art have made my journey to the deepest dungeons of hell, where multitudes of ugly, black, and fearfull spirits have trembled at my charmes: I that have bound the furies up in beds of steele, and caused them to attend my pleasure like swarmes of hornets, that over-spread the mountaines in Ægypt, or the flies upon the parched hils, where the tawny tanned Moores do inhabit, am now constrained to languish in eternall darkenesse: woe to my soule, woe to my charmes, and woe to all my Magicke spels: for they have bound me in this hollow rock: pale be the brightnesse of the cleare Sunne, and cover earth with everlasting darkenesse: skies turne to pitch, elements to flaming fire, rore hell, quake earth, swell seas, blast earth, rocks rend in twaine, all creatures mourne at my confusion, and sigh at Kalybs woefull and pitifull exclamations.

Thus wearied shee the time away, one while accusing Fortune of tyranny, another while blaming the falshood and trechery of the English Knight, sometimes tearing her curled locks of brisled haire, that like a wreath of snakes hung dangling downe her deformed necke, then beating her breasts, another while rending her ornaments, whereby shee seemed more like a fury than an earthly creature, so impatient was this wicked Inchantresse Kalyb, but being frustrate of all hope of recovery, began afresh to thunder forth these termes of conjuration: Come, come you princes, of the elements, come, come and teare this rock in peeces, and let me not bee inclosed in this eternall languishment: appeare you shadowes of blacke milky night, Magoll, Cumoch, Heluezo, Zontomo: Come, when I call, venite, festinate, inquam. At which words, the earth began to quake, and the very elements trembled, and all the spirits both of ayre, of earth, of water, and of fire, were obedient to her charmes, and by multitudes came flocking at her call: some from the fire, in the likenesse of burning Dragons, breathing from their fearfull nostrils, sulphure and flaming brimstone,

some

some from the water in shape of Fishes, with other deformed creatures, that have their abidings in the Seas, some from the Ayre, the purest of the Elements, in the likenesse of Spirits and other bright shadowes, and other some from the grosse Earth most ugly, black, and dreadfull to behold. So when these Legions of Spirits had incompast the wicked Inchantresse, hell began to rore such an infernall and harsh melody, that the inchanted rock burst in twaine, and then Kalybs charmes lost their effect, her Magick no longer endured than the terme of an hundred yeare, the which as then were fully finished and brought to an end: then the Obligation which she subscribed with her dearest blood, and sealed with her owne hands, was brought as a witnesse against her, by which she knew, and fully perswaded her selfe, that her life was fully finished: therefore in this most fearfull manner she began to make her last Will and Testament.

First welcome (said shee) my said executors, welcome my grave and everlasting toombe, for you have digg'd it in the fiery lakes of Phlegeton, my winding sheetes wherein to shrowd both my body and contemned soule, is a Cauldron of boyling lead and brimstone, and the wormes that should consume my Carkasse, are the fiery forkes which tosse burning fire-brands from place to place, from furnace to furnace, and from Caldron to Caldron, therefore attend to Kalybs woefull Testament, and ingrave the Legacies shee gives is Brasse rolles, upon the burning bankes of Acheron. First these eyes, that now too late weep helplesse teares, I give unto the watry spirits, for they have rakt the treasures hidden in deepest Seas, to satisfie their most insatiate lookes: next I bequeath these hands which did subscribe the bloody Obligation of my perpetuall banishment from joy, unto those spirits that hover in the ayre: my tongue that did conspire against the Majesty of Heaven, I give to those spirits which have their being in the fire, my earthly heart, I bequeath to those grosse Demons that dwell in the dungeons of the earth, and the rest of my condemned body, to the

torments

torments due to my desertings. Which strange and fearfull Testament, being no sooner ended, but all the spirits generally at one instant, seized upon the Inchauntresse, and dismembred her body to a thousand peeces, and divided her limbs to the foure elements; one member to the ayre, another to the water, another to the fire, and another to the earth, which was carried away in a moment by the spirits, that departed with such a horror, that all things within the hearing thereof suddenly died, both Beasts, Birds, and all creeping wormes which remained within the compasse of those inchanted woods: the trees which before were wont to flourish with greene leaves, withered away and died, the braves of grasse perished for want of naturall moisture, which the watry clouds denied to nourish in so wicked a place.

Thus by judgement of the heavens, senseless things perished for the wickednesse of Kalyb, whom we leave to her endlesse torments, and returne to the seven worthy Champions of Christendome, whose laudable Adventures fame hath inrolled in the bookes of Memory.

Chap. III.

How Saint George slew the burning Dragon in Ægypt, and Redeemed Sabrah the Kings daughter from death: How he was betrayed by Almidor the black King of Moroco, and sent to the Souldan of Persia, where he slew two Lyons, and remained seven yeers in prison.

After the seven Champions departed from the inchanted Cave of Kalyb, they made their abode in the City of Coventry, for the space of nine months, In which time they erected a costly Monument, over the herse

herſe of Saint Georges Mother, and ſo in that time of the yeare, when the ſpring had over-ſpread the earth with the mantles of Flora, they armed themſelves like wandring Knights, and took their journey to ſeeke for forraine adventures, accounting no diſhonour ſo great, as to ſpend their dayes in idleneſs, atchieving no memorable accident. So travelling for the ſpace of thirty dayes without any adventure worthy the noting, at length they came to a broad plaine, whereon ſtood a brazen pillar, where ſeven ſeverall wayes met, which cauſed the ſeven Knights to forſake each others company, and to take every one a contrary way: where wee leave ſir of the Champions to their contented travels and wholly diſcourſe upon the fortunate ſucceſſe of our worthy Engliſh Knight, who after ſome few months travell, happily arrived within the territories of Egypt, which country at then was greatly annoyed with a dangerous Dragon: but before he had journeyed fully within the diſtance of a mile, the ſilent night approched, and ſolitary ſtilneſſe took poſſeſſion of all living things: at laſt he eſpied an old poore Hermitage, wherein he purpoſed to reſt his horſe, and to take ſome repaſt after his weary journy, till the Sunne had renewed his mornings light, that he might fall to his travell againe: but entring the cottage, he found an aged Hermit over-worn with yeares, and almoſt conſumed with griefe, with whom in this manner he began to confer.

Father, (ſaid he) for ſo you ſeeme by your gravity, may a traveller for this night crave entertainment within your cottage, not only for himſelfe but his horſe: or is there ſome City neere at hand, whereto I may take my journy without danger? The old man ſtarting at the ſudden approach of Saint George, repliedunto him in this order.

Sir Knight (quoth hee) of thy country I need not demand, for I know it by thy Surcoate, (for indeed thereon was graven the Armes of England,) but I ſorrow for thy hard fortune, that it is thy deſtiny to arrive in this our country of Egypt, wherein is not left ſufficient alive to bury the dead, ſuch is the diſtreſſe of this land, through a danger-

sons and terrible Dragon now ranging up and downe the Country, which if hee be not every day appeased with the body of a true Virgin, which hee devoureth downe his venemous bowels, that day so neglected, with his breath such a stinch from his nostrils, whereof growes a most grievous plague and mortality of all things, which ere hath beene observed for these foure and twenty yeares, and now there is not left one true virgin but the Kings only daughter throughout Egypt, which Damosell to morrow must be offered up in sacrifice to the Dragon: therefore the King hath made Proclamation, that if any Knight were prou'd so adventerous as to combat with the Dragon, and preserve his daughters life, he shall in reward have her to his wife, and the Crowne of Egypt after his decease.

This large proffer so encouraged the English Knight, that he vowed either to redeeme the Kings daughter, or else to lose his life in that honourable enterprise. So taking his repose and nightly rest, in the old mans Hermitage till the chearfull Cock, being the true Messenger of day, gave him warning of the Sunnes uprise, which caused him to buckle on his Armour, and to furnish his Steed with strong habiliments of warre, the which being done, hee tooke his journy, guided only by the old Hermit to the valley where the Kings daughter should be offered up in sacrifice. But when hee approached the sight of the valley, hee espied a farre off a most faire and beautifull Damsell, attired in pure Arabian like, going to sacrifice, guarded to the place of death only by sighs and modest Patrons; which woefull sight encouraged the English Knight to such a forwardnesse, that hee thought every minute a day, till he had redeemed the Damsell from the Dragons tyranny: so approching the Lady, he gave her comfort of delivery, and returned her back to her Fathers Pallace againe.

After this the Noble Knight, like a bold adventerous Champion, entred the valley, where the Dragon had his residence; who no sooner had a sight of him, but hee gave such a terrible yell, as though it had thundred in the ele-

ments:

ments. The bigneſſe of the Dragon was fearfull to behold, for betwixt his ſhoulders and his taile there fifty foot in diſtance, his ſcales glittered as bright as ſilver, but farre more harder than braſſe, his belly of the colour of Gold, but more bigger than a Tun. Thus weltred hee from his hideous den, and ſo fiercely aſſayled the ſturdy Champion with his burning wings, that at the firſt encounter hee had almoſt felled him to the ground: but the knight nimbly recovering himſelfe, gave the Dragon ſuch a thruſt with his ſpeare, that it ſhivered in a thouſand peeces. Whereat the furious Dragon ſo fiercely ſmot him with his venemous taile, that downe fell man and horſe, in which fall two of Saint Georges ribs were ſore bruiſed: but yet ſtepping backward, it was his chance to leap under an Orenge tree, which tree had ſuch precious vertue, that no venemous wormes durſt come within the compaſſe of the branches: nor within ſeven foot thereof, where this valiant knight reſted himſelfe, untill he had recovered his former ſtrength: who no ſooner feeling his ſpirits revived, but with an eager courage ſmot the burning Dragon under his yellow burnisht belly, with his trufty ſword Askalon, wherout came ſuch abundance of ugly venome, that it ſprinkled upon the Champions Armour, whereby immediatly through the impoyſonned ſtrength of the venome, his Armour burſt in twaine and the good knight fell into ſo grievous a dead ſwound, that for a time he lay breathles: but yet having that good memory remaining that hee tumbled under the branches of the Orenge tree, in which place the Dragon could proffer him no further violence. The fruit of the tree being of ſuch an excellent vertue, that whoſoever taſted thereof, ſhould preſently be cured of all manner of diſeaſes and infirmities whatſoever. So it was the noble Champions good and happy fortune, a little to recover through the vertue of the tree, and to eſpy an Orenge which a little before had dropped downe, wherewith he ſo refreſhed himſelfe, that he was in ſhort time as ſound as when he began the incounter. Then knæled hee downe, and made his divine ſupplication

to Heaven, that God would send him (for his deare Saviours sake) such strength and agility of body, as to slay the furious and terrible monster: which being done with a bold and couragious heart, hee smote the Dragon under the wing, where it was tender without scale, whereby his good sword Askalon, with an easie passage, went to the very hilts through both the Dragons heart, liver, bone, and blood, whereout issued such abundance of purple gore, that it turned the grasse, which grew in the valley, into a crimson colour, and the ground which was before parched, through the burning fiench of the Dragon, was now drenched with over-much moisture proceeding from his venemous bowels, whereat last through want of blood, and long continuance in fight, the Dragon yelded his vitall spirits to the force of the conquering Champion. The which being happily performed, the noble Knight Saint George of England, first yielding due honour to Almighty God, for the victory, then with his good sword Askalon cut off the dead Dragons head, and pitcht it upon the truncheon of a speare, which at the beginning of the battell he shivered against the Dragons scaly back. During this long and dangerous Combat, his trusty Steed lay altogether in a sound without any moving, which caused the English Champion with all speed to crush the juice of an Orenge into his cold mouth: the vertue whereof presently expelled the venemous poyson, and recovered his former strength againe.

There was as then remaining in the Egyptian Court one Almidor, the black King of Morocco, who long had prosecuted (in the way of marriage) the love of Sabra the Kings daughter, but neither, by policy, meanes, nor manhood, could hee accomplish what his heart desired: and now finding opportunity to expresse his trecherous mind intended to robbe and spoyle Saint George of his victory, whereby he thought to attain the gracious favour and singular good liking of his Lady and Mistresse, who lothed his company like the detested Crocodiles: even as the Wolfe, though all in vaine barkes at the Moone, so this fantasticall and cowardly

cowardly Almidor, through many rich gifts and faire promises, hired twelve Egyptian Knights to beset the valley where Saint George slew the burning Dragon, and by force to bereave him of his conquest, and so when this magnanimious Champion of England came riding in triumph from the valley, expecting to have beene entertained like a Conquerour, with Drums and Trumpets, or to have heard the Belles of Egypt rung a joyfull sound of victory, or to have seene the streets beautified with bonfires, contrary to his expectation, hee was met with Troupes of Armed Knights, not to conduct him peacefully to the Egyptian Court, but by falshood and trechery to dispoyle him of his life and honour: for no sooner had he ridden past the entry of the valley, but hee espied how the Egyptian Knights brandished their weapons, and divided themselves, to intercept him in his journy to the Court: by which he knew them to bee no trusty friends, but vowed enemies. So tying his Horse to a Pathom-tree, hee intended to try his fortune on foot, for feare of disadvantage, they being twelve to one: in this skirmish Saint George so valiantly behaved himselfe with his trusty sword Askalon, that at one stroke he slew three of the Egyptian Knights, and before the golden diamond of Heaven had wandred the Zodiack the compasse of an houre, some hee dismembred of their heads: some had their limbes lopt off: some their bodies cut in twaine, and some their intrals trailing downe, so that not one was left alive to carry newes to Almidor the black King, which stood (during all the time of skirmish) afar off upon a mountaine top, to behold the successe of his hired Champions. But when hee saw the Egyptians bloody Tragedies, and how the happy fortune of the English Knight had won the honour of the day, hee accursed his darling, and accused the Queene of chance with cruelty, for disappointing his pretended enterprise: but having a heart full fraught with all wicked motions, secretly vowed in his soule, to practise by some other trechery S. Georges utter confusion. So running before to the Court of King Prolomie, not revealing

what had hapned to the twelve Egyptian Knights, but crying in every place as he went, Victoria, Victoria, the enemy of Egypt is slaine: Then Ptolomy immediatly commanded every street of the City to be hung with rich Arras and imbroydered Tapestry, and likewise provided a sumptuous Chariot of Gold, the wheeles and other timber worke of the purest Ebony, the covering thereof of pure silke, crosse-barred with staves of Gold: likewise an hundred of the Noblest Peeres of Egypt attyred in Crimson velvet, mounted on milk-white Coursers, with rich Caparisons, attended the comming of Saint George. Thus were all things appointed for his honourable entertainment, which they performed in such solemne order, that I lack eloquence to describe it: for when hee first entred the gates of the City, hee heard such a melodious Harmony of heavenly sounding Musicke, that it seemed in his conceit to surpasse the sweetnesse of all the Musicke that ever hee had heard before. Then they most royally presented him a sumptuous and costly Ball of Gold, and after invested him in that Ebony Chariot, wherein hee was conducted to the Pallace of King Ptolomy, where this noble and Princely minded Champion, surrendred up his conquest and victory to the Ivory hands of the beauteous Sabra: where shee with like courtesie and more humility requited his bounty: For at the first sight of the English Knight, shee was so ravished with his Princely countenance, that for a time shee was not able to speake: Yet at last taking him by the hand, shee led him to a rich Pavilion, where shee marmed him, and with most precious salves imbalmed his wounds, and with her teares washed away the blood: which being done, shee furnished a Table with all manner of delicates for his repast, where her Father was present, who enquired of his Country, Parentage, and Kindred: after the banquet was ended he installed him into the Order of Knighthood, and put upon his feet a paire of golden spurres. But Sabra who fed upon the banquet of his love, conducted him to his nights repose, where shee sat upon his bed, and warbled forth most

heavenly

heavenly melody upon her Lute, till his senses were overcome with a sweet and silent sleep, where she left him for that night after his late dangerous battell. No sooner did Auroraes radiant blush distance the beauty of the East, and the Sunne shew his morning countenance, but Sabra repaired to the English Champions lodging, and at his first uprising presented him with a Diamond of most rare and excellent vertue, the which he wore upon his finger. The next that entred his lodging, was the trecherous Almidor the black King of Morocco, having in his hand a boule of Grecish wine, which hee offered to the noble Champion Saint George of England; but at the receit thereof, the Diamond the Lady gave him, which he wore upon his finger, waxed pale, and from his nose fell three drops of blood whereat hee started, which suddell accident caused the Kings daughter to suspect some secret poyson compounded in the Wine, and therupon so vehemently scriked, that a suddaine uproze presently overspread the whole Court: whereby it came to the Kings intelligence of the proffered trechery of Almidor against the English Champion: But so deare was the love of the Egyptian King, to the black King of Morocco, that no beleefe of trechery could enter into his minde.

Thus Almidor the second time was prevented of his practice, whereat in minde he grew more enraged than a chafed Boze: yet thinking the third should pay for all, hee expected a time wherein to worke his wicked purpose which he brought to passe in this manner.

Many a day remayned Saint George in the Egyptian Court, sometimes revelling among Gentlemen, dancing and sporting with Ladyes, other times in Tilts, and Turnaments, with other honourable exercises: Likewise long and extreame was the love that beautious Sabra bore to the English Champion, of the which this trecherous Almidor had intelligence by many secret practises, and many times his eares were witnesses of their discourses. So upon an Evening, when the gorgeous Sunne lay levell with the ground, it was his fortune to walke under a garden wall,

to take the coolenesse of the Evenings ayre, where unseene of the two Lovers, hee heard their amorous discourses as they sat dallying under a bower of Roses, courting one another in this manner:

My soules delight, my hearts chiefe comfort, sweet George of England, said the Love-sick Sabra: Why art thou more obdurate than the flint, whom the teares of my true heart can never mollifie? how many thousand sighes have I breathed for thy sweet sake, which I have sent to thee as true messengers of love, yet never wouldest thou requite me with a smiling countenance: Refuse not her, deare Lord of England, that for thy love will forsake parents, Country, and inheritance, which is the Crowne of Egypt, and like a pilgrim follow thee throughout the wide World. O therefore knit that Gordian knot of wedlock, that none but death can after warus untie, that I may then say, The Sunne shall lose his brightnesse, the Moone her splendant beames, the Sea her tydes, and all things under the cope of Heaven grow contrary to kinde, before Sabra the Heyre of Egypt prove unconstant to sweet George of England.

These words so fired the Champions heart, that hee was almost intangled in the snares of love, which before time only affected Martiall discipline: hee yet to try her patience a little more, made her this answer: Lady of Egypt, canst thou not bee content, that I have ventured my life to set thee free from death, but that I should locke my future fortunes in a womans lap, and so bury all my honours in oblivion? No, no, Sabra, George of England is a knight, borne in a Country where true Chivalry is nourisht, and hath sworne to search the World, so farre as ever the lampe of Heaven doth lend his light, before he tie himselfe to the troublesome state of marriage, therefore attempt mee no more that am a stranger and a wanderer from place to place: but seeke to ayme at higher mates as the King of Morocco, who will attempt to clime to Heaven to gaine thy love and good liking: at which speeches she suddainly replied in this manner.

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The King of Morocco is as bloody minded as a Serpent, but thou more gentle than a Lambe, his tongue as ominous as the scriching night owle, but thine more sweeter than the mornings Larke: his kind imbracings like the stinging Snakes, but thine more pleasant than the trayling Vine. What if thou beest a Knight of a strange Country: thy body is more pretious to mine eyes, than Kingdoms to my heart. There stay (replied the English Champion) I am a Christian, thou a Pagan: I honour God in heaven, thou earthly shadowes here below: therefore if thou will obtaine my love and liking, thou must forsake thy Mahomet, and be christned in our Christian faith. With all my soule, (answered the Egyptian Lady) I will forsake my Country Gods, and for thy love become a Christian: and therewithall she burst a ring in twaine, the one halfe she gave to him in pledge of love, and kept the other halfe her selfe: and so for that time departed the Garden.

During all the time of these their discourses, the treacherous minded Almidor stood listning to their speeches, and fretted inwardly to the very gall, to heare the Mistresse of his heart reject his former courtesies: Therefore intending now or never to infringe their plighted band, went in all haste to the Egyptian King, and in this manner made his supplication.

Know great Monarch of the East, that I have a secret to unfold, which toucheth nearely the safeguard of your Country. It was my chance this evening at shutting up of Titans golden gates, to take the cool ayre of the Westerne breathing ayre under your privat Garden walk, where I heard though (unseene) a deep pretended Treason betwixt your Daughter and the English knight, for thee hath vowed to forsake her Gods, and beleeve as Christians do, and likewise she intendes to flie from this her native Country, and to go with this wandring traveller, which hath been so highly honoured in your Court.

Now by Mahomet and all our Country Gods wee Egyptians commonly swore (said the King) this damned Christian

shall not gaine the conquest of my daughters love, for he shall lose his head, yet not in our Egyptian Court, but by violence else where. Therefore Almidor be secret in my intent, for I will send him to my cosen the Persian Souldan, from whence hee shall never returne to Egypt againe, except his ghost bring newes of his bad successe unto my daughter: and thereupon they presently contrived this Letter.

The Letter to the Souldan of Persia.

PTolomy King of Egypt, and the Easterne territories, send greeting to thee the mighty Souldan of Persia, great Emperour of the Provinces of bigger Asia. This is to request upon the league of friendship betwixt us, to shew the bearer hereof, thy servant death, for he is an utter enemy to all Asia and Affrica, and a proud contemner of our Religion. Therefore faile me not in my request, as thou wilt answer on thy oath, and so in haste farewell.

Thy kinsman Ptolomy the
King of Egypt.

WHich Letter being no sooner subscribed and sealed with the great seale of Egypt, but Saint George was dispatched with Embassage for Persia, with the bloody sentence of his owne destruction: to the true delivery whereof he was sworne by the honour of his Knight-hood, and for his paine he left behinde him his good Steed, and his trusty Sword Askalon in the keping of Ptolomy the Egyptian King, only taking for his purbay and easie travell one of the Kings horses.

Thus the innocent Lambe, betrayed by the wily Fox, was sent to the hunger starved Lyons den, being suffered not

not once to give his Lady and Mistresse understanding of his sudden departure, but travelled day and night through many a long and solitary wildernesse, without any adventure worthy the memory, only hearing the dismall cry of Night-ravens thundring in his eares, and the fearefull sound of Schrich-owles in the crevices of the earth, and such like messengers of mischance, which foretold some fatall accident to be at hand: yet no feare could daunt his noble minde, nor danger hinder his intended travell, till he had a sight of the Soudans Pallace, which seemed more like Paradise, than any other earthly habitation; for as the history reports, the walls and towers of the Pallace were of the purest marble stone, the windowes of carved silver work, inamelled with Indian Pearle, beset with latten and chrystall glasse, the outward walls and buildings painted with gold, the pillars and gates were all of brasse; about the Pallace was a River of a great breadth and depth, over the same stood a stately bridge erected up with sumptuous workmanship of graven Images, under the bridge a hundred silver bels were hung by Art, so that no creature might passe into the Pallace but they gave warning to the Soudans guard; at the end of the bridge was built an Alabaster Tower, whereon stood an Eagle of gold, his eyes like the richest precious stones, the brightnesse whereof glistered so much, that all the Pallace did shine with the light thereof.

The day that (Saint George entred the Soudans Court) was when the Persians solemnly sacrificed to their Gods Mahomet and Apollo, which unchristian Procession so moved the impatience of the English Champion, that hee tooke the Ensignes and Streamers whereon the Persian Gods were pictured, and trampled them under his feet; whereupon the Pagans presently fled to the Soudan for succour, and shewed him how a strange Knight had despised their Mahomet, and trampled their Banners in the dust. Hereupon hee sent an hundred of his armed Knights to know the cause of that sodaine uproze, and to bring the Christian Champion bound to his Majesty: but the Persian

knights were entertained with such a bloody banquet, that some of their heads tumbled in the miry streets, and the Channels over-flowed with streams of their blood: the Pavements of the Pallace were over-spread with slaughtred men, and the wals be-sprinkled with purple goze: so victoriously hee behaved himselfe against the enemies of Christ, that ere the Sun had declined the West, he brought to ground most part of the Soudans knights, and inforced the rest like frighted sheep, to flie to the Soudan for ayd and succour, which as then remained in the Pallace with a guard of a thousand souldiers: who at the report of this unexpected uprore furnished his souldiers with habiliments of warre, and came marching from his Pallace with such a mighty power, as though the strength of Christendome had bene come to invade the territorie of Asia. But such was the invincible courage of Saint George, that hee encountred with them all, and made such a Mallacre in the Soudans Court, that the Pavements were covered with slaughtered Persians, and the Pallace gate stuffed with heaps of murthered Pagans. At the last, the larum Bels were caused to be rung, and the Beacons set on fire, whereat the Commons of the Country rose in Armes, and came flocking about the English Champion like swarmes of Bees: where at last through his long encounter, and the multitude of his enemies, his never-daunted courage was forced to yeld, and his restlesse arme wearied with fight, constrained to let his weapon fall to the ground.

Thus he whose fortitude sent thousands to wander about the banks of Acharon, stood now obedient to the mercies of his enemies, which with their brandishing weapons and sharp edged sauchions invironed him about.

Now bloody minded monster (said the Soudan) what country man soeber thou art, Jew, Pagan, or misbeleeving Christian, looke for a sentence of severe punishment, for every drop of blood thy unhappy hand hath here shed: First, thy skin with sharp rasors shall be pared from thy flesh alive: Next, thy flesh with burning Irons seared from

the

thy bones: and lastly, thy curled limbes drawne in pieces, joynt from joynt, with untamed horses. This bloody judgement pronounced by the Soudan, moved Saint George to reply in this manner: Great Potentate of Asia, I crave the liberty and law of Armes, whereto all the Kings of the earth are by oath ever bound: First, my descent in my native Country is of royall blood, and therefore challenge I a combat: Secondly, an Ambassador I am from Ptolomy the King of Egypt, and therefore no violence should be proffered mee: Lastly, the lawes of Asia grant me safe conduct back to Egypt: therefore what I have done, Ptolomy shall answer: and thereupon hee deliuered the Letter sealed with the great Seale of Egypt, the which was no sooner broken up and read, but the Soudans eyes sparkled like fire, and upon his countenance appeared the Image of wrath and discontent.

Thou art by the report of Ptolomy (said the Soudan) a great contemner of our Gods, and a despiser of our lawes: Therefore his pleasure is, that I should end thy dayes by some inhumane death: the which I sweare by Mahomet, and all my Country Gods to accomplish: and thereupon he gave him in keeping to an hundred of the Janissaries, till the day of execution, which was appointed within thirty dayes following: Hereupon they disrobed him of his apparell, and attired him in simple and base array: his armes that late were imployed to weild the mighty Target, and tosse the waighty Battelaxe, they strongly fettered up in Iron bolts: and those hands, which were wont to be garnished with steely Gantlets, they bound up in hempen bands, that the purple blood trickled downe from his fingers ends, and so being dispoyled of all knightly dignity, they convaid him to a deep, darke, and desolate dungeon, wherein the golden Sunne did never shew his splendent beames, nor never could the comfortable light of heaven be seene: betwixt the day and night, no difference could bee make, the Summers parching heat, and Winters freezing cold were both alike: his chiefest comforts were to murder the Persians he

had stained the enamelled, and while pondering in his restless thoughts the ingratitude of Ptolomy the Egyptian King, another while remembring his love, his vow and hoy affection that he bare to the Egyptians daughter, and how unkindly she took his departure, carving her picture with the nayles of his fingers upon the walls of the dungeon. To which senseless substance his many times would thus complaine:

O cruell destinies! why is this grievous punishment allotted to my pennance? Have I conspired against the Majesty of Heaven, that they have thrown this vengeance on me? Shall I never recover my former liberty, that I may be revenged upon the causers of my imprisonment: frown angry Heavens, upon these bloody minded Pagans, these daring miscreants, and professed enemies of Christ, and may the plagues of Pharaoh light upon their countries, and the misery of Oedipus upon their Princes: that they may be eye witnesses of their daughters ravishment, and behold their Cities flaming like the burning battlements of Troy. Thus lamented he the losse of his liberty, accursing his birth day, and houre of his creation, wishing that it never might be numbred in the yeare, but counted ominous to all ensuing ages: his sighes exceeded the number of the Ocean sands, and his teares the water bubbles in a rainy day, as one dis-minished, another presently appeared.

Thus sorrowed he his companion mix'd despaire his chiefe solicitor, till Hyperion with his golden Coach had thirty times rested in Thetis purple Pallace, and Cynthia thirty times danc't upon the Chrystall waves: which was the very time when as his moanes should end, according to the severe and cruell judgement of the Soldan of Persia. But by what extraordinary meanes he knew not. So expecting every minute to entertaine the wished messenger of death, he heard a far off the terrible roaring of two hunger starved Lyons, which for the space of fourteen dayes had been restrained from their food and naturall fellowship, only to devoure and staunch their hunger. Their bowels with the

body of this thrice vanquished Champion: which cry of the Lyons so terrified his mind, that the hayre of his head grew stiffe, and his browes sweat water through anguish of his soule, so extreamly hee feared the remorselesse stroke of death, that by violence hee burst the chaines in sunder wherewith hee was bound, and rent the curled tresses from his head, that were of the colour of Amber, the which he wrapped about his armes against the assault of the Lyons, for hee greatly suspected them to be the messengers of his tragedy, which indeed was so appointed, for at that same instant they descended the dungeon, being brought thither by the guard of Janizaries, only to make a full period of the Champions life. But such was the invincible fortitude of Saint George, and so politicke his defence, that when the fierce Lyons came running on him with open Jawes, he valiantly thrust his fine wrought armes into their throats (being wrapped about with the haire of his head) whereby they presently choaked, and so he pulled out their hearts.

Which spectacle the Soudans Janizaries beholding, were so amazed with feare, that they ranne in all haste to the Pallace, and certified the Soudan what had happned, who commanded every part of the Court to be strongly guarded with armed souldiers, supposing the English knight rather to be some monster, ascended from the deep, then any creature of humane substance, or else one possessed with some divine inspiration, that by the force of Armes had accomplished so many adventurous Stratagems: such a terrour assailed the Soudans heart, seeing hee had slaine two Lyons, and slaughtered two thousand Persians with his owne hands, and likewise had intelligence how he slew a burning Dragon in Egypt, that hee caused the dungeon to bee closed up with barres of Iron, lest he should by policy or fortitude recover his liberty, and so indanger the whole country of Persia, where hee remained in want, penury, and great necessity, for the terme of seven winters, feeding only upon rats and mice, with other creeping wormes which he caught in the dungeon.

During

During which time hee neuer tasted the bread of corne but of bran, and channell water, which daily was serued him thorow the Iron grates, where now we leaue Saint George languishing in great misery, and returne againe into Egypt, where we left Sabra the Champions betrothed Lady, lamenting the want of his company, whom she loued dearer than any Knight in the world.

Sabra that was the fairest maid that euer mortall eye beheld, in whom both Art and Nature seemed to excell in curious workmanship, her body being straighter than the stately Cedar, and her beauty purer than the Paphian Queenes: the one with ouer-burthened griefe was quite altered, and the other stained with flouds of brackish teares, that daily trickled downe her faire cheekes: whereupon sat the very image of discontent, the map of woe, and the only mirror of sorrow: shee accounted all company loathsome to her sight, and excluded the fellowship of all Ladyes, only betaking her selfe to a solitary Cabinet, where she sat sowing many a woefull story upon a crimson coloured sampler: whereon sometimes shee bathing wounded hearts with lukewarme teares: that fell from the cundits of her eyes, then presently with her crisped locks of hayre which dangled down her Ivory neck, she dried up the moisture of her sorrowfull teares: then thinking upon the plighted promises of her dearly beloued Knight, fell into these passions and pittifull complaints.

O Loue (said she) more sharp than the pricking bryar, with what unequality dost thou torment my wounded heart, not linking my deare Lord in the like affection of minde? O Venus if thou be imperious in thy Deity, to whom both Gods and men obey, commaund my wandring Lord to returne againe, or grant that my soule may flie into the clouds, that by the winds it may bee blowne into his sweet bosome, where now lives my bleeding heart. But foolish fondling that I am, he hath rejected me, and shuns my company as the Syrens (else had he not refused the Court of Egypt where he was honoured as a King) and wandred the

world

world to seek another love. No, no, it cannot be: he beares no such unconstant minde, and I greatly feare, some treachery hath bereaved mee of his sight, or else some stony prison includes my George from me. If it be so, sweet Morpheus thou God of golden dreams, reveale to me my loves abiding, that in my sleepe his shadow may appeare, and report the cause of his departure. After this passion breathed from the mansion of her soule, she committed her watchfull eyes to the government of sweet sleep, which being no sooner closed, but there appeared, as she thought, the shadow & very shape of her dearly beloved Lord, S. George of England, not as hee was wont to be, flourishing in his glittering burgonet of steele nor mounted on a stately Jennet, deckt with a Crimson plume of spangled feathers, but in over worne and simple attire, with pale looks and lean body, like to a Ghost risen from some hollow grave, breathing as it were, these sad & wofull passions.

Sabra I am betraid for love of thee,
And lodg'd in hollow Caves of dismall night:
From whence I never more shall come to see,
Thy loving countenance and beauty bright,
Remaine thou true and constant for my sake,
That of thy love they may no conquest make.

Let tyrans thinke if ever I obtaine,
What here is lost by treasons curled guile:
False Egypts scourge I surely will remaine,
And turne to streaming blood Moroccos smile,
That damned dogge of Barbary shall rue
The balefull stratagems that will ensue,

The Persian Towers shall smoak with fire,
And lofty Babylon be tumbled downe:
The Crosse of Christendome shall then aspire,
To weare the proud Egyptian triple crowne,
Jerusalem and Juda shall behold
The fall of Kings by Christian Champions bold,

...ious maid of Egypt, ſtill continue chaſte,
A Tyger ſeekes thy Virgins name to ſpill:
Whilſt George of England is in priſon plac't,
Thou ſhalt be forc't to wed againſt thy will.
But after this ſhall happen wondrous things,
For from thy wombe ſhall ſpring three mighty Kings.

This ſtrange and woefull ſpæch was no ſooner ended but ſhee awaked from her ſlæp, and præſently reached forth her white hands, thinking to imbrace him, but ſhe catched nothing but brittle ayre, which cauſed her to renew her former complaints. O wherefore died I not in my troubleſome dreame (ſaid the ſorrowfull Lady) that my ghoſt might have haunted thoſe inhumane monſters which have thus fally betrayed the braveſt Champion under the Cope of heaven? For his ſake will I exclaime againſt the ingratitude of Egypt, and like the raviſht Philomell, fill every corner of the land with ecchoes of his wrong: my woes ſhall exceed the ſorrowes of Dido Queene of Carthage, mourning for Æneas. With ſuch like paſſions wearied ſhe the time away, till twelve months were fully finiſhed: at laſt her Father underſtanding what fervent affection ſhee bore to the Engliſh Champion, began in this manner to dilate.

Daughter (ſaid the Egyptian King,) I charge thée by the bond of Nature, and the true obedience thou oughteſt to beare my age, to baniſh and exclude all fond affections from thy minde, and not thus to ſettle thy love upon a wandring Knight that is unconſtant, and without habitation: thou ſeeſt he hath forſaken thée, & returned into his own Country, where he hath wedded a wife of that land and nation: therefore I charge thée upon my diſpleaſure to affect and love the blacke King of Morocco, that rightfully hath deſerved thée in marriage, which ſhall be ſhortly honourably holden to the honour of Egypt; and ſo departed without any anſwer at all: by which Sabra knew he would not be croſt in his will and pleaſure; therefore ſhe ſighed out theſe lamentable words.

O unkinde Father, to crosse the affection of his child, and to force love where no liking is. Yet shall my minde continue true unto my deare betrothed Lord: although my body be forced against nature to obey, and Almidor have the honour of my marriage bed, English George shall enjoy my true virginity, if ever he returne againe to Egypt, and thereupon she pulled forth a chaine of gold, and wrapt it seven times about her Ivory neck. This (said shee) hath seven dayes beene kept in Tygers blood, and seven nights in Dragons milke, whereby it hath obtained such excellent vertue, that so long as I weare it about my neck, no man on earth can enjoy my virginity: though I bee forced to the state of marriage, and lie seven yeares in wedlocks bed, yet by the vertue of this chaine I shall continue a true virgin.

Which words were no sooner ended, but Almidor entred her sorrowfull Chamber, and presented her with a wedding garment, which was of the purest Median silk, imbost with pearle and rich refined gold, perfumed with sweet Syrian powders: it was of the colour of the Lillie, when Flora hath deckt the fields in May with natures ornaments: glorious and costly were her vestures, and so stately were her Nuptiall rites solemnized, that Egypt admired the bounty of her wedding: which for seven dayes, was holden in the Court of King Ptolomy, and then removed to Tripolie, the chiefe City in Barbary, where Almidors forced Bride was crowned Queene of Morocco: at which coronation the Conduits ran with Grecish wines, and the streets of Tripolie were beautified with Pageants and delightfull shewes. The Court resounded such melodious Harmony as though Apollo with his silver Harp had descended from the Heavens: such tilts and turnaments were performed betwixt the Egyptian Knights, and the Knights of Barbary, that they exceeded the Nuptials of Hecuba the beauteous Queene of Troy: which honourable proceedings was leave for this time to their owne contentments, some masking, some dancing, some revelling,

some tilting, and some banqueting. Also leading the Champion of England S. George, mourning in the dungeon in Persia as you heard before, and returne to the other six Champions of Christendome, which departed from the brazen pillar, every one his severall way, whose knightly & noble adventures, if the Muses grant me the bounty of faire Castalians springs I will most amply discourse, to the honor of al Christendome.

CHAP. IIII.

How S. Dennis the Champion of France, lived seven yeeres in the shape of an Hart, and how proud Eglantine the Kings daughter of Thessalie, was transformed into a Mulberry tree, and how they both recovered their former shapes by the meanes of Saint Dennis his horse.

CAlling now to memory the long and weary travels Saint Dennis the Champion of France endured, after his departure from the other six Champions at the brazen pillar, as you heard in the beginning of the former Chapter from which hee wandred through many a desolate grove and wildernesse, without any adventure worthy the noting, till hee arrived upon the borders of Thessalie, (being a land as then inhabited only with wild beasts:) wherein he endured such a penurie and scarcity of victuals, that hee was forced for the space of seven yeeres to feed upon the hearbs of the field, and the fruits of trees, till the haire of his head were like to Eagles feathers, and the nayles of his fingers to birds clawes: his drinke the dewe of heaven, the which hee licked from the flowers in the meddowes, the attyre he cloathed his body withall,

withall, May leaues and wood Docks, that grew in the wood: his shoes the bark of trees, whereon hee travelled through many a thorny brake: But at last it was his fortune or cruell destiny, (being over-prest with the extremity of hunger) to taste and feed upon the berries of an inchanted Mulberry tree, whereby he lost the lively forme and Image of his humane substance, and was transformed into the shape and likenesse of a wild Hart: Which strange and sudden transformation, this noble Champion little mistrusted till he espied his misshapen forme in a cleare fountaine, which nature had erected in a coole and shady valley: but when hee beheld the shadow of his deformed substance, and how his head late honoured with a Burgonet of steele, now dishonoured with a paire of Silvane hornes: his face wherein the countenance of true Nobility was late caracted, now covered with a beastlike similitude, & his body late the true Image of magnanimity, now overspread with a hayry hide, in colour like to the fallow fields: which strange alteration, not a little perplexed the minde of S. Dennis, that it caused him with all speed (having the naturall reason of man still remaining) to repaire backe to the Mulberry tree againe, supposing the berries he had eaten, to be the cause of his transformation, under which tree the distressed knight laid his deformed limbs upon the bare ground, and thus woefully began to complaine:

What magick charmes (said hee) or other bewitching Spels, remaine within this accursed tree whose wicked fruit hath confounded my future fortunes, and converted mee to a miserable estate: O thou celestiall directer of the world, and all you pittious powers of heaven, looke downe with kindly countenance upon my hapelesse transformation, and bend your browes to heare my woefull lamentation: I was of late a man, but now a horned beast, I was a souldier and my Countries Champion, but now a loathsome creature, and a pray for dogges; my glittering Armour is exchanged into a hide of hayre: my brave array, more baser than the lowly earth: henceforth in stead of Princely Pallaces, these shady

woods

woods muſt ſerue to ſhadow me in: wherein my bed of Downe muſt be a heap of ſunburnt moſſe: my ſweet recording Muſick the bluſtring of the winds, that with tempeſtuous guſts do make the wilderneſſe to tremble: the company I daily kéep muſt be the Siluane Satyres, Dryades, and fayre Nymphs: which never appeare to worldly eyes, but in twi-lights, or at the prime of the Moone: the Starres that beautifie the Chriſtall vaile of Heaven ſhal henceforth ſerue as Torches to light me to my wofull bed: the ſcrowling clouds ſhall be my Canopy: my clock to count how time runs ſtealing on, the ſound of hiſſing ſnakes, or elſe the croaking of Toads.

Thus deſcribed hee his owne miſery till the watry teares of calamity guſhed out in ſuch abundance from the Conduits of his eyes, and his ſcorching ſighes ſo violently forced from his bléeding breaſt, that they ſéemed as it were to conſtraine the untamed Beares, and mercileſſe Tigers to relent at his moanes, and like to harmeleſſe Lambs ſit bleating in the woods, to heare his wofull lamentations.

Long and many dayes continued this Champion of France in the ſhape of a Hart, in more diſtreſſed miſery than the unfortunate Engliſh Champion in Perſia, not knowing how to recover his former likeneſſe, and humane ſubſtance. So upon a time, as he lamented the loſſe of natures ornaments, under the branches of that inchanted Mulberry tree, which was the cauſe of his tranſformation, he heard a moſt grieuous and terrible grone, which he ſuppoſed to bee the induction of ſome admirable accident that would enſue: So taking truce for a time with ſorrowes, he heard a hollow voice breathe from the trunke of that Mulberry tree, theſe words following.

The voyce in the Mulberry tree.

Ceaſe to lament thou famous man of France,
With gentle eares come liſten to my moane:

In

In former times it was my fatall chance,
To be the proudest maid that ere was knowne:
By birth I was the daughter of a King,
Though now a breathlesse Tree and senseleſſe thing.

My pride was such that heaven confounded me.
A Goddesse in mine owne conceit I was:
What nature lent, too base I thought to be,
But deemd my selfe all earthly things to passe:
And therefore Nectar and Ambrosia sweet,
The food of Heaven, for me I counted meet.

My pride contemned still the bread of Wheat,
But purer food I dayly sought to finde,
Refined gold was boyled in my meat,
Such selfe conceit my fancies fond did blinde:
For which the Gods above transformed me,
From humane substance to this senseleſſe Tree.

Seven yeeres in shape of Hart thou must remaine,
And then the purple Rose by Heavens decree,
Shall bring thee to thy former shape againe,
And end at last thy wofull misery:
When this is done beſure thou cut in twaine,
This fatall Tree, wherein I do remaine,

After the voyce had breathed these speeches from the Mulberry tree, he stood so much amazed at the strangenesse of the words, that for a time his sorrowes bereaved him of his speech, and his long appointed punishment constrained his thoughts to loſe their naturall understanding: But yet at last recovering his senses, though not his humane likeneſſe, he bitterly complained of his hard misfortunes.

O unhappy creature (said the wofull Champion) more miserable than Progne in her transformation, and more distressed than Acteon was, whose perfect picture I am made: His misery continued but a short season, for his

sions.

olyne dogges the same day tore him in a thousand peeces, and buried his transformed carkas in their hungry bowels: mine is appointed by the angry Destinies, till seven times the Summers Sunne hath yerely repleniſht his radiant brightneſſe, and seven times the Winters raine hath waſht mée with the showers of Heaven. Such were the complaints of the transformed Knight of France, sometimes remembring his former fortunes, how hee had spent his dayes in the honour of his Country: sometimes thinking upon the place of his Nativity, renowned France, the Nurſe and Mother of his life: sometimes treading with his foot (as for hands he had none) in sandy ground, the print of the words the which the Mulberry tree had repeated, and many times numbring the minutes of his long appointed punishment, with the flowers of the field. Ten thousand sighes hee daily breathed from his breaſt, and still when the black and pitchy mantles of darke night had over-spread the azure firmaments, and drawne her sable Curtaines before the bright some windowes of the heavens, all creatures tooke their sweet reposed rest, and committed their tired eyes to quiet sleeps: All things were silent, except the murmuring of the running waters, whose sounding muſick was the chiefeſt comfort this distressed Champion enjoyed: the glittering Queene of night, clad in her chrystall robes three hundred times a yere, was witneſſe of his nightly lamentations: the wandring Howlet, that never sings but in the night, sat yelling over his head: the rufull weeping Nightingale with mournfull melody, thereſully attended on his person: for during the limitation of his seven yeares misery, his truſty Steed never forſooke him, but with all diligence and true love attended upon him day and night, never wandring away, but ever keeping him company: If the extreame heat of Summer grew intollerable, or the pinching cold of Winter violent, his Horſe would be a shelter to defend him.

At laſt, when the tearme of seven yeares was fully finiſhed, and that he should recover his former substance, and humane

humane shape, his good horse which he tendred as the Apple of his eye, chambered a high and steep mountaine, which nature had beautified with all kind of fragrant flowers, as odoriferous as the garden of Hesperides: from whence hee pulled a branch of purple Roses, and brought them betwixt his teeth to his distressed Master, being in his former passions of discontent, under the Mulberry tree: The which the Champion of France no sooner beheld, but he remembred that by a purple Rose he should recover his former similitude; and so joyfully received the Roses from his trusty Steed: then casting his eyes up to the celestiall throwne of Heaven, he conveied these consetrated flowers into his empty stomack.

After which hee laid him downe upon the bosome of his mother earth, where he fell into such a sound sleep that all his senses and vitall spirits were without moving for the space of foure and twenty houres. In which time the windowes and the doores of heaven were opened, from whence descended such a showre of raine, that it washed away his hairy forme and beast-like shape: his horned head and long vilage were turned againe into a lively countenance, and all the rest of his members, both armes, legges, hands, feet, fingers, toes, with all the rest of Natures gifts, received their former shape.

But when the good Champion awaked from his sleep, and perceived the wonderfull workmanship of the Heavens, in transforming him to his humane likenesse: first he gave honour to Almighty God: next kissed the ground, whereon he had lived so long in misery: then beholding his Armour which lay hard by him, bestained and almost spoyled with rust: his Burgonet and keene edged Curtle-axe besmeared over with dust: then lastly pondring in his minde, of the faithfull service his trusty Steed had done him, during the time of his calamity, whose sable coloured maine hung frizling downe his brawny neck, which before was wont to be pleated curiously with artificiall knots, and his forehead which was wont to bee beautified with a tawny plume of

feathers, now disfigured with many grievous hayre: wherewith the good Champion Sainct Denis of France so much grieved, that he stroke downe his Jetty back, till the hayre of his body lay as smooth as Arabian silke: then pulled hee out his trusty Fauchion, which in many fierce assaults and dangerous Combats, had beene bathed in the blood of his enemies, which by the long continuance of idle time, was almost consumed with cankered rust, but by his labour and industrious paines, he recovered the former beauty & brightnesse againe.

Thus both his sword his horse, his martiall furniture, and all other habiliments of war being brought to their first and proper qualities, the noble Champion intended to persevere and go forward in the adventure, in cutting downe the unhappy Mulberry tree: So taking his sword, which was of the purest Spanish steele, gave such a stroke at the root thereof, that at one blow hee cut it quite in sunder, whereout presently flashed such a mighty flame of fire, that the main from his horse neck was burned, and likewise the hayre of his own head had beene fired, if his helmet had not preserved him: for no sooner was the flame extinguished, but there ascended from the hollow tree a naked Virgin in shape like Daphne with Apollo turned to a Bay, farre more than Pigmalions Ivory Image, or the Northren driven snow, her eyes more clere than the Ieie mountaines, her cheekes like Roses dipt in milk her lips more lovelier than the Turkish Rubies, her Alablaster teeth like Indian Pearles, her seemly neck an Ivory Tower, her dainty breasts a Garden where milke white Doves sat and sung the rest of natures lineaments a faine to Iuno, Pallas, or Venus, at whose excellent beauty, this valiant and undaunted Champion more admired than at her wonderfull transformation: For his eyes were so ravished with such exceeding pleasure, that his tongue could endure no longer silent, but was forced to unfold the secrets of his heart, and in these tearms began to utter his minde.

Thou most divine and singular ornament of nature, said hee, farrer'th in the feathers of the silver Swannes

that

that swim upon Mæanders Chrystall streams, and far more beautifull than Auroraes morning countenance, to thee the fairest of all faires, most humbly and only to thy beauty do I heare submit my affections: Also I sweare by the honour of my knight-hood, and by the love of my Country France (which vow I will not violate for all the treasures of rich America, nor the golden mines of higher India) whether thou beest an Angell descended from heaven, or a Fury ascended from the vaste dominions of Proserpine: whether thou beest some Fairy or Sylvane Nimph, which inhabits in these fatal woods, or else an earthly creature, for thy sinnes transformed into this Mulberry tree, I am not judge. Therefore sweet Saint, to whom my heart must pay his devotion, unfold to me thy birth, parentage, and name, that I may the bolder presume upon thy courtesies. At which demand, this rare borne Virgin, with a shamefull look, modest gesture, sober grace, and blushing countenance, began thus to reply.

Sir Knight, by whom my life, my love, and fortunes are to be commanded, and by whom my humane shape and natural forme is recovered: first know thou magnanimious Champion, that I am by birth the King of Thessalies Daughter, and my name was called for my beauty, proud Eglantine: For which contemptuous pride, I was transformed into this Mulberry tree, in which greene substance I have continued fourteen yeares. As for my love, thou shalt deserved it, before all other Knights in the world, and to thee do I plight that true promise before the Omnipotent Judger of all things: and before that secret promise shall be infringed, the Sunne shall cease to shine by day, and the Moone by night, and all the Planets forsake their proper nature. [illegible]

At which words the Champion gave her the courtesie of his Country, and sealed her promises with a loving kisse. After which, the beautifull Eglantine being ashamed of her nakednesse, weaved her selfe a garment of greene rushes, interminded with such variety of sundry colours, that it surpassed for workmanship the Indian Arachnes curious web: her

crisped locks of haire continued still of the colour of the Mulberry tree: whereby she seemed like Flora in her greatest royalty, when the fields were bedecked with natures tapistry.

After which she washed her Lilly hands, and rosie coloured face in the dew of heaven: which she gathered from a bed of violets. Thus in her greene delliments, shee intends in company of her true Love (the valiant Knight of France) to take her journey to her fathers Court, being as then the King of that Country: where after some few dayes travell, they arrived safe in the Court of Thessaly, whose welcomes were to their owne wishes, and their entertainments most honorable: for no sooner did the King behold his daughters safe approch, of whose strange transformation he was ever ignorant, but he fell into such a dead sound, through the exceeding joy of her presence, that for a time his senses were without all vitall moving, and his heart imbraced so kindly her dainty body, and proffered such courtesie to the strange Knight, that S. Dennis accounted him the mirror of all courtesie, and the patterne of true Nobility.

After the Champion was unarmed, his Kirke and weary limbs were bathed in new milke, white wine, he was conveied to a sweet smelling fire made of Juniper, & the faire Eglonine conducted by the Maidens of Honor to a private chamber where she was disrobed of her Silvane attire, and apparelled in a Pall of purple like: In which Court of Thessaly we will leave this our Champion of France with his Lady, and go forward in the discourse of the other Champions, discovering what adventures hapned to them during the time of seven yeres: But first how S. James the Champion of Spaine fell in love with a faire Jew, and how for her sake he continued seven yeres dumbe, and after, if Apollo grant my muse the gift of Scholerisme, and dip my pen in the Ink of Art, I will not rest my weary hand, till I have explained the honorable proceedings of the Knights of England, France, Spaine, Italy, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, to the honour of Christ-mome, and the dishonour of all the professed enemies of Christ.

CHAP.

Chap. IIII.

How Saint Iames the Champion of Spaine, continued seven yeeres dumbe for the love of a faire Iew, and how he should have beene shot to death by the Maidens of Ierusalem, with other things which chanced in his travels.

NOw must my Muse speake of the strange adventures of Saint Iames of Spaine, the third Champion and renowned Knight of Christendome, and what hapned unto him in his seven yeares travels through many a strange Country, both by Sea and Land, where his honourable acts were so dangerous and full of wonder, that I want skill to expresse, and Art to subscribe: also I am forced for brevities sake, to passe over his fearful and dangerous battell with the burning Drake upon the flaming mount in Sicill, which terrible combat continued for the space of seven dayes and seven nights. Likewise I omit his travell in Capadocia, through a wilderneſſe of monsters: with his passage over the red Seas, where his ship was devoured with wormes, his Marrines drowned, and himselfe, his horse and furniture safely brought to Land by the Sea Nimphes and Mermaides: where after his long travels, passed perils, and dangerous tempests, amongst the boysterous billowes of the raging Seas, he arrived in the unhappie dominions of Iuda, unhappy by reason of the long and troublesome misery hee indured for the love of a faire Iew. For comming to the beautifull City Ierusalem, (being in that age the wonder of the world, for brave buildings, princely pallaces, gorgeous mountaines, and time-worthy Temples) he so admired the glorious situation thereof, (being the richest place that ever

ever his eyes beheld) that he stood before the wals of Jerusalem, and while gazing upon her golden gates glittering against the Sunnes bright countenance, another while beholding her stately Pinnacles whose lofty pearing tops seemed to touch the clouds; another while wondring at her towers of Jasper, Jet, and Ebony, her strong and fortified wals three times doubled about the City, the glittering spires of the Temple of Sion, built in the fashion and similitude of the Pirramides, the ancient Monument of Greece, whose battlements were covered with scale, the wals burnisht with silver, and the ground paved with Tin. Thus as this enobled and famous knight at armes stood beholding the situation of Jerusalem, there suddenly thundred such a peale of Ordinance within the City, that it seemed in his ravished conceit, to shake the vaile of heaven and to move the deep foundations of the fastned earth: whereat his horse gave such a sudden start, that he leapt ten foot from the place whereon he stood. After this he heard the cheerefull sound of Drums, and the ecchoes of brazen Trumpets, by which the valiant Champion prepared some honourable pastime, or some great turnament to be at hand, which indeed so fell out: for no sooner did he cast his vigilant eyes toward the East side of the City, but he beheld a troope of well appointed horse come marching through the gates: after them twelve armed Knights mounted on twelve warlike Coursers, bearing in their hands twelve blood red Streamers whereon was wrought in silke the picture of Adonis wounded with a Boare: after them the King drawne in a Chariot of Spanish Jennets, (which being a certaine kind of Steeds engendred by the wind,) The Kings guard were a hundred naked Boyes, with Turkish bowes and darts, feathered with Rabens wings: after them marched Celestine the King of Jerusalems fairedaughter, mounted on a tame Unicorne, in her hand a Javelin of silver, and armed with a breast-plate of gold, artificially wrought like the scales of a Porcupine, her Guard were an hundred Amazonian Damos clavis grane silke: after them followed a number of

Squires and Gentlemen, some upon Barbarian Steeds, some upon Arabian Palfreyes, and some on foot, in pace more nimbler than the tripping Deere, and more swifter than the tamelesse Hart upon the mountaines of Thessaly.

Thus Nabuzaradan great King of Ierusalem (for so was he called,) solemnly hunted in the wildernesse of Iuda, being a Country very much annoyed with wild beasts, as the Lyon, the Leopard, the Boze, and such like in which exercise the King appointed, as it was proclaimed by his chiefe Harrold at Armes, (the which he heard repeated by a shepheard in the field,) that whosoever slew the first wild beast in the Forrest, should have in reward a coronet of steele, so richly ingraved, that it should be worth a thousand sickles of silver. Of which honourable enterprise when the Champion had understanding, and with what liberall bounty the adventurous knights would be rewarded, his heart was straighted with invincible courage, thirsting after glorious attempts, not only for hope of gaine, but for the desire of honour, at which his illustrious and undaunted minde aimed at, to eternize his deeds in the memorable records of Fame, and to shine as a Christall mirror to all ensuing times. So closing downe his bever, and locking on his furniture, scoured over the plaines before the hunters of Ierusalem, in pace more swifter than the winged winds, till he approached an old solitary and unfrequented Forrest, wherein he espied a huge and mighty wild Boze lying before his mossy den, gnawing upon the mangled joynts of some passenger, which hee had murthered as he travelled through the Forrest.

This Boze was of wonderfull length and bignesse, and so terrible to behold, that at the first sight he almost daunted the courage of the Spanish knight: for his monstrous head seemed ugly and deformed, his eyes sparkled like a fiery furnace, his tuskes more sharpe than pikes of steele, and from his nostrils sumed such a violent breath, that it seemed like a tempestuous whirle-wind, his bristles were more harder than seven times melted brasse, and his staple

more

more loathsome than a wreath of Snakes: neere whom when Saint James approached, and beheld how he drank the blood of humane creatures, and devoured their flesh, hee blew his silver horne, which as then hung at the pummell of his saddle in a scarfe of greene silke: whereat the furious monster roused himselfe, and most fiercely assailed the Noble Champion, which most nimbly leaped from his horse, and with his speare stroke such a violent blow against the breast of the Boze, that it shivered into twenty peeces. Then drawing his good Fauchion from his side, he gave him a second encounter: but all in vaine, for hee stroke as it were on a rock of stone, or a pillar of Iron, nothing hurtfull to the Boze: but at last with staring eyes (which sparkled like burning steele,) and with open jawes, the greedy monster assailed the Champion, intending to swallow him alive: but the nimble Knight as then trusted more upon pollicy than to fortitude, and so for advantage shipped from place to place, till on a sudden he thrust his keene edged Curtle-axe downe his intestine throat, and so most valiantly split his heart in sunder. The which being accomplished to his owne desire, hee cut off the Bozes head, and so presented the honour of his Combat to the King of Ierusalem, who as then with his mighty traine of Knights, were but now entred the Forrest: who having graciously accepted the gift, and bountifully fulfilled his promises, demanded the Champions Country, his religion, and place of his Nativity: who no sooner had intelligence that hee was a Christian Knight, and borne in the territories of Spaine, but presently his patience exchanged into extreame fury, and by these words he expressed his cankered stomach towards the Christian Champion.

Knowest thou not, bold Knight (said the King of Ierusalem) that it is the law of Iudea to harbour no uncircumcised man, but either to banish him the land, or end his dayes by some untimely death? Thou art a Christian and therefore shalt thou die: not all thy country treasures, the wealthy Spanish mines, nor if all the Alpes, which divide the countries

tries of Italy and Spaine, were turned to hils of burnisht gold, and made my lawfull heritage, they should not redeeme thy life. Yet for the honour thou hast done in Iuda, I grant thee this favour, by the law of armes to choose thy death, else hadst thou suffered a rigorous torment. Which severe judgement so amazed the Champion, that desperatly hee would have killed himselfe upon his owne sword, but that hee thought it a more honour to his Country to die in the defence of Christendom. So like a true ennobled knight, fearing neither the threats of the Iewes, nor the impartiall stroak of the fatall Sisters, he gave this sentence of his owne death. First he requested to be bound to a Pine-tree with his breast laid open naked against the Sun: then to have an houres respite to make his supplication to his Creator, and afterwards to be shot to death by a true virgin.

Which words were no sooner pronounced, but they disarmed him of his furniture, bound him to a Pine-tree, and laid his breast open, ready to entertaine the bloody stroke of some unrelenting maiden: but such pitty, meekness, mercy, and kinde lenity lodged in the heart of every maiden, that none would take in hand to be the bloody executioner of so brave a knight. At last the tyrannous Nabuzaradan gave strickt commandement upon paine of death that lots should be cast among the maidens of Iuda that were there present, and to whom the lot fell, shee should be the fatall executioner of the condemned Christian. But by fortune the chance fell to Celestine the Kings owne daughter, being the Paragon of beauty, and the fairest maid then living in Ierusalem, in whose heart no such deed of cruelty could be harboured, nor in whose hand no bloody weapon could be entertained. In stead of deaths fatall instrument, she shot towards his breast a deep strained sigh the true messenger of love, and afterwards to heaven she thus made her humble supplication.

Thou great commander of celestiall moving powers, convert the cruell motions of my Fathers minde, into a spring of pittifull teares, that they may wash away the

blood of this innocent Knight, from the habitation of his stained purple soule. O Iuda and Ierusalem, within whose bosomes lives a wildernesse of Tygers, degenerate from natures kind, more cruell than the hungry Canibals and more obdurate than untamed Lyons: what mercilesse Tyger can unrip that breast, where lives the image of true nobility, the very patterne of Knighthood, and the map of a noble minde: No, no, before my hand shall be stained with Christians blood, I will like Scilla, against all nature, sell my Countries safety, or like Media wander with the golden Fleece to unknowne nations.

Thus, and in such manner complained the beautious Celestine the Kings daughter of Ierusalem, till her sighes stopped the passage of her speech, and her teares stained the naturall beauty of her Rose cheekes: her hayres which glittered like to golden wires, she besmeared in dust, and disrobed her selfe from her costly garments, and then with a traine of her Amazonian Ladies, went to the King her father, where after a long suit, she not only obtained his life, but liberty, yet therewithall his perpetuall banishment from Ierusalem, and from all the borders of Iuda, the want of whose sight more grieved her heart, than the losse of her owne life. So this noble and praise-worthy Celestine returned to the Christian Champion, that expected every minute to entertaine the sentence of death, but his expectation fell out contrary: for the good Lady after she had sealed two or three kisses upon his pale lips, being exchanged through the feare of death, cut the bands that bound his body to the tree, into many peeces, and then with a flood of salt teares, the motions of true love, she thus revealed her minde.

Most noble Knight, and true Champion of Christendome, thy life and liberty I have gained, but therewithall thy banishment from Iuda, which is a hell of horror to my soule: for in thy bosome have I built my happinesse, and in thy heart I account the Paradise of my true love: thy first sight and lovely countenance did ravish me, for when these

eyes

eyes beheld thee mounted on thy princely palfrey, my heart burned in affection towards thee: therefore deare Knight, in reward of my love, be thou my champion, and for my sake weare this Ring, and this posie ingraven in it, Ardeo affectione: and so giving him a Ring from her finger, and therewithall a kisse from her mouth, shee departed with a sorrowfull sigh in company of her father, and the rest of his honourable train, backe to the City of Ierusalem, being as then neere the setting of the Sun. But now Saint Iames the Champion of Spaine having escaped the danger of death, and at full liberty to depart from that unhappy nation, he fell into many cogitations, one while thinking upon the true love of Celestine (whose name as yet he was ignorant of) another while upon the cruelty of her father: then intending to depart into his owne Country, but looking back to the Towers of Ierusalem his minde suddenly altered, for thither he purposed to go, hoping to have sight of his Lady and Mistresse, and to live in some disguised sort in her presence, and be her loves true Champion against all commers. So gathering certain black berries from the trees, he coloured his body all over like a black more: but yet considering that his Country speach would discover him, intended likewise to continue dumbe all the time of his residence in Ierusalem.

So all things ordered according to his desire, hee tooke his journey to the City, where with signes and other motions of dumbnesse, hee declared his intent, which was to be entertained in the Court, and to spend his time in the service of the King. Whose countenance when the King beheld which seemed of the naturall colour of the Moores, he little mistrusted him to be the Christian Champion whom before he greatly envied, but accounted him one of the bravest Indian knights that ever his eyes beheld: therefore hee installed him with the honour of Knight-hood, and appointed him to bee one of his guard, and likewise his Daughters only Champion. Thus when Saint Iames of Spaine saw himselfe invested in that honoured place, his spirits was ra-

vished with such exceeding joy, that her thought no pleasure comparable to his, no place of Elisium but the Court of Ierusalem, and no goodnesse but his beloved Celestine.

Long continued he dumbe talking sorth many a loving sigh in the presence of his Lady and Mistresse, not knowing how to reveale the secrets of his minde.

So upon a time, there arrived in the Court of Nabuzaradan, the King of Arabia, with the Admirall of Babylon, both presuming upon the love of Celestine, and craving her in the way of marriage, but she exempted all their motions of love from her chaste minde, only building her thoughts upon the Spanish Knight, which she supposed to bee in his owne Country.

At whose melancholy passions her importunate Suters, the King of Arabia and the Admirall of Babylon marvelled: and therefore intended upon an evening to present her with some rare devised maske. So chossing out fit consorts for their courtly pastimes, of which number the King of Arabia was chiefe and first leader of the traine, the great Admirall of Babylon was the second, and her own Champion S. Iames the third, who was called in the Court by the name of the dumbe Knight, in this manner the maske was performed.

First entred a most excellent consort of Musicke, after them the aforesaid Maskers in cloth of gold, most curiously imbroidered, and danced a course about the hall, at the end whereof the King of Arabia presented Celestine with a costly Sword, at the hilt whereof hung a silver Globe, and upon the point was erected a golden crowne: then the Musicke sounded another course, of which the Admirall of Babylon was leader, who presented her with a vesture of pure silk, of the colour of the rainbow, brought in by Diana, Venus, & Iuno: which being done, the Musicke sounded the third time, in which course Saint Iames (though unknowne) was the leader of the dance, who at the end thereof likewise presented Celestine with a garland of sweet flowers, which was brought in by the three Graces, and put upon her head. Afterward

the

the Christian Champion intending to discover himselfe unto her, [illegible] her by the hand, [illegible] her a lasty [illegible] dance, which was no sooner ended, but he offered her the Diamond Ring which thee gave him at his departure, in the woods, the which she presently knew by the posie, and shortly after had intelligence of his long continued dumbnesse, his counterfeit colour, his changing of nature, and the great danger that hee put himselfe in for her sake: which caused her with all the speed she could possibly make, to break off company, and to retire into a chamber which she had hard by, where the same evening she had a long conference with her true and faithfull lover and adventurous Champion, and to conclude, they made such agreement betwixt them, that the same night, unknown to any in the Court, shee had Jerusalem done, and by the light of Christs glistening beames stole from her fathers [illegible] in company of none but S. James, she took her journy toward the country of Spaine. But this noble Knight by policy prevented all insuing dangers, for he shod his horse backwards, whereby when they were missed in the Court, they might be followed the contrary way.

By this meanes escaped the two lovers from the fury of the Jewes, and arrived safely in Spaine in the City of Sivill, wherein the brave Champion Saint James was borne: where now we leave them for a time to their own contented minds. Also passing over the hurly burly in Jerusalem for the losse of Celestine, the vaine pursuits of adventurous knights, in stopping the Ports and Havens, the preparing of fresh horses to follow them, and the mustering of soldiers, to pursue them, the frantick passions of the King for his daughter, the melancholy moanes of the Admirall of Babylon for his Mistresse, and the woefull lamentation of the Arabian King for his Lady and love: we will returne to the adventures of the other Christian Champions.

Chap. IIII.

The terrible battell betwixt Saint Anthony the Champion of Italy, and the Gyant Blanderon, and afterward of his strange entertainment in the Gyants Castle, by a Thracian Lady, and what chapned to him in the same Castle.

IT was at that time of the yeere, when the earth was newly decht with the Summers livery, when the noble and heroicall minded Champion Saint Anthony of Italy arrived in Thracia, where he spent his seven yeares travels to the honour of his Country, the glory of God, and to his owne still lasting memory: For after he had wandred through woods and wildernesses, by hils and dales, by caves and dens, and other unknowne passages: he arrived at last upon the top of an high and steepy mountaine, whereon stood a wonderfull huge and strong Castle, which was kept by the most mighty Gyant under the cope of heaven, whose puissant force all Thracia could not overcome, nor once attempt to withstand, but with the danger of their whole Country. The Gyants name was Blanderon, his Castle of the purest Marble stone, his gates of yellow brasse, and over the principall gate was graven in letters of gold, these verses following.

Within this Castle lives the scourge of Kings,
A furious Gyant, whose unconquered power,
The Thracian Monarch in subjection brings,
And keeps his daughters prisoners in his Tower?
Seven Damsels faire the monstrous Gyant keeps,
That sing him musick while he nightly sleeps.

His

His bars of steele a thousand Knights have felt,
Which for these Virgins sakes have lost their lives:
For all the Champions bold that with him dealt,
This most intestine Gyant still survives:
Let simple passengers take heed in time,
When up this steepy mountaine they do clime.

But Knights of worth, and men of noble minde,
If any chance to travell by this Tower:
That for these maidens sakes will be so kinde,
To try their strengths against the Gyants power.
Shall have a Virgins prayer both day and night,
To prosper them with good successefull fight.

After he had read what was written over the gate, desire of fame so incouraged him, and the thirst of honour so imboldned his valiant minde, that he either vowed to redeeme these Ladyes from their servitude, or die with honour by the fury of the Gyant. So going to the Castle gate, he stroke so vehemently thereon, with the pommell of his sword, that it sounded like a mighty thunder-clap: Wherat Blanderon suddenly starting up, being fast asleep close by a fountain side, and came pacing forth at the gate with an Oke tree upon his neck: which at the sight of the Italian Champion so lightly flourished it about his head, as though it had bin but a light Curtle-axe, & with these words gave the noble Champion entertainment.

What fury hath incenst thy over-boldned minde (proud princock) thus to adventure thy feeble force, against the violence of my strong armes? I tell thee: hadest thou the strength of Hercules, who bore the mountaine Atlas on his shoulders, or the pollicy of Vlysses by which the City of Troy was ruinated, or the might of Xerxes whose multitudes drunk up Rivers as they passed: yet all too feeble, weake, and impotent to encounter with the mighty Gyant Blanderon: thy force I esteeme like a blast of wind, and thy strokes as light as a few drops of water: There-

fore:

fore betake thee to thy weapon, which I compare unto a bulrush, for on this ground will I measure out thy grave, and after cast thy feeble Palfrey with one of my hands, headlong downe this steepie mountaine.

Thus boasted the haine glorious Gyant, upon his owne strength. During which time, the valorous and hardy Champion had alighted from his horse, where after he had made his humble supplication to the heavens for his good speed, and committed his Fortune to the impartiall Queene of destiny, he approched within the compasse of the Gyants reach, who with his great Oke so nimbly bestirred him, with such vehement blowes, that they seemed to shake the earth, and to rattle against the wals of the Castle like mighty thunder-claps and had not the politicke Knight continually skipped from the fury of his blowes, he had beene bruised as small as flesh unto the pot, for every stroke that the Gyant gave, the root of his Oke entred at the least two or three inches deepe into the ground. But such was the wisdome and polity of the worthy Champion, not to withstand the force of his weapon, till the Gyant grew breathlesse, & not able through his long labor to lift the Oake above his head, and likewise the heat of the Sun was so intolerable (by reason of the extreame height of the Mountaine, and the mighty waight of his Iron coat) that the sweat of the Gyants browes ran into his eyes, and by the reason that hee was so extreame fat, he grew so blind, that hee could not see to endure Combat with him any longer, and as farre as hee could perceive, would have retyred or run back againe into his owne Castle, but that the Italian Champion with a bold courage assailed the Gyant so fiercely, that hee was forced to let his Oke fall, and stand gasping for breath: which when this noble Knight beheld, with a fresh supply he redoubled his blowes so courageously, that they battered on the Gyants armour like a storme of winters haile, whereby at last Blanderon was compelled to aske the Champion mercy, and to crave at his hands some respite of breathing: but

his

his demand was in vaine, for the valiant Knight supposed, now or never to obtaine the honour of the day, and therefore rested not his weary arme, but redoubled blow after blow, til the Gyant for want of breath, and through the anguish of his deep galhed wounds, was forced to give the world a farewell, and to yeeld the riches of his Castle to the most renowned Conqueror S. Anthony, the Champion of Italy: But by that time the long and dangerous encounter was finished, and the Gyant Blanderons head dissevered from his body, the Sun sat mounted on the highest part of the Elements, which caused the day to be extreme hot and sultry, whereby the Champions armour so extremly scalded him, that he was constrained to unbrace his corslet, and to lay aside his Burgonet, and to cast his body on the cold earth, only to mitigate his overburthened heat. But such was the unnaturall colenesse of the earth, and so unkindly to his overlaboured body, that the melted grease of his inward parts was over cooled suddenly, whereby his body received such unnaturall distemperature, that the vapors of the cold earth stroke presently to his heart, by which his vitall ayre of life was excluded, and his body without sense or moving: where in the mercy of pale death, hee lay bereaved of feeling for the space of an houre.

During which time faire Rossalinde (one of the Daughters of the Tracian King, being as then prisoner in the Castle) by chance looked over the wals, and espyed the body of the Gyant headlesse, under whose subiection she had continued in great servitude, for the time of seven months, likewise by him a Knight unarmed, as shee thought panting for breath, the which the Lady judged to be the Knight that had slaine the Gyant Blanderon, and the man by whom her delivery should bee recovered, shee presently descended the wals of the Castle, and ran with all speed to the adventurous Champion, whom shee found dead. But yet being nothing discouraged of his recovery, feeling as yet a warme blood in every member, retired backe with all speed to the Castle, and fetcht a box of precious Balme, the

which the Gyant was wont to poure into his woundes after his encounter with any Knight: with which Balme this curteous Lady chafed every part of the breathleſſe Champions body, one while waſhing his ſtiffe limbs with her ſalt teares, the which like pearles fell from her eyes, another while dryeng them with the treſſes of her golden hayre, which hung dangling in the wind, then chafing his liveleſſe body againe with a Balme of a contrary nature, but yet no ſigne of life could ſhe eſpie in the dead Knight: which cauſed her to grow deſperate of all hope of his recovery. Therefore like a loving, meeke, and kinde Lady, conſidering he had loſt his life for her ſake, ſhe intended to beare him company in death, and with her owne hands to finiſh up her dayes, and to die upon his breaſt, as Thisbe dies upon the breaſt of her true Pyramus: therefore as the Swan ſings a while before her death, ſo this ſorrowfull Lady warbled forth this Swan-like ſong over the body of the noble Champion.

Muſes come mourne with dolfull melody,
Kinde Silvane Nimphes that ſit in roſie bowers
With brackiſh teares commix your harmony,
To waile with me both minutes, dayes, and houres.
A heavie, ſad, and Swan-like ſong ſing I,
To eaſe my heart a while before I die.

Dead is the Knight for whom I live and die,
Dead is the Knight, which for my ſake is ſlaine:
Dead is the Knight, for whom my carefull cry,
With wounded ſoule, for ever ſhall complaine.
A heavie, ſad, and Swan-like ſong ſing I,
To eaſe my heart a while before I die.

Ile lay my breaſt upon a ſilver ſtreame,
And ſwim into Eliſiums lilly fields:
There in Ambroſian trees Ile write a theame,
Of all the wofull ſighes my ſorrow yeelds.

A heavie

A heavy, sad, and Swan-like song sing I,
To ease my heart a while before I die.
Farewell faire woods, where sing the Nightingales,
Farewell faire fields, where feed the light-foot Does,
Farewell you groves, you hils, and flowry dales,
But fare you ill, the cause of all my woes:
A heavy, sad, and Swan-like song sing I,
To ease my heart a while before I die.

Ring out my ruth, you hollow Caves of stone,
Both birds and beasts, with all things on the ground:
You senseless trees, b'assistant to my mone,
That up to heaven my sorrowes may resound:
A heavy, sad, and Swan-like song sing I,
To ease my heart a while before I die.

Let all the townes of *Thrace* ring out my knell,
And write in leaves of brasse what I have said:
That after ages may remember well,
How *Asiatina* both liv'd and died a maid:
A heavy, sad, and Swan-like song sing I,
To ease my heart a while before I die.

This woful ditty was no sooner ended, but the desperate Lady unsheathed the Champions sword, which as yet was all bepurpled with the Giants blood, and being at the very point to execute her intended Tragedie, and the sharp edged weapon directly against her Ivory breast, she hears the distressed Knight give a grievous and terrible groane: whereat she stopped her resolved hand, and with more discretion tendered her owne safty: for by this time the Balme wherewith she annointed his body, by wonderfull operation, recovered the dead Champion, insomuch that after some few gasps and heavie sighes, he raised up his stiffe limbes, from the cold earth, where like one cast into a trance, for a time he gazed up and downe the mountaine, but

at the last having recovered his lost senses, espied the Thracian damsell stand by not able to speake one word, her joy is abounded: But after some continuance of time, he revealed to her the manner of his dangerous encounter: and successefull victory, and shee the cause of his recovery, and her intended Tragedy. Where, after many kinde salutations, the courteously took him by the hand, and led him into the Castle, where for that night hee lodged his weary limbes in an easie bed stuffed with Turtle feathers, & softest thistle down, the chamber where he lay, had as many windowes as there were months in the yeare, and as many doores, as there were quarters in a yeare, and to describe the curious architecture, and the artificiall workmanship of the place, were too tedious, and a worke without end.

But to be short, the noble minded Knight slept soundly after his dangerous battell, without mistrust of treason, or rebellious cogitations, til golden Phœbus had him good morrow. Then rising out of his loathfull bed, he attyred himselfe, not in his wonted habiliments of war, but in purple garments according to the time of peace, and so intended to over-view the rarities of the Castle: But the Lady Rosalinde al the morning was busied in looking to his horse, preparing delicates for his repast, and in making a fire against his up-rising, where after he had refresh his weary spirits with a dainty banket, and caroused downe two or three bowles of Gods nith wine, he after by the counsell of Rosalinde, stripped the Gyant from his iron furniture, and left his naked body upon a craggy Rock, to be devoured of hungry Ravens: which being done, the Thracian Virgin discovered all the secrets of the Castle to the adventurous Champion: First she led him to a lean-to wet: where hung a hundred well approved Crosbets, with other martiall furniture which were the spoyles of such Knights as he had violently slain: after that, she brought him to a stable, wherein stood a hundred pampered Jades, which daily fed upon nothing but humane flesh: Against it was directly placed the Gyants owne lodging, his bed was of iron, co-

boarded with mighty barrs of steele, the selfe one and couering of carued brasse, the curtaines were of leaues of gold, and the rest of a strange and wonderfull substance of the colour of the Element: after this, she led him to a broad pond of water more cleare than quicksilver, the streams whereof lay continually as smooth as Christall, whereon swam fire milk-white Swans with Crownes of gold about their necks.

O here, said the Thracian Lady, begins the hell of all my griefe. At which words a pearled showre of teares ran from the conduits of her eyes, that for a time they staid the passage of her tongue: but hauing discharged her heart from a few sorrowfull sighs, shee began in this manner to tell her forepassed fortunes:

These fire milk-white Swans, most honourable Knight, you behold swimming in this riuer (quoth the Lady Rosalinde) be my naturall sisters, both by birth and blood, and all daughters to the King of Thrace, being now Gouernor of this unhappy country, and the beginning of our imprisonment began in this unfortunate manner:

The King my Father, ordained a solemne hunting to bee holden through the land, in which honourable pastime, my selfe in company of my fire sisters was present. So in the middle of our sports, when the Lords and Barons of Thracis were in chase after a mighty fire Lyon, the heauens suddenly begunne to lowre, the firmaments ouer-cast, and a generall darknesse ouer-spread the face of the whole earth: then presently rose such a storme of lightnig and thunder, as though heauen and earth had met together: by which our Lordly troop of Knights and Barons were separated one from another, and wee poore Ladyes forced by misfortune to seeke for shelter vnder the bottome of this high and steepy mountaine: where, when this cruell Gyant Blanderon espied us, as he walked vpon his battlements, hee suddenly descended the mountaine, and fetcht us all vnder his arme vpinto the Castle, where euer since we haue liued in great seruitude: and for the

wonderfull transformation of my sir sisters, thus it came to passe as followeth.

Upon a time the Gyant being overcharged with wine, grew enamoured upon our beauties, and desired much to enjoy the pleasures of our virginities, our excellent gifts of nature so inflamed his minde with lust, that he would have forced us every one to satisfie his sinfull desires: but as he took my sisters one by one into his lodging, thinking to deflowre them, their earnest prayers so prevailed in the sight of God, that he preserved their chastities by a most strange and wonderfull miracle, and turned their comely bodies into the shape of milk-white Swans even in the same forme as here you see them swimming. So when this monstrous Gyant saw that his intent was crost, and how there was none left behinde to supply his want, but my unfortunate selfe, he restrained his filthy lust, not violating my honour with any staine of infamy, but kept mee ever since a most pure virgin, only with sweet inspiring musicke to bring him to his sleep.

Thus have you heard (most Noble Knight) the true discourse of my most unhappy fortunes, and the wonderfull transformation of my sir sisters, whose losse to this day is greatly lamented throughout all Thracia: and with that word she made an end of her tragicall discourse, not able to utter the rest for weeping. Wherat the Knight being oppressed then with like sorrow, imbraced her about the slender waist, and thus kindly began to comfort her.

My most deare and kinde Lady, within whose countenance I see how vertue is inthronized, and in whose mind like true magnanimity, let these few words suffice to comfort thy sorrowfull cogitations. First think that the heavens are most beneficiall unto thee, in preserving thy chastity from the Gyants insatiate desires: then for thy delivery by my meanes from thy slavish servitude: thirdly and lastly, that thou remaining in thy naturall shape and likenesse, mayest live to bee the meanes of thy sisters transformations: Therefore dry up these Chrystall pearle teares,

and

and bid thy long continued ſorrowes adue: for griefe is companion with deſpaire, and deſpaire a procurer of infamous death.

Thus the woefull Thracian Lady was comforted by the noble Chriſtian Champion: where, after a few kind greetings, they intended to travell to her Fathers Court, there to relate what had hapned to her ſiſters in the Caſtle, likewiſe the Gyants confuſion, and her owne ſafe delivery, by the illuſtrious proweſſe of the Chriſtian Knight. So taking the keyes of the Caſtle, which were of a wondefull waight, they locked up the gates, and paced hand in hand downe the ſteepy mountaine, till they approached the Thracian Court, which was diſtant from the Caſtle ſome ten miles: but by that time they had a ſight of the Pallace, the Sun was wandred to the under world, and the light of heaven ſat muffled up in clouds of pitch, the which not a little diſcontented the weary travellers: but at laſt comming to her Fathers gates, they heard a ſolemne ſound of bels, ringing the funerall knel of ſome Noble State: the cauſe of which ſolemne ringing they demanded of the Porter, whom in this manner expreſſed the truth of the matter unto them.

Faire Lady, and moſt renowned Knight (ſaid the Porter) for ſo you ſeeme, both by your ſpeeches and honourable demands, the cauſe of this ringing is, for the loſſe of the Kings ſeven Daughters, the number of which Bels bee ſeven, called after the names of the ſeven Princeſſe, which never yet have ceaſed their doleſull melody, ſince the departure of the unhappy Ladyes, nor never muſt, untill joyfull newes be heard of their ſafe returne.

Then now their taſkes be ended, (ſaid the noble minded Roſſalinde) for we bring happie newes of the ſeven Princeſſes abidings. At which words the Porter being raviſhed with joy, in all haſte ranne to the Steeple, and cauſed the Bels to ceaſe. Whereat the King of Thrace being at his royall Supper, and hearing the Bels to ceaſe their wonted melody, ſuddenly ſtarted up from his Princely ſeat,

and

and like a man amazed ran to the Pallace gate, where as he found his daughter Rosalind in company of a strange knight: which when he beheld, his joy so exceeded, that hee swouned in his daughters bosom, but being recovered to his former sense he brought them up into his Princely Hall, where their entertainments were so honourable, and so gracious in the eyes of the whole Court, that it were too tedious and ouerlong to describe: but their joy continued but a short season; for it was presently daſht with Rosalindes tragicall discourse: for the good old King when he heard of his daughters transformations, and how they lived in the shape of milk-white Swans, he rent his locks of silver hayre, which time had died with the pledge of wisdome: his rich imbroydered garments hee tore in many peces, and clade his aged limbes in a dismall black, and sable mantle, as discontented then as the wofull King of Troy, when hee beheld his owne sonne dragged by the hayre of his head up and downe the streets: also he commanded, that his knights and adventurous Champions, in stead of glistering Armour, should weare the weeds of death, more blacke in hue than winters darkest nights, and all the Courtly Ladyes and gallant Thracian Maidens, in stead of silken vestiments, he commanded to weare both heavie, sad, and malancholy ornaments, and eeven as unto a solemne funerall, to attend him to the Gyants Castle; and there obsequiously to offer up unto the angry destinies, many a bitter sigh and teare, in remembrance of his transformed daughters, which decree of the sorrowfull Thracian King was performed with all convenient speed: for the nert morning no sooner had Phœbus cast his beauty into the Kings bed-chamber, but he apparelled himselfe in mourning garments, and in company of his melancholy traine, set forward to his wofull pilgrimage. But here we must not forget the princely minded Champion of Italy, nor the noble Lady Rosalinde, who at the Kings departure towards the Castle, craved leave to stay behinde, and not so suddenly to begin new travels: whereunto the King

quickly

quickly condescended, considering their late journey the evening before: so taking the Castle keyes from the Champion, he bade his Pallace adue, and committed his Fortune to his sorrowfull journey, where wee leave him in a world of discontented passions, and a while discourse what hapned to the Christian Champion and his beloved Lady: for by that time the Sunne had thrice measured the world with his restlesse Steeds, and thrice her sister Luna wandred to the West, the noble Italian Knight grew weary of his long continued rest, and thought it a great dishonor and a scandall to his valiant minde, to remain where nought but Chamber sports were resident, and desired rather to abide in a Court that entertained the dolefull murmuring of tragedies, or where the joyfull sound of Drums and Trumpets should be heard: therefore he took Rosalinde by the hand, being then in a dump for the want of her father, to whom the noble Knight in this manner expressed his secret intent.

My most devoted Lady and Mistresse (said the Champion) a second Dido for thy love, a staine to Venus for thy beauty, Penelopes compare for constancy, and for chastity the wonder of all maides: the faithfull love that hitherto I have found since my arrivall, for ever shall be shrined in my heart, and before all Ladyes under the cope of heaven, thou shalt live and die my loves true goddesse: and for thy sake Ile stand as Champion against all Knights in the world: But to impare the honour of my Knighthood, and to live like a carpet dancer in the laps of Ladyes I will not: though I can tune a Lute in a Princes Chamber, I can sound a fierce alarum in the field, Honour cals me forth, deare Rosalinde, and Fame intends to buckle on my armour, which now lies rusting in the Idle Court of Thrace: Therefore I am constrained (though most unwilling) to leave the comfortable sight of thy beauty, and commit my fortune to a longer travell, but I protest, where ever I become, or in what Region soever I be harboured, there will I maintaine to the losse of my life, that both thy love,

constancy, beauty, and chastity, surpasseth all Dames alive: and with this promise, my most divine Rossalinde, I bid thee fare-well. But before the honourable minded Champion could finish what he had purposed to utter, the Lady being wounded inwardly with extreme griefe, not able to indure to keepe silent any longer, but with teares falling from her eyes, brake of his speech in this manner:

Sir knight (said she) by whom my liberty hath bin obtained: the name of Lady and Mistresse wherewith you intitle me, is too high and proud a name, but rather call me handmaid, or thy servile slave, for on thy noble person wil I evermore attend: It is not Thrace can harbour me when thou art absent, and before I do forsake thy company and kinde fellowship, heaven shall be no heaven, the sea no sea, nor the earth no earth: but if thou provest unconstant, as Ninus did to Scilla, who for his sake stole her fathers purple hat, wherein depended the safety of his Country, or like wandring Aeneas forsake the Queene of Carthage, these tender and soft hands of mine shall never be unclaspsed, but hang upon thy horse bridle, till my body like Thesius son be dasht in sunder against hard flinty stones: Therefore forsake me not, deare knight of Christendome. If ever Camma proved true to her Sinatus, or Alsione to her Ceyx, Rossalinde will bee as true to thee: so with this plighted promise shee caught him fast about the neck, from whence shee would not unclose her hands, till he had vowed by the honour of true Chivalrie, to make her sole companion, and only partner in his travels: and so in this order it was accomplished.

They being both agreed, shee was most trimly attired like a Page, in greene sarcenet, her hayre bound up most cunningly with a silke list, artificially wrought with curious knots, that shee might travell without suspition or blemish of honour; her Rapier was a Turkish blade, and her poyniard of the finest fashion, which shee wore at her backe tyed with an Orenge tawny coloured scarfe, beautified with tassels of unwoven silke, her buskins of the

smoothest

smoothest kidoes skinnes, her spurres of the purest Lydian steele. In which when the noble and beautifull Lady was attyred, she seemed in stature like the god of love, when hee sat dandled upon Didoes lap, or rather Ganimede, Joves minion, or Adonis, when Venus shewed her white skinne, to intrap his eyes to her unchast desires. But to be briefe, all things being in readinesse or their departure from Thrace, this famous worthy Knight mounted upon his eager Steed, and the magnanimous Rosalinde on her gentle Palfray, in pace more easie than the winged winds, or a Cock-boat floating upon chrystall streams, they both bade adue to the Country of Thracia, and committed their journey to the Queene of chance: Therefore smile heavens, and guide them with a most happy starre, untill they arrive where their soules do most desire. The bravest and boldest Knight that ever wandred by the way, and the most loveliest Lady that ever eye beheld.

In whose travels my Muse must leave them for a season, and speak to the Thracian mourners, which by this time had watered the earth with abundance of their ceremonious teares, and made the Elements true witnesses of their sad laments, as hereafter followeth in this next Chapter.

Chap. VII.

How Saint Andrew, the Champion of Scotland, travelled into a vale of walking spirits, and how he was set at liberty by a going fire, after his journey into Thracia, where he recovered the six Ladyes to their naturall shapes, that had lived seven yeeres in the likenesse of milk-white Swans, with other accidents that befell the most noble Champion.

NOw all of the honourable adventures of Saint Andrew the famous Champion of Scotland, must I discourse, whose seven yeres travels were as strange as any of the other Champions: For after he had departed from the brazen pillar, as you heard in the beginning of the History, hee travelled through many a strange and unknowne Nation, beyond the circuit of the Sun, where but one time in the yeere he sheweth his bright-some beames, but continually darknesse over-spreads the Country, and there lives a kind of people that have heads like dogs, that in extremity of hunger do devoure one another, from which people this noble Champion was strangely delivered, where after he had wandred some certain dayes neither facing the gladsome brightnesse of the Sunne, nor the comfortable countenance of the Moone, but only guided by duskie planets of the Elements, he happed to a vale of walking spirits: which hee supposed to be the very dungeon of burning Acheron: there hee heard the blowing of unseene fires, broyling of furnaces, ratling of armour, trampling of horses, gingling of chaines, lumbring of Iron, roaring of spirits, and such like horrible hearings, that it made the

Scottish

Scottish Champion almost at his wits end: But yet having an unvainted courage, exempting all feare, he humbly made his supplication to heaven, that God would deliver him from that discontented place of terror: and so presently as the Champion knæled upon the barren ground, (whereon grew neither heard, flower, grasse, nor any other græne thing) he beheld a certaine flame of fire, walking up and downe before him, whereat he grew into such an extasie of feare, that hee stood for a time amazed, whether it were best to go forward, or to stand still: But yet recalling his senses, he remembred himselfe, how he had read in passed times of a going fire called Ignis fatuus, the fire of destinie, by some, Will with the Wispe, or Will with the Lanthorne, and likewise by some simple country people, The faire maid of Irland, which commonly used to lead wandring travellers out of their wayes; The like imagination entred the Champions minde. So encouraging himselfe with his owne conceits, and chearing up his dull senses, late oppressed with extreame feare, he direatly followed the going fire, which so swiftly went before him, that by the time the guider of the night had climed twelve degrees in the Zodiack, he was safely delivered from the vale of walking spirits, by the direction of the going fire.

Now began the Sunne to dance about the firmament, which he had not seene in many months before: whereat his dull senses much rejoyced, being long covered before with darknesse, that every step hee trod was as pleasurable, as though he had walked in a Garden bedecht with all kind of fragrant flowers.

At last without any further molestation, he arrived within the territories of Thracia, a Country as you heard in the former Chapter, adorned with the beauty of many faire Woods and Forrests, through which hee travelled with small rest, and lesse sleep, till hee came to the foot of the mountaine, whereupon stood the Castle wherein the woefull king of Thracia in company of his sorrowfull subjects, still lamented the unhappy destinies of his six Daughters, turned

ned into Swans, having crownes of gold about their neckes. When the valiant Champion Saint Andrew beheld the lofty situation of the Castle, and the invincible strength it seemed to be of, he expected some strange adventure to befal him in the said Castle: So preparing his sword in readinesse, and buckling close his Armour, which was a shirt of silver maile, for lightnesse in travell, he climed the mountaine, whereupon he espyed the Gyant lying upon a craggy Rock, with limbs and members all rent and torn, by the fury of hunger stanved fowles: which loathsome spectacle was no little wonder to the worthy Champion, considering the mighty stature and bignesse of the Gyant: where leaving his putrified body to the winds, he approached the gates: where after he had read the superscription over the same, without any interruption entered the Castle, where he expected a fierce encounter by some Knight that should have defended the same: but all things fell out contrary to his imagination, for after he had found many a strange novelty and hidden secret closed in the same, hee chanced at last to come where the Thracians duly observed their ceremonious mournings, which in this order was dayly performed, first upon Sundayes, which in that Country is the first day in the weeke, all the Thracians attired themselves after the manner of Bacchus Priests, and burned perfumed incense, with sweet Arabian frankincense, upon a religious shrine, which they offered to the Sunne, as chiefe governour of that day, thinking thereby to appease the angry destinies, and so recover the unhappy Ladyes to their former shapes: upon Mondayes clad in garments after the manner of Sibdanes, a colour like to the waves of the Sea, they offered up their woefull teares to the Moone, being the guider and mistresse of that day: upon Tuesdayes like Souldiers trailing their banners in the dust, and Drums sounding sad and dolefull melody, in signe of discontent, they committed their proceedings to the pleasure of Mars, being ruler and guider of that day: upon Wednesday like scholars, unto Mercury: upon Thursday, like Potentates, to Iove:

upon Friday like lovers with sweet sounding musick to Venus: and upon Saturday like manuall professors, to the angry and discontented Saturne.

Thus the wofull Thracian King, with his sorrowfull subjects, consumed seven months away; one while accusing fortune of despight, another while the heavens of injustice: the one for his childrens transformations, the other for their long limited punishments. But at last, when the Scottish Champion heard what bitter mone the Thracians made about the river, he demanded the cause, and to what purpose they observed such vaine ceremonies, contemning the Majesty of Iehovah, and only worshipping but outward and vaine Gods; to whom the King after a few sad teares strained from the conduits of his aged eyes, replyed in this manner.

Most noble Knight, for so you seeme by your gesture and other outward appearance, (quoth the King) if you desire to know the cause of our continuall griefe, prepare your eares to heare a tragick and wofull tale, whereat me thinks I see the Elements begin to mourne, and cover their azurde countenance with sable clouds. These milk-white Swans you see, whose necks are beautified with golden crownes, are my six naturall Daughters, transformed into this Swan-like substance, by the appointment of the Gods: for of late this Castle was kept by a cruell Gyant named Blanderon, who by violence would have ravished them, but the heavens to preserve their chastities, prevented his lustfull desires, and transformed their beautifull bodies to these milk-white Swannes: And now seven times the chearefull Spring hath renewed the earth with a Summers livery, and seven times the nipping Winter frosts have bereaved the trees of leafe and bud, since first my daughters lost their Virgins shapes: Seven Summers have they swumme upon this Christall streame: where, in stead of rich attyre, and imbroydered Vestments, their smooth silver coloured feathers adorned their comely bodyes: Princely Pallaces, wherein they were wont, like tripping Sea-

nymphes

nymphes, dante their measures up and downe, are now exchanged into cold streams of water: wherein their therefore melody, is the murmuring of liquid bubbles, and their joyfulest pleasure, to heare the harmony of humming Bees, which some Poets call the Muses birds.

Thus have you heard (most worthy knight) the rufull tragedy of my daughters, for whose sakes I will spend the remnant of my dayes heavily, complaining of their long appointed punishments, about the bankes of this unhappy river. Which sad discourse was no sooner ended, but the Scottish knight (having a minde furnished with all pointely thoughts and a tongue wealthy in the Fountaine of eloquence) thus replyed, to the comfort and great rejoycing of the company.

Most noble King (quoth the Champion) your heavie and dolorous discourse hath constrained my heart to a wonderfull passion, and compelles my very soule to rue your daughters miseries: But yet a greater griefe and deeper sorrow than that hath taken possession in my breast, whereof my eyes have beene witnesse, and my eares unhappy hearers of your misbeliefe, I mean your unchristian faith: For I have seen since my first arrivall into this same Citie, your prophane and vaine worshipping of strange and false gods, as of Phœbus, Luna, Mars, Mercury, and such like poeticall names, which the majesty of high Iehova utterly contemnes. But magnificent governour of Thracia, if thou seeke to recover your daughters happinesse by humble prayers, and to obtaine your soules content by true teares, you must abandon all such vaine ceremonies, and with true humility believe in the Christians God, which is the God of wonders, and chiefe commander of the rouling Elements, in whose quarrell this unconquered arme, and this undaunted heart of mine shall fight, and now be it knowne to thee great King of Thrace, that I am a Christian Champion, by birth a knight of Scotland, bearing my countries Armes upon my breast (for indeed thereon bee bore a silver crosse set in blue silke) and therefore in the honour of Christendome I

challenge

challenge forth the proudest Knight at armes against whom I will maintaine that our God is the true God, and the rest fantasticall and vaine ceremonies.

Which sudden and unexpected challenge so daunted the Thracian Champions, that they stood amazed for a time, gazing one upon another, like men dropt from the clouds: but at last consulting together, how the challenge of the strange Knight, was to the dishonour of their Country, a utter scandall of all Knightly dignity: they, with a generall consent, craved leave of the King that the challenge might be taken, who as willingly condescended as they demanded. So both time & place was appointed, which was the next morning following by the Kings commandement, upon a large and plaine meadow close by the river side, wheron the fit Swans were swimming: whereupon after the Christian Champion had cast down his scaly Gantlet, and the Thracian Knights receipted thereof, every one departed for that night; the challenger to the East side of the Castle to his lodging, and the defendants to the West, where they slept quietly till the next morning who by the break of day were wakened by a Herald at armes: but all the passed night our Scottish Champion never entertained one motion of rest, but busied himself in trimming his Horse, buckling on his Armour, lacing on his Burgonet, and making prayers to the Divine Majesty of God, for the conquest and victory, till the mornings beauty chased away the darknesse of the night: and no sooner were the windowes of the day fully opened, but the valiant and noble minded Champion of Christendom entred the Lists, where the King in Company of the Thracian Lords was present to behold the combat: and so after Saint Andrew had twice or thrice traced his Horse up and down the Lists, bravely flourishing his Launce, at the top whereof hung a pendant of Gold, whose posie was thus written in silver letters: This day a Martyr or a Conquerour: When entered a Knight, in excelling bright armour, mounted upon a Courser as white as the Northern snow, whose caparison was

of the colour of the elements, betwixt whom was a fierce encounter, but the Thracian had the foyle, and with disgrace departed the Lists. Then secondly entred another Knight in armour, barnished with green varnish, his Steed of the colour of an Iron gray, who likewise had the repulse by the worthy Christian. Thirdly entered a Knight in a black vesset, mounted upon a big boned Palfrey, covered with a baile of sable silke, in his hand hee bore a Lance nayled round about with plates of steele: which Knight amongst the Thracians was accounted the strongest in the world, except it were those Gyants that descended from a monstrous linage: But no sooner encountred these hardy Champions, but their Lances shivered in sunder, and flew so violently into the Ayre, that it much amazed the beholders: then they alighted from their Steeds, & so valiantly beskirred them with their keene-edged Fauchions, that the fiery sparkles flew so fiercely from these noble Champions steely Helmets, as from an Iron Anvill: But the combat endured not very long before the most hardy Scottish Knight espyed an advantage, wherein he might shew his matchlesse fortitude: whereupon hee struck such a violent blow upon the Thracians Bargonet, that it cleaved his head just down to the shoulders: whereat the King suddenly started from his seat, and with a wrathfull countenance threatned the Champions death in this manner:

Proud Christian (said the King) thou shalt repent his death, and curse the time that ever thou camest to Thracia: his blood we will revenge upon thy head, and quit thy committed cruelty with a sudden death: and so in company of a hundred armed Knights, hee incompassed the Scottish Champion, intending by multitudes to murther him. But when the valiant Knight Saint Andrew saw how hee was supprest by treachery, and invironed with mighty troops, hee called to Heaven for succour, and animated himselfe by these words of incouragement: Now for the honour of Christendome, This day a Martyr or a Conquerour: and therwithall he so valiantly behaved himselfe with his trusty

Curtle-axe

Curtleaxe, that he made lanes of murthered men and felled them down by multitudes, like as the Harvest man doth mow down eares of ripened corne; whereby they fell before his face like leaves from trees, when the Summers pride declines her glory. So at the last, after much bloodshed, the Thracian King was compelled to yeeld to the Scottish Champions mercy, who swore him for the safety of his life, to forsake his prophaned Religion, and become a Christian, whose living true God the Thracian King vowed for evermore to worship, and thereupon he kill the Champions sword.

This conversion of the Pagan King, so pleased the Majesty of God, that he presently gave end to his daughters punishments, & turned the Ladies to their former shapes. But when the King beheld their smooth Feathers, which were as white Lillies, exchanged to naturall fairenesse, & that their black bils and slender necks were coverted to their first created beauties, (where for excellent fairenesse the Queen of love might build her Paradise) he gave adue to his griefe and long continued sorrowes, protesting ever after to continue a true Christian for the Scottish Champions sake: by whom and by whose divine Orisons, his Daughters obtained their former features: so taking the Christian Knight in company of the six Ladies, to an excellent rich Chamber, prepared with all things according to their wishes, where first the Christian Knight was unarmed, then his wounds washed with white wine, new milke, and rose water, & so after some dainty repast convayed to his nights repose. The Ladies being the joyfullest creatures under heaven, never entertained one thought of sleepe, but passed the night in their Fathers company, (whose minde was ravished with unspeakable pleasures) till the mornings messenger gave them good morrow.

Thus all things being prepared in readinesse, they departed the Castell, not like mourners to a heavy Funerall: but in triumphing manner, marching back to the Thracian Palace, with streaming Banners in the winde, Drummes,

and Trumpets sounding joyfull melody, and with sweet inspiring Musick, caused the ayre to rebound with harmony: But no sooner were they entred the Pallace, (which was in distance from the Gyants Castle, some ten miles) but their triumphs turned to exceeding sorrow, for Rosalinde with the Champion of Italie, as you heard before, was departed the Court: which unexpected newes so daunted the whole company, but especially the King; that the triumphes for that time were deferred, and messengers dispatcht in pursuit of the adventurous Italian, and lovely Rosalinde.

Likewise when S. Andrew of Scotland had intelligence how it was one of those Knights that was imprisoned with him under the subjection of the wicked inchantresse Kalyb, as you heard first in the beginning of the History, his heart thirsted for his most honourable company, and his eyes seldome closed quietly, nor tooke any rest, untill he was likewise departed in the pursuit of his sworne friend, which was the next night following, without making any acquainted with his intent: likewise when the fir Ladies understood the secret departure of the Scottish Champion, whom they affected dearer than any Knight in all the world, they stored themselves with sufficient treasure, & by stealth tooke their fourpies from their Fathers Pallace, intending either to finde out the victorious and approved Knight of Scotland, or to end their lives in some forraine Region.

The rumor of whose departure, no sooner came to the Kings eares, but he purposed the like travell, either to obtaine the sight of his Daughters againe, or to make his tombe in a Country beyond the circuit of the Sunne. So attiring himselfe in homely russet, like a Pilgrim with an Ebon staffe in his hand tipt with silver, tooke his journey all unknown from his Pallace, whose sodden and secret departure, struck such an extreame and intolerable heavinesse in the Court, that the Pallace gates were sealed up with sorrow, and the walls hanged with sable mourning cloth. The Thracian Lords exempted all pleasure, and

like flocks of Sheep strayed up and down without theyr heards, the Ladies and courtly gentiles sate sighing in their private Chambers: where we leave them for this time, and speak of the successe of the other Champions, and how fortune smiled on their adventurous proceedings.

CHAP. VIII.

How Saint Patrick the Champion of Ireland redeemed the six Thracian Ladies out of the hands of thirty bloody minded Satyrs, and of their purposed travell in the pursuit after the Champion of Scotland.

BUT now of that valiant and hardy Knight at Armes, S. Patrick the Champion of Ireland, must I speak, whose adventurous accidents were so nobly performed, that if my Pen were made of Steele, yet should I weare it to the stumps, sufficiently to declare his prowesse, and worthy adventures. When hee departed from the brazen Piller, from the other Champions, the Heavens smiled with a kind aspect, and sent him such a happy starre to be his guide, that it led him to no Courtly pleasures, nor to vaine delights of Ladies beauties, but to the throne of Fame, where Honour sate installed upon a seat of gold. Thither travelled the warlike Champion of Ireland, whose illustrious battels the Northern Iles have Chronicled in leaves of brasse: therefore Ireland be proud, for from thy bowels did spring a Champion, whose prowesse made the enemies of Christ to tremble, and watered the earth, with streames of Pagans blood: witnesse whereof the Ile of Rhodes, the key and strength of Christendome was recovered from the Turkes by his martiall and invincible prowesse; where his dangerous battels,

tailes, fierce encounters, bloody skirmishes, and long assaults, would serve to fill a mighty volume, all which I passe over, and wholly discourse of things appertaining to this History. For after the warres of Rhodes were fully ended, Saint Patrick (accounting idle ease the nurse of cowardise) bade Rhodes farewell, being then strongly fortified with Christian souldiers, and tooke his journey through many an unknown Countrey, where at last, it pleased the Queene of chance, to direct his steps into a solitary wildernesse, inhabited only by wilde Satyres, and a people of inhumane qualities, giving their wicked minds, only to murther, lust, and rape: wherin the noble Champion travelled up and down many a weary step, not knowing how to qualifie his hunger, but by his own industry in killing of wilde venison, and pressing out the blood between two flat stones, and daily roasted it by the heat of the Sunne: his lodging was in the hollow trunck of a blasted tree, which nightly preserved him from the dropping showers of Heaven; his chiefe companions were sweet resounding ecchoes, which commonly re-answered the Champions words.

In this manner lived Saint Patrick the Irish Knight, in the Woods: not knowing how to set himselfe at liberty, but wandring up and down as it were in a maze wrought by the curious workmanship of some excellent Gardiner, it was his chance at last, to come into a dismall shady thicket beset about with balefull mistletoe, a place of horrour, wherein he heard the cries of some distressed Ladies; whose bitter lamentations seemed to pierce the clouds and to crave succour at the hands of God, which unexpected cryes not a little daunted the Irish Knight: so that it caused him to prepare his weapon in readinesse, against some sudden encounter: So couching himselfe close under the root of an old withered Oake (which had not flourished with green leaves in many a yeare) hee espied a farre off a crew of bloody minded Satyres, haling by the hayre six unhappy Ladies thorow many a thorny brake and bryer, whereby the

beauty

beauty of their crimson cheeks was all besprent with purple gore, & their eyes (within whose cleare glasses one night behold the God of love dancing) all to be rent & torne by the fury of the byers, whereby they could not see the light of Heaven, nor the place of their unfortunate abyding: which woefull spectacle forced such a terrour in the heart of the Irish knight, that he presently made out for the rescue of the Ladies to redeeme them from the fury of the mercilesse Satyrs, which were in number about some thirty every one having a club upon his neck, which they had made with roots of yong Oakes and Pine trees, yet this adventurous Champion being nothing discouraged, but with a bold and resolute minde, let drive at the sturdiest Satyr, whose armour of defence was made of a Bulls hide, which was dryed so hard against the Sunne, that the Champions curtle-axe prevailed not: after which the fell Satyrs encompassed the Christian knight round about, and so mightily oppresse him with down-right blowes, that had hee not by good fortune leapt under the bowes of a spreading tree, his life had been forc't to give the world a speedy farewell. But such was his nimblenes and active policy, that ere long he sheathed his sharp pointed launchion in one of the Satyrs breasts: which woefull sight caused all the rest to fly from his presence, and left the six Ladies to the pleasure and disposition of the most noble and courageous Christian Champion.

Who after he had sufficiently breathed, and cooled himselfe in the chill Ayre, (being almost windlesse through the long encounter and bloody skirmish) he demanded the cause of the Ladies travels, and by what meanes they happened into the hands of those mercilesse Satyrs who most cruelly and tyrannically attempted the utter ruine & endlesse spoyle of their unspotted virginities. To which courteous demand one of the Ladies, after a deepe fetcht sigh or two, (being strained from the bottom of her most sorrowfull heart) in the behalfe of her selfe and the other distressed Ladies, replyed in this order.

Know

know brave minded Knight, that wee are the unfortunate daughters of the King of Thrace, whose lives have bin unhappy ever since our births. For first wee did endure a long imprisonment under the hands of a cruell Gyant, and after, the Heavens to preserve our chastities from the wicked desire of the same Gyant, transformed us into the shape of Swans, in which likewise we remained seaven yeares, but at last recovered by a worthy Christian Knight, named Saint Andrew, the Champion of Scotland, after whom wee have travelled many a weary step, never croft by any violence, untill it was our angry fates to arrive in this unhappy wildernesse, where your eyes have bin true witnesses of our woefull misfortunes. Which sad discourse was no sooner finished, but the worthy Champion thus began to comfort the distressed Ladies.

The Christian Champion after whom you take in hand this weary travel (said the Irish Champion) is my approved friend, for whose company and wished sight, I will go more weary miles, than there be trees in this vast wildernesse, I number my steps with the multitude of sands hidden in the Sea: therefore most excellent Ladies, true ornaments of beauty, bee sad companions in my travels, for I will never cease till I have found our honourable friend, the Champion of Scotland, or some of those brave Knights, whom I have not seene these seaven Summers.

These words so contented the sorrowfull Ladies, that without any exception they agreed, and with as much willingnesse consented, as the Champion demanded. So after they had recreated themselves, eaten their breakfast, and cured their wounds, which was by the secret vertues of certaine hearbs growing in the same woods, they took their journeys even under the conduct of this worthy Champion Saint Patrick, where after some dayes travell, they obtayned the sight of a broad beaten way, where committing their fortunes to the fatall Sisters, and setting their faces toward the East, they merrily journyed together. In whose

fortunate

fortunate travels we leave them, and speak of the seventh Christian Champion, whose adventurous exploits and knightly honours deserves a golden pen, dipt in the inke of true Fame to discourse at large.

Chap. IX.

How Saint David the Champion of Wales, slew the Count Palatine in the Tartarian Court, and after how he was sent to the inchanted Garden of Ormondine, wherein by Magick Art he slept seven yeeres.

Saint David the most Noble Champion of Wales, after his departure from the brazen pillar, where as the other Champions of Christendome divided themselves severally, to take forraigne adventures, hee atchieved many memorable things, as well in Christendome, as in those Nations that acknowledge no true God: which for this time I omit, and only discourse what happened unto him among the Tartarians: For being in the Emperour of Tartaries Court (a place very much honoured with valorous Knights, and highly graced with a traine of beauteous Ladyes) where the Emperour upon a time ordayned a solemne Iust and Turnament to bee holden in the honour of his birth day: whither resorted at that time appointed, (from all the borders of Tartarie) the best and the hardiest Knights there remaining. In which honorable and Princely exercise, the noble Knight Saint David was appointed Champion for the Emperour, who was mounted upon a Morocco steed, betrapped in a rich Caparison, wrought by

the curious workmanship of Indian women, upon whose shield was set a golden Gryffin rampant in a field of blew.

Against him came the Count Palatine, Sonne and heyre apparant to the Tartarian Emperour, brought in by twelve Knights, richly furnished with habiliments of honour, who paced three times about the Lists, before the Emperour and many Ladies that were present to behold the Honourable Turnament. The which being done, the twelve Knights departed the Lists, and the Count Palatine prepared himselfe to encounter with the Christian Knight, being then appointed chiefe Champion for the day: who likewise locked downe his bever, and at the Trumpets sound by the Heralds appointment, ran so fiercely each against other, that the ground seemed to shake under them, and the skies to resound ecchoes of their mighty strokes.

At the second race the Champions ranne, Saint David had the worst, and was constrained through the forcible strength of the Count Palatine, to leane backward, almost beside his saddle: whereat the Trumpets began to sound in signe of victory; but yet the valiant Christian nothing dismayed, but with a courage (within whose eyes sat Knightly revenge) ranne the third time against the Count Palatine, and by the violence of his strength, he overthrew both Horse and man, whereby the Counts body was so extremly bruised with the fall of his Horse, that his heart blood issued forth by his mouth, and his vitall spirits pressed from the mansion of his breast, so that hee was forced to give the world a timelesse farewell.

This fatall overthrow of the Count Palatine, abashed the whole company: but especially the Tartarian Emperour, who having no more Sonnes but him, caused the Lists to be broken up, the Knights to be unarmed, and the murthered Count to be brought by foure Squires into his Pallace, where, after hee was dispoyled of his furniture, and the Christian Knight received it in the honour of his victory, the wofull Emperour bathed the Tartari-

ans

ans body with teares which dropped like Chrystall pearles upon the congealed blood, and after many sad sighes, hee breathed forth this woefull lamentation.

Sorts are my triumphes turned to everlasting woes, from a comicall pastime, to a direfull and bloody Tragedy; O most unkind fortune, never constant but in change! Why is my life deferred to see the downefall of my deare Sonne, the Noble Count Palatine? Why rends not this accursed earth whereon I stand, and presently swallow up my body into her hungry bowels? is this the use of Christians? for true honour to repay dishonour? Could not base blood serve to staine his deadly hands withall, but the precious blood of my deare Sonne, in whose revenge the face of the heavens is stained with blood, and cries for vengeance to the Majesty of mighty Iove. The dreadfull Furies, the direfull daughters of darke night, and all the balefull company of burning Acharon whose loynes be girt with Serpents, and hayre behanged with wreathes of Snakes shall hant, pursue, and follow that accursed Christian Champion, that hath bereaved my Country Tartarie of so precious a Jewell as my deare Sonne the Count Palatine was, whose magnanimous prowesse did surpasse all the Knights of our country?

Thus sorrowed the woefull Emperour for the death of his Noble Sonne: sometime making the ecchoes of his lamentations pierce the Elements: another while forcing his bitter courses to sink to the deep foundation of Acharon: one while intending to be revenged on Saint David the Christian Champion, then presently his intent was crost with a contrary imagination, thinking it was against the Law of Armes, and a great dishonour to his country, by violence to oppresse a strange Knight, whose actions had ever beene guided by true honour, but yet at last this firme resolution entered into his minde.

There was adjoyning upon the borders of Tartary, an inchanted Garden, kept by Magick Art, from whence never any returned that attempted to enter, the Governour

of which garden was a notable and famous Nigromancer, named Ormondine, to which Magician the Tartarian Emperour intended to send the adventurous Champion Saint David, thereby to revenge the Count Palatines death. So the Emperour after some few dayes passed, and the Obsequies of his sonne being no sooner performed, but he caused the Christian knight to be brought into his presence, to whom he committed this heavie taske, and weary labour.

Proud knight (said the angry Emperour) thou knowest since thy arrivall in our Territories, how highly I have honoured thee, not only in granting liberty of life, but making thee chiefe Champion of Tartarie, which high honour thou hast repaid with great ingratitude and blemished true Nobility, in acting my deare sonnes Tragedy: for which unhappy deed thou rightly hast deserved death. But yet know accursed Christian, that mercy harboureth in Princely minds, and where honour sits inthronized, there Justice is not too severe: Although thou hast deserved death, yet if thou wilt adventure to the inchanted Garden, and bring hither the Magicians head, I grant thee not only life, but therewithall the Crowne of Tartarie after my decease: because I see thou hast a minde furnished with Princely thoughts, and adorned with true Magnanimity.

This heavie taske, and strange adventure, not a little pleased the noble Champion of Wales, whose mind ever thirsted after worthy adventures: and so after some considerate thoughts, in this manner he replied.

Most high and magnificent Emperour, (said the Champion) were this taske which you enjoyne me to, as wonderfull as the labours of Hercules, or as fearefull as the enterprise which Iason made for the Golden Fleece, yet would I attempt to finish, and returne with like triumph to Tartarie, as the Macedonian Monarch did to Babylon, when he had conquered part of the wide world. Which words were no sooner ended, but the Emperour bound him by his

oath

oath of Knighthood, and by the lode hee bore unto his native Country, never to follow other adventure, till he had performed his promise, which was to bring the Magician Ormondines head into Tartarie: whereupon the Emperour departed from the noble Knight Saint David, hoping never to see him returne, but rather to heare of his utter confusion, or everlasting imprisonment.

Thus the valiant Christian Champion, being bound to his promise, within three dayes prepared all necessaries in readinesse for his departure: and so travelled West-ward, till he approched the sight of the inchanted Garden, the situation whereof somewhat daunted his valiant courage: for it was incompassed with a hedge of withered thornes and briers, which seemed continually to burne: upon the top thereof sat a number of strange and deformed things, some in the likenesse of night Owles, which wondred at the presence of Saint David: some in the shape of Prognes transformation, foretelling his infortunate successe, and some like Ravens, that with their harsh throats ring forth balefull knels of wofull Tragedies; the Elements which covered the inchanted Garden, seemed to bee overspread with milky clouds, from whence continually shot flames of fire, as though the skyes had beene filled with blazing comets: which fearefull spectacle, as it seemed the very pattern of hell, struck such a terrour into the Champions heart, that twice he was in minde to returne without performing the adventure, but for his oath and honour of Knighthood, which hee had pawned for the accomplishment thereof: So laying his body on the cold earth, being the first nurse and mother of his life, he made his humble petition to God, that his minde might never be oppressed with cowardise, nor his heart daunted with faint feare, till hee had performed what the Tartarian Emperour had bound him to, the Champion rose from the ground, and with chearefull lookes beheld the Elements, which seemed in his conceit to smile at the enterprise, and to foreshow a lucky event.

So the noble Knight Saint David with a valiant cou-

rage went to the Garden gate, by which stood a Rock of stone, overspred with mosse: In which Rock by Magick Art was inclosed a sword, nothing outwardly appearing but the hilt, which was the richest in his judgement, that ever his eyes beheld, for the steele worke was ingraven very curiously, beset with Jasper, and Saphire stones, the pummell was in the fashion of a Globe, of the purest silver that the mines of rich America brought forth: about the pummell was ingraven in letters of Gold these verses following.

My Magick spels remaine most firmely bound,
The worlds strange wonder, unknown by any one,
Till that a Knight within the North be found,
To pull this sword from out this Rock of stone:
Then ends my charmes, my Magick Arts and all,
By whose strong hand, wise Ormondine must fall.

These verses drave such a conceited imagination into the Champions mind, that hee supposed himselfe to be the Northren Knight, by whom the Negromancer should bee conquered: Therefore without any further advisement hee put his hand into the hilt of the rich sword, thinking presently to pull it out from the inchanted Rock of Ormondine: But no sooner did hee attempt that vaine enterprise, but his valiant courage and invincible fortitude failed him, and all his senses were overtaken with a sudden and heavie slæp, whereby hee was forced to let go his hold, and to fall flat upon the barren ground, where his eyes were so fast locked up by Magick Art, and his waking senses drowned in such a dead slumber, that it was as much impossible to recover himselfe from slæp, as to pull the Sunne out of the firmament. The Negromancer, by his Magick skill had intelligence of the Champions unfortunate successe: who sent from the inchanted Garden foure Spirits, in the similitude and likenesse of foure beautifull Damsels, which wrapped the drowsie Champion in a sheet of fine

the Arabian like, and conveyed him into a Cave, directly placed in the middle of the Garden, where they layed him upon a soft bed, more softer than the downe of Culvers: where those beautifull Ladyes through the Art of wicked Ormondine, continually kept him sleeping for the terme of seven yeares; one while singing with sugred songs, more sweeter and delightfuller than the Syrens melody: another while with rare conceited musicke, surpassing the sweetnesse of Arions Harpe, which made the Daulphins in the Seas dance at the sound of his sweet inspiring melody: or like the harmony of Orpheus when he journied downe into hell, where the Divels rejoyced to heare his admired notes, and on earth, trees, and stones leaped when he did but touch the silver strings of his Ivory Harpe.

Thus was S. Davids adventure crost with a wonderfull badde successe, whose dayes travels was turned into a nights repose, whose nights repose was made a heavy sleep, which endured untill seven yeares were fully finished, where we leave Saint David to the mercy of the Negromancer Ormondine, and returne to the most Noble and magnanimous Champion Saint George, where wee left him imprisoned in the Souldans Court. But now, gentle Reader, thou wilt thinke it strange, that all these Christian Champions should meet together againe, seing they be separated into so many borders of the world: First, Saint Dennis the Champion of France, remayneth now in the Court of Thessaly, with his Lady Eglantine: Saint Iames the Champion of Spaine, in the City of Sivill with Celestine, the faire Lady of Ierusalem: Saint Anthony the Champion of Italy, travelling the world, in the company of a Thracian maiden, attyred in a Pages apparell: Saint Andrew the Champion of Scotland, seeking after the Italian: Saint Patrick the Champion of Ireland, after the Champion of Scotland, Saint David of Wales, sleeping in the Inchanted Garden, adjoyning to the Kingdome of Tartary, and Saint George

the famous Champions of England, imprisoned in Persia: of whom, and of whose noble adventures, I must a while discourse, till the honoured Fame of the other Champions compels me to report their noble and Princely atchievements.

Chap. X.

How Saint George escaped out of prison at Persia, and how he redeemed the Champion of Wales from his inchantment, with other things that hapned to the English Knight, with the tragicall tale of the Nigromancer Ormondine.

NOW seven times had frosty bearded winter covered both hearbs and flowers with Snow, and behung the trees with Chrystall Sickles, seven times had Lady Ver beautified every field with Natures ornaments, and seven times had withered Autumne robbed the earth of springing flowers, since the unfortunate Saint George beheld the cheerfull light of heaven, but lived obscurely in a dismall dungeon, by the Souldan of Persias commandement, as you heard before in the beginning of the History: his unhappy Fortune so discontented his restlesse thoughts, that a thousand times a yeare hee wisht an end of his life, and a thousand times hee cursed the day of his creation: his sighes in number did counterbaile a heap of sand, whose top might seeme to reach the skies, the which he dainly breathed forth against the wals of the prison, many times making his humble supplications to the heavens to redeeme him from that vale of misery, and many times seeking occasion desperatly to abridge his dayes, and so triumph in his owne tragedy.

But

But at last when seven yeares were fully ended, it was the Champions luckie fortune to finde in a secret corner of the dungeon a certaine iron Engin, which time had almost consumed with rust, wherewith, with long labour he digged himselfe a passage through the ground, till hee ascended just in the middle of the Souldans Court, which was at that time of the night when all things were silent: the heavens hee then beheld beautified with stars, and bright Cynthia, whose glistering beames he had not seene in many hundred nights before, seemed to smile at his safe delivery, and to stay her wandring course, till hee most happily found meanes to get without the compasse of the Persians Court, where danger might no longer attend him, nor the strong gates of the City hinder his flight, which in this manner was performed. For now the noble Knight being as fearfull as the bird newly escaped from the Fowlers net, gazed round about, and listned where he might heare the voyce of people; at last hee heard the Groomes of the Souldans stable, furnishing forth Horses against the next morning for some noble atchievement. Whereupon the noble Champion S. George taking the iron Engin, wherewith hee redeemed himselfe out of prison, he burst open the doores, where he slew all the Groomes in the Souldans Stable: which being done, hee took the strongest Palfray, and the richest furniture, with other necessaries appertaining to a Knight at Armes, and so rode in great comfort to one of the City gates, where he saluted the Porter in this manner:

Porter, open the gates for Saint George of England is escaped, and hath murthered the Groomes, in whose pursuit the City is in Armes. Which words the simple Persian believed for truth, and so with all speed opened the gates, whereat the Champion of England departed, and left the Souldan in his dead sleep, little misdrusting his sudden escape.

But by that time the purple spotted morning had parted with her gray, and the Suns bright countenance appeared

on the mountaine tops, S. George had ridden twenty miles from the Persian Court, and before his departure was buried in the Soudans Pallace, the English Champion had recovered the sight of Grecia, past all danger of the Persian Knights, that followed him with a swift pursuit. By this time the extremity of hunger so sharply tormented him, that he could travell no further, but was constrained to sustaine himselfe with certaine wild Chesnuts in stead of bread, and sowre Orenges in stead of drink, and such saint food that grew by the wayes as he travelled, where the necessity and want of victuals compelled the noble Knight to breath forth this pittifull complaint.

O hunger, hunger, (said the Champion) more sharper than the stroke of death, thou art the extremest punishment that ever man endured: If I were now King of Armenia, and chiefe Potentate of Asia, yet would I give my Diadem, my Scepter, with all my Provinces, for one shiver of brown bread: O that this earth would bee so kind, as to open her bowels and cast up some food, to suffice my want: or that the ayre might bee choakt with mists, whereby feathered fowles for want of breath might fall, and yeld me some succour in this my famishment, and extreme penury: or that the Oceans would out-spread their branched armes, and cover these sunne-burnt valleyes with their treasures, to satisfie my hunger: but O now I see, both heaven and earth, hils and dales, skies and seas, fish and fowles, birds and beasts, and all things under the cope of heaven, conspire my utter overthrow: better had it beene if I had ended my dayes in Persia, than here to be famished in the broad world, where all things by Natures appointment are ordained for mans use. Now in stead of Courtly delicates, I am forced to eat the fruit of trees, and in stead of Grecish wine, I am compelled to quench my thirst with mornings dew, which nightly fals upon the blades of grasse.

Thus complained Saint George, till glittering Phœbus had mounted the top of Heaven, and drawen the mysty vapors

hapʒs from the ground, whereby hee might behold the pʒe-ſpects of Grecia, and which way to travel moſt ſafely. And as he looked, he eſpied directly before his face a Tower ſtanding upon a chalky cliff, diſtant from him ſome thʒee miles, whither the Champion intended to go, not to ſeek foʒ adventures but to reſt himſelfe after his long journey, and to get ſuch victuals as therein he could finde to ſuffice his want.

So ſetting foʒward with a ſpædy pace, the heavens ſæmed to ſmile, and the birds to ring chirping peales of melody, as though they did pʒognoſticate a foʒtunate event. The way hæ found ſo plaine, and the journy ſo eaſie, that within halfe an houre hæ appʒoched before the ſaid Tower: where upon the wall ſtood a moſt beautifull woman, attired after the manner of a diſtreſſed Lady, and her lookes heavie, like the Quæne of Troyes, when ſhee beheld her Pallace on fire. The valiant Knight S. George, after he had alighted from his Hoʒſe, hæ gave her this courteous ſalutation,

Lady (ſaid hee) foʒ ſo you ſæme by your outward appearance, if ever you pittied a traveller, oʒ granted ſuccour to a Chʒiſtian Knight, give to me one meales meat, now almoſt famiſhed. To whom the Lady after a curſt frowne oʒ two, anſwered in this oʒder,

Sir Knight (quoth ſhæ) I adviſe thæ with all ſpæd to depart, foʒ here thou gettſt but a cold dinner: my Lord is a mighty Gyant, and belæveth in Mahomet, and if hæ once do underſtand that thou art a Chʒiſtian Knight, not all the gold of higher Iadia, noʒ the riches of wealthy Babylon can pʒeſerve thy life. Now by the honour of my Knighthood (replyed Saint George,) and by the great GOD that Chʒiſtendome adoʒes, were thy Lord moʒe ſtronger than mighty Hercules, that boʒe mountaines on his back: here will I either obtaine my dinner, oʒ die by his accurſed hand.

Theſe woʒds ſo abaſhed the Lady, that ſhee went with all ſpæd from the Tower, and told the Gyant how a Chʒiſtian

ſtian Knight remained at his gate, which had ſworne to ſuffice his hunger in deſpight of his will: whereat the furious Gyant ſuddenly ſtarted up, being as then in a ſound ſléep, for it was the middle of the day: who took a bat of Iron in his hand and came downe to the Tower gate. His ſtature was in height five yards, his head briſtled like a Boare, a foot there was betwixt each brow, his eyes hollow, his mouth wide, his lips were like to flaps of léele, in all proportion more like a Divell than a man. Which deformed monſter ſo daunted the courage of Saint George, that hee prepared himſelfe to death: not through feare of the monſtrous Gyant, but for hunger and féeblenéſſe of body: but here God provided for him, and ſo reſtored to him his decayed ſtrength, that he endured battel till the cloſing up of the Evening, by which time the Gyant grew almoſt blind, through the ſweat that ranne downe from his monſtrous browes, whereby Saint George got the advantage, and wounded the Gyant ſo cruelly under the ſhort ribs, that he was compelled to fall to the ground, and to give end to his life.

After which happy event of the Gyants ſlaughter, the invincible Champion Saint George firſt gave the honour of his victory to God, in whoſe power all his Fortune conſiſted. Then entring the Tower, whereas the Lady preſented him with all manner of delicates, and pure wines, but the Engliſh Knight, ſuſpecting treachery to be hidden in her proffered courteſie, cauſed her firſt to taſte of every diſh: Likewiſe of his wine, leſt ſome violent poyſon ſhould be therein commixt: finding all things pure and wholſome as nature required, he ſuffliced his hunger, reſted his weary body, and refreſhed his Horſe.

And ſo leaving the Tower in keeping of the Lady, hee committed his Fortune to a new travell: where his revived ſpirits never entertained longer reſt, but to the refreſhing of himſelfe and his Horſe, ſo travelled he through part of Grecia, the confines of Phrygia, and ſo into the borders of Tartarie, within whoſe territories hee had not long journied,

but

but hee approached the sight of the inchanted Garden of Ormondine, where Saint David the Champion of Wales had so long kept by Magick Art. But no sooner did he behold the wonderfull situation thereof, but hee espied Ormondines sword inclosed in the inchanted Rock: where after he had read the superscription written about the pummell, he assayed to pull it out by strength: where he no sooner put his hand into the hilt, but he drew it forth with much ease, as though it had beene hung by a thread of untwisted silk: but when he beheld the glittering brightnesse of the blade, & the wonderfull richnesse of the pummell, he accounted the prize more worth than the Armour of Achilles, which caused Aiax to run mad, and more richer than Medeas Golden Fleece: But by that time Saint George had circumspectly lookt into every secret of the sword, he heard a strange and dismall voyce thunder in the skies, a terrible and mighty lumbring in the earth, wherat both Hils and Mountaines shook, Rocks removed, and Oakes rent into peeces: After this, the gates of the inchanted Garden flew open, whereat incontinently came forth Ormondine the Magician, with his haire staring on his head, his eyes sparkling, his cheeks blushing, his hands quivering, his legges trembling, and al the rest of his body distempered, as though legions of spirits had incompast him about: hee came direcly to the worthy English knight that remained still by the inchanted Rock, from whence hee had pulled the Magicians sword: where after the Negromancer had sufficiently beheld his Princely countenance, whereon true honour sat inthronized, and viewed his portly personage, the image of true knighthood, the which seemed in the Magicians eyes to be the rarest work that ever nature framed; First hee took the most valiant and magnanimous Champion Saint George of England, by the stately Gantlet, and with great humility kissed it, then proffering him the courtesies due unto strangers; which was performed very graciously, hee afterward conducted him into the inchanted Garden, to the Cave where the Champion of Wales was

kept sleeping by the foure virgins singing delightfull songs, and after setting him in a chaire of Ebony, Ormondine thus began to relate of wonderfull things.

Renowned Knight at Armes (said the Negromancer) Fames worthiest Champion, whose strange adventures all Christendome in time to come shall applaud: be silent till I have told my Tragick tale, for never after this must my tongue speake againe: The Knight which thou seest here wrapped in this Sheet of gold, is a Christian Champion as thou art, sprung from the ancient seed of Troyan warriours who likewise attempted to draw this inchanted sword, but my Magick spels so prevailed, that he was intercepted in the enterprise, and forced ever since to remaine sleeping in this Cave: but now the houre is almost come of his recovery, which by thee must be accomplished: thou art that adventurous Champion, whose invincible hand must finish up my detested life: send my fleeting soule to draw thy fatall Chariot upon the banks of burning Acharon: for my time was limited to remaine no longer in this inchanted Garden, but till that from the North should come a Knight that should pull this sword from the inchanted Rock, which thou happily hast now performed, therefore I know my time is short, and my houre of destiny at hand. What I report, write it in brazen lines, for the time will come when this discourse shall highly benefit thee. Take heed thou observe three things: first, that thou take to wife a pure maid: next, that thou erect a monument over thy Fathers grave, & lastly that thou continue a professed foe to the enemies of Christ Jesus, bearing armes in the honour and praise of thy Country. These things being truly and justly observed, thou shalt attaine to such honour, that all Kingdomes of Christendome shall admire thy dignity: what I speak is upon no vaine imagination, sprung from a frantick braine, but pronounced by the mysticall and deep Art of Negromancy.

These words were no sooner ended, but the most honoured and fortunate Champion of England, requested the Magician

gician to describe his passed fortunes, & by what meanes hee came first to be governour of that inchanted Garden.

To tell the discourse of mine owne life (replyed Ormondine) will breed a new sorrow in my heart, the remembrance whereof will rend my very soule: but yet (most noble knight) to fulfill your request, I will force my tongue to declare what my heart doth [illegible] to utter: therefore prepare thine eare to entertain the [illegible]lest tale that ever tongue delivered: And so, after S. George had a while sat silent, expecting his discourse, the Magician spake as followeth.

The wofull and tragicall discourse, pronounced by the Negromancer Ormondine, of the misery of his children.

I Was in former time, (so long as fortune smiled upon me) the King and only Commander of Scythia, my name Ormondine, graced in my youth with two faire daughters, whom nature had not only made beautifull, but repleniſht them with all the gifts that Art could devise: the elder, whose name was Castria, the faireſt maid that ever Scythia brought forth, her eyes like flaming torches, so dazled her beholders, that like attractive Adamants, they coniured them to admire her beauty: amongſt a number of knights that were insnared with her love, there was one Floridon, Sonne to the King of Armenia, equall to her in all excellent ornaments of nature, a lovelier couple never trod on earth, or graced any Princes Court in the whole world.

This Floridon so fervently burned in affection with the admired Castria, that he lusted after her virginity, and practised both by policy, and faire promises to enjoy that precious pleasure, which after fell to his owne destruction: For upon a time, when the mantles of darke night had closed in the light of heaven, and the whole Court had entertained a silent rest, this lustfull Floridon entered Castrias lodging, furthered by the chamber-maid, where, to her hard hap, hee cropped the bud of sweet virginity, and left such a pawne within

within her wombe, that before many dayes were expired, her shame began to appeare, & the deceived Lady, was constrained to reveale her griefe to Floridon: who in the meane time had betrothed himselfe to my yonger daughter, whose name was Marcilla, no lesse beautified with natures gifts, than her elder sister, but when this unconstant Floridon perceived that her belly began to grow big with the burden of his unhappy seed, he upbraided her with shame, laying dishonour in her dish, calling her strumpet, with many ignominious words, forswearing himselfe, never to have committed any such infamous deed, protesting that he ever scorned to lurke in womans bands, and counted chamber love a deadly sting, and a deep infection to the honour of his knight-hood.

These unkind speeches drove Castria into such extrem passion of mind, that she with a shamefull look & blushing cheeks, after this manner revealed her sorrowes unto him:

What knowes not Floridon (quoth the Lady) her, whom his lust hath stained with dishonor? See see unconstant knight the pledge of faithles vowes, behold the womb where springs thy lively Image, behold this mark which staines my fathers ancient house, and sets a shamefull blot upon my cheeks alwayes when I behold the company of chaste virgins: deare Floridon, shadow this my shame with marriage rites, that I be not accounted a by-word to the world, nor that this my babe in time to come, be termed a base born child: remember what plighted promises, what vowes & protestations past betwixt us, remember the place and time of my dishonour, & be not like the furious Tygers, that repay love with despight.

At which words Floridon with a wrathfull countenance, replyed in these words: Egregious and shameless creature (quoth he) with what brazen face darest thou out-brave me thus: I tell thee Castria, my love was ever yet to follow Armes, to heare the sound of Drummes, to ride upon a nimble Steed, and not to trace a carpet dance, like Priams Sonne, before the lustfull eyes of Menelaus wife: Therefore bee gone, disturbing trumpet, go sing thy harsh melody

lady in company of night birds, for I tell thée, the day will bluſh to cover thy monſtrous ſhame.

Which reprochfull ſpæches being no ſooner ended, but Floridon departed her preſence, leaving not behind him ſo much as a kind look: whereat the diſtreſſed Lady, being oppreſſed with intollerable griefe, ſunk downe dead, not able to ſpeak for a time, but at laſt, recovering her ſenſes, ſhee began anew to complaine.

I that was wont (quoth ſhe) to walke with troupes of maydes, muſt now abandon & utterly forſake all company, and ſeeke ſome ſecret Cave, wherein I may ſit for evermore and bewaile my loſt Virginity: If I returne unto my Father, he will refuſe me: if to my friends, they wil be aſhamed of me: if to ſtrangers, they will ſcorne me: if to my Floridon, Oh, hæ denieth me, and accounts my ſight as ominous as the baleful Crocodiles. Oh that I might in the ſhape of a bird, or like the ravi∫hed Philomela, fill every wood and wilderneſſe with my diſhonour, for now I am neither chaſte virgin, nor honeſt wife, but a ſhameleſſe trumpet, and the worlds vile ſcorne: wherat me thinks, I ſæ how vertuous & chaſt maidens point and terme me a vicious Dame. Oh unconſtant Floridon: thou didſt promiſe to ſhadow this my fault with marriage, but now vowes I ſæ are vaine: Thou haſt forſaken me, and tyed thy faith unto my ſiſter Marcilla, who muſt enjoy thy love, becauſe ſhee continues chaſte without any ſpot of diſhonur. Oh woe to thée unconſtant Knight, thy flattering eyes deceived me, and thy gloſing tongue inticed mæ to commit that Sinne, which all the Ocean ſtreams can never waſh away: Why ſtand I relating thus in vaine? the dæd is done, and Floridon will triumph in the ſpoile of my Virginity, while hee lyes dallying in my ſiſters armes: Nay, firſt the fatall lights of Funerals ſhall maſke about his marriage bedde, and his bridall blaze I le quench with blood: for I will go unto their marriage chamber, where as theſe hands of mine ſhall rend my ſiſters wombe, before ſhe ſhall enjoy the intereſt of my bedde:

rage heart in stead of love, delight in murther, let venge ance be ever in thy thoughts, untill thou hast quencht with blood the furies of disloyall love.

Thus complained the wofull Castria, roving up and down the Court of Scythia, untill the mistresse of the night had spent five months: at the end of which time, the appointed mariage of Floridon and Marcilla drew nigh, the thought whereof proved an endlesse terrour to her heart, and of a more intollerable burden, than the paines of her wombe; the which she gyrded in so extremely for feare of suspition, and partly under colour to bring about her intended Tradegy. which was in this bloody and execrable manner accomplished and brought about.

The day at last came, wheron Floridon and Marcilla should tie that sacred knot of mariage, and the Princes and Potentates of Scythia were all present as witnesses to Himens holy rites: In which honourable assembly, none were more busier than Castria, to beautifie her sisters wedding. The ceremonies being no sooner performed, and the day spent in al pleasures fitting the honour of so great and mighty a traine, but Castria requested the use of the Country, which was this; that the first night of every maidens mariage, a knowne Virgin should lie with the Bride, which honourable taske was committed to Castria: who provided against the houre appointed, a silver bodkin, & hid it secretly in the trammels of her haire, wherewith she intended to prosecute revenge. The Brides lodging-chamber was appointed far from the hearing of anyone, lest the noise of people should hinder her quiet sleep.

But at last, when the houre of her wishes approched, that the Bride should take leave of the Ladyes and maidens that attended her to her chamber, the new married Floridon in company of many Scythian Knights, committed Marcilla to her quiet rest, little mistrusting the bloody purpose of her sisters minde.

But now behold, how every thing fell out according to her desires. The Ladyes and Gentlewomen were no sooner departed,

departed, and silence taken possession of the whole Court, but Castria with her owne hands locked the chamber dooze, and secretly conbaied the keyes under the beds head, not perceiued by the betrayed Marcilla: which pooze Lady after some fewo speeches, departed to bed: wherein shee was no sooner layed, but a heavy sleep ouer-mastered her senses, whereby her tongue was forced to bid her sister goodnight, who as then sate discontented by her bed side, watching the time, wherein she might conbenientlyact the bloody tragedy: upon a court-cupboard stood two burning Tapers that gabe light to the whole chamber, which in her conceit seemed to burne blew: which fatall spectacle incouraged her to a more speedy perfozmance: and by the light of the two lamps she unbraced her bestures, & stripped her selfe into her milk white smock, having not so much upon her head, as a Caule to hold up her golden haire: after this she took her siluer bodkin, that before she had secretly hidden in her haire, & with a wrathfull countenance, (upon whose browes sate the image of pale death) she came to her new married sister, being then ouer-come with a heavy slumber, and with her bodkin pierced her tender breast: who immediatly at the stroke therof started from her sleep, and gave such a pittifull scrike, that it would have wakened the whole Court, but that the chamber stood far from the hearing of company, except her bloody minded sister whose hand was ready to redouble her fury, with a second stroke.

But when Marcilla beheld the sheets and ornaments of her bed distaind with purple goze, and from her breast run streams of crimson blood, which like to a fountaine trickled from her Ibozy bosome she breathed forth this earnest exclamation against the cruelty of Castria.

O sister, (said shee) hath nature harboured in thy breast a bloody mind! What fury hath incenst thee thus to commit my Tragedy? In what have I misdone, oz wherein hath my tongue offended thee? What cause hath beene occasion, that thy remozseleste hand against nature, hath conberted my joyfull nuptials, to a wofull funerall, This

is the cauſe (replyd Caſtria, and therewithall ſhewed her
woombe, grown big through the burden of her Child) that
I have bathed my hands in thy deteſted blood.

See, ſæ Marcilla (ſaid ſhe) the unhappy bed, wherein thy
accurſed huſband hath ſowne his ſæd, by which my virgins
honour is for ever ſtained; this is the ſpot which thy heart
blood muſt waſh away, and this is the ſhame that nothing
but death ſhall finiſh; therefore a ſwæt revenge, and a pre-
ſent murther likewiſe will I commit upon my ſelfe, where-
by my loathed ſoule, in company of my unborne babe ſhall
wander with thy Ghoſt along the Stygian lakes.

Which words being no ſooner finiſhed, but ſhe violently
pierced her owne breaſt: whereby the two ſiſters blood were
equally mingled together, but now Marcilla being the firſt
wounded, and the nærer drawing towards death, ſhe wofull-
ly complained with this dying Lamentation.

Draw nære (ſaid ſhe) you blazing ſtars, you earthly angels,
you imbroidered girls, you lovely ladies, & flouriſhing dames
of Scythia, behold her wofull end, whoſe glories mounted to
the Elements, behold my marriage bed here beautified with
tapeſtry, converted to deaths bloody habitation, my brave at-
tyre to earthly mould, and my Princely Pallaces to Elizium
ſhades, being a place appointed for thoſe dames that lived &
died true virgins: for now I fæle the paines of death cloſing
my lives windowes, & my heart ready to entertain the ſtroke
of deſtiny. Come Floridon, come, in ſtead of armes, get Ea-
gles wings, that in thy boſome I may breath my murthered
Ghoſt. World, fare thou wel, I was too proud of my intiting
pleaſures: thy Princely pompe and all thy gliſtering orna-
ments, I muſt for ever bid adue, Father, farewell, with
all my maſking Traine of Courtly Ladyes, Knights and
Gentlewomen; my death, I know will make thy Pallace
walls gloomy regiment; and laſt of all, farewell my noble
Floridon, for thy ſwæt ſake Marcilla here is murthered.

At the end of which words, the dying Lady being faint
with the abundance of blood that iſſued from her wounded
breaſt

breast, gave up the ghost. No sooner had pale death seized upon her liveless body, but Castria likewise through the extremity of her wound was ready to entertaine the stroke of the fatall sisters, who also complained in this manner: Hearken you loving girles, (said she) to you I speak, that know what endlesse griefe disloyall and false love breeds in constant minds, the thought whereof is so intollerable to my soule that it excéds the torments of Danus daughters, which continually fil water into bottomeless tubs in hel. Oh that my eares had never listened to his sugred spæches, or never known what courtly pleasures meant, where beauty lives a bait for every lustfull eye: but rather to have lived a Country Lasse, where swæt content is harbored, and beauty throwded under true humility, then had not Floridon bereaved me of my swæt virginity, nor had this accursed hand committed this cruell murther: but oh I fæle my soule passing into Elizium shades where Creusas shadow, and Didos Ghost have their abidings: thither doth my spirit fly, to bee entertained amongst those unhappy Ladyes whom unconstant love hath murdered: thus Castria not being able to speak any longer, gave a very grievous sigh, and so bade adue to the world.

Now when the morning Sun had chased away the darksome night, Floridon who little mistrusted the tragedy of the two sisters repaired to the chamber dooze, with a consort of skilfull Musicians, where their inspiring harmony sounded to the wals, and Floridons morning salutations were spent in vaine: for death so stopt the two Princes eares, that no resound of thankes at all reanswered his words, which caused Floridon to depart, thinking them to be asleep, and to returne within an houre after, who without any company came to the Chamber dooze, where he againe found all silent: at which suspecting some further event, he burst open the dooze, where he no sooner entred, but hee found the two Ladyes weltring in their owne goze: which wofull spectacle presently so bereaved him of his wits, that like a frantick man hee raged up and downe, and in this manner bitterly

complained: Oh you immortall powers, open the wrathfull gates of heaven, and in your juſtice puniſh me, for my unconſtant love hath murdered two of the braveſt Ladies that ever nature framed, revive ſweet Dames of Scythia, and heare me ſpeak, that am the wofulleſt wretch that ever ſpake with tongue: If ghoſt may here bee given for ghoſt, deare Lady take my ſoule and live, or if my heart might dwell within your breaſts, this hand ſhall equally divide it: But words I ſee are vain, and my proffer cannot purchaſe life, nor recover your breathing ſpirits: yet vengeance ſhall you have, this hand ſhall untwine my fatall twiſt, and bereave my bloody breaſt of life, whereby my unhappy ghoſt ſhall follow you through Tartar gulfes, through burning lakes, and through the lowring ſhades of dreadfull Coſitus: gape, gape, ſweet earth and in thy wombe make all our tombs together.

Which wofull lamentation being no ſooner breathed from his ſorrowfull breaſt, but he finiſhed his dayes, by the ſtroke of that ſame accurſed bodkin, that was the bloody inſtrument of the two ſiſters death; the which he found ſtill remaining in the remorſeleſſe hand of Caſtria.

Thus have you heard (moſt worthy knight) the true tragedy of three of the moſt goodlieſt perſonages that ever nature framed: but now with diligent eares liſten to the unfortunate diſcourſe of mine owne miſery, which in this unhappy manner fell out: for no ſooner came the flying newes of the murthered Princes to my eares, but I grew into ſuch a diſcontented paſſion that I abandoned my ſelfe from company of people, and ſate for ſeven months in a ſolitary paſſion, lamenting the loſſe of my Children, like weeping Niobe, which was the ſorrowfulleſt Lady that ever lived.

During which time, the report of Floridons unhappy Tragedy was bruited to his Fathers eares, being the ſole King of Armenia: whoſe griefe ſo exceeded the bounds of reaſon, that with al convenient ſpeed he gathered the greateſt ſtrength Armenia could make, and in revenge of his ſonnes murther,

murther, entred my Territories, and with his well approved warriours subdued my Provinces, slaughtered my souldiers, conquered my Captaines, slew my Commons, burnt my Cities, and left my country villages desolate, where, when I beheld my Country overspread with famine, fire, and sword, three intestine plagues, wherewith heaven scourgeth the sins of the wicked, I was forced for safegard of my life, to forsake my native habitation, and Kingly government, only committing my Fortune, (like a banisht exile) to wander unknowne passages, where care was my chiefe companion, and discontent my only soliciter: at last it was my destiny to arrive in this unhappy place, which I supposed to be the walks of despaire, where I had not remained many dayes in my melancholy passions, but mee thought the wanny lawes of deep Averna opened, from whence ascended a most fearfull Divell, that intited me to bequeath my fortune to his disposing, and hee would defend mee from the fury of the whole world: to which I presently condiscended upon some assurance. Then presently he placed before my face this inchanted sword, so surely closed in stone, that it should never bee pulled out, but by the hands of a Christian Knight; and till that taske were performed, I should live exempt from all danger, although all the Kingdomes of the earth assayled me: which taske (most adventurous Champion) thou hast now performed, whereby I know the houre of my death approcheth, and my time of confusion is at hand.

This discourse pronounced by the Negromancer Ormondine, was no sooner finished, but the worthy Champion Saint George heard such a terrible rattling in the skyes, & such a lumbring in the earth that hee expected some strange event to follow: then casting his eyes aside, he saw the inchanted Garden to vanish, and the Champion of Wales to awake from his long sleep, wherein hee had remained seven yeeres: who like one newly risen from a swone, for a time stood speechlesse, not able to utter one word, till hee beheld the noble Champion of England, that stedfastly

gazed

gazed upon the Negromancer: who at the vanishing of the Inchantment, presently gave a most terrible grone & died.

The two Champions, after many courteous imbracings, and kind greetings, revealed each to other the strange adventures they had passed. Saint David told how he was bound by the Oath of his knighthood, to performe the adventure of Ormondine: whereupon Saint George presently delivered the Inchanted sword, with the Negromancers head, into the hands of Saint David, the which he presently dissevered from his dead body. But here must my weary muse leave Saint David travelling with Ormondines head to the Tartarian Emperour, and speak of the following adventures that hapned to Saint George, after his departure from the Inchanted Garden.

Chap. XI.

How Saint George arrived at Tripoly in Barbary, where he stole away Sabra the Kings daughter of Egypt, from the Blackmore King, and how shee was knowne to bee a pure Virgin by the meanes of a Lyon, and what hapned unto him in the same adventure.

Saint George, after the recovery of Saint David, as you heard in the former Chapter, dispatched his journey towards Christendome, whose pleasant bankes he long desired to behold, and thought every day a yeare, till his eyes enjoyed a sweet sight of his native Country England, upon whose Chalkey cliffes hee had not rode in many a weary Summers day: therefore committing his journey to a fortunate successe, hee travelled through many a dangerous country: where the people were

not

not only of a bloody disposition, given to all manner of wickednesse, but the soyle greatly annoyed with wild beasts, through which hee could not well travell without danger: therefore he carried continually in one of his hands, a weapon ready charged, to encounter with the Heathen people, if occasion should serve, and in the other hand, a bright burning blaze of fire, to defend him from the fury of wild beasts, if by violence they assayled him.

Thus in extreme danger travelled the Noble and adventurous Champion Saint George, till he arrived in the Territories of Barbary, in which Country hee purposed for a time to remaine, and to seeke for some noble atchievement, whereby his fame might be increased, and his honored name ring through all the kingdomes of the world: and being incouraged with this Princely cogitation, the Noble Champion of England climed to the top of a huge mountaine; where he unlocked his Bever, which before had not bene lifted up in many a day, and beheld the wide and spacious Country, how it was beautified with lofty Pines, and adorned with many goodly Pallaces. But amongst the number of the Townes and Cities which the English Champion beheld, there was one which seemed to exceed the rest, both in situation and brave buildings, which hee supposed to bee the chiefest City in all the Country, and the place where the King usually kept his Court: to which place Saint George intended to travell, not to furnish himselfe with any needfull thing, but to accomplish some honourable adventure, whereby his worthy deeds might be eternized in the bookes of memory. So after he had descended from the top of a steepy mountaine and had travelled in a low valley about some two or three miles, he approched an old and almost ruinated hermitage overgrown with mosse, and other withered weeds before the entry of which hermitage sat an ancient father upon a round stone, taking the heat of the warme Sun, which cast such a comfortable brightnesse upon the Hermits face,

that his white beard seemed to glisterlike silver, and his head to exceed the whitenesse of the Northren Isicles: of whom after S. George had given the due reverence that belonged unto age, he demanded the name of the Country, and the City he travelled to, and under what King the Country was governed? To whom the courteous Hermit thus replyed:

Most noble Knight, for so I gesse you are, by your furniture and outward apparance, you are now in the confines of Barbary, the City opposite before your eyes is called Tripoly remaining under the government of Almidor, the black King of Morocco: in which City he now keepeth his Court, attended on by as many valiant Knights as any King under the cope of Heaven.

At which words the noble Champion of England suddenly started, as though he had intelligence of some baleful newes which deeply discontented his Princely mind: his heart was presently incenst with a speedy revenge, and his mind so extremely thirsted after Almidors tragedy, that he could scarse make answer againe to the Hermits words: But bridling his fury, the angry Champion spake in this manner.

Grave father (said he) through the trechery of that accursed King, I indured seven yeares imprisonment in Persia, where I suffered both hunger, cold, and extreme misery: but if I had my good sword Askalon, & my trusty Palfray which I left in the Egyptian Court, where remaines my betrothed love, the Kings daughter of Egypt, I would be revenged upon the head of proud Almidor, were his guard more strong than the Army of Xerxes, whose multitudes drank rivers dry. Why said the Hermit, Sabra the Kings daughter of Egypt, is now Queen of Barbary, and since her nuptials were solemnly performed in Tripoly, are seven Summers fully finished.

Now by the honour of my Country England, (replyed Saint George) the place of my Nativity, and as I am a true Christian Knight, these eyes of mine shall never close, nor this undanted heart never entertaine one thought of peace, nor this unconquered hand receive one minutes rest, untill

I

I have obtained a sight of that swæt Princesse, for whose sake I have indured so long imprisonment: therefore deare Father, bee thus kind to a traveller, as to exchange thy clothing, for this my rich furniture and lusty Stæd, which I brought from the Souldan of Persia; for in the habit of a Palmer, I may enjoy the fruition of her sight without suspition: otherwise I must næds be constrained by violence, with my trusty Fauchion to make way into her Princely Pallace: where I know thee is attended on most carefully, by many valiant and couragious Knights: therefore curteously deliver me thy Hermits gowne; and I wil give thee in boot with my Horse and Armour, this Bore of costly Jewels: which when the grave Hermit beheld, hee humbly thanked the Noble Champion, and so with al the spæd they could possible make, exchanged apparell, and in this manner departed.

The Palmer being glad, repaired to his Hermitage with Saint Georges furniture, and Saint George in the Palmers apparell travelled towards the City of Tripoly: who no sooner came nære to the sumptuous buildings of the Court, but hee espyed a hundred poore Palmers knæling at the Gate, to whom Saint George spake in this manner, not with lofty and heroycall spæches, besæming a Princely Champion, but with mæke and humble words, like to an aged Palmer.

My deare brethren (said the Champion) for what intent remaine you here, or what expect you from this honourable Court?

We abide here (answered the Palmers) for an almes, which the Quæne once a day hath given this seven yæres, for the sake of an English Knight named S. George, whom she affecteth above all the Knights in the world. But when will this be given (said Saint George?)

In the after noone (replyed the Palmers) until which time, upon our bended knæs we hourely pray for the good fortune of that most Noble English Knight. Which spæches so highly pleased the valiant minded Champion,

Saint George, that he thought every minute a whole yere, till the golden Sunne had past away the middle part of heaven: for it was but newly rissen from Auroraes bed, whose light as yet with a shamefast radiant blush, distained the Easterne skie.

During which time, the most valiant and magnanimous Champion, S. George of England, one while remembring the extreme misery he indured in Persia, for her sake, whereat he let fall many Chrystall teares from his eyes: another while thinking upon the terrible battell he had with the burning Dragon in Egypt, where he redeemed her from the fatall lawes of death: at last it was his chance to walke about the Court, beholding the sumptuous buildings, and the curious ingraven works by the atchievement of man, bestowed upon the glittering windowes: where he heard to his exceeding pleasure, the heavenly voice of his beloved Sabra, descending from a window upon the west side of the Pallace, where she warbled forth this sorrowful ditty upon her Ivory Lute:

Die all desires of joy and Courtly pleasures,
Die all desires of Princely Royalty,
Die all desires and worldly treasures,
Die all desires of stately Majesty:
Sith he is gone that pleased most mine eye,
For whom I wish ten thousand times to die.

O that mine eyes might never cease to weep,
O that my tongue might evermore complaine,
O that my soule might in his bosome sleep,
For whose sweet sake my heart doth live in paine:
In woe I sing with brinish teares besprent,
Out worne with griefe, consumde with discontent.

In time my sighes will dim the heavens faire light,
Which hourely flie from my tormented breast,
Except Saint George that noble english Knight,

With

With safe returne abandon my unrest:
Then carefull cries shall end with deep annoy,
Exchanging weeping teares, for smiling joy.

Before face of heaven this vow I make,
Though unkind friends have wed me to their will,
And crownd me Queene, my ardent flames to slake,
Which in despight of them shall flourish still,
Beare witnesse, heavens and earth, what I have said,
For Georges sake I live and die a maid.

Which sorrowfull ditty being no sooner ended but she departed the window, quite from the hearing of the English Champion, that stood gazing up to the casements, preparing his eares to entertaine her sweet tuned melody the second time: but his expectation was in vaine; whereat he grew into more perplexed passions, then Aeneas, when he had lost his beloved Crusa amongst the armie of the Grecians: sometimes wishing the day to vanish in a moment, that the houre of her benevolence might approch: other times comforting his sad cogitations with the remembrance of her true chastity, & long continued constancy for his sake; comparing her love unto Thysbes, her chastity to Dianaes, & her constancy to Penelopes.

Thus spent hee the time away, till the glorious Sunne began to decline to the westerne parts of the earth when the Palmers should receive her wonted benevolence: against which time, the English Champion placed himselfe in the middest of them, that expected the wished houre of her comming, who at the time appointed, came to the Pallace gate, attyred in mourning vestures like Prolikena King Priams daughter, when she went to sacrifice, her hayre after a careless manner hung wavering in the wind, almost changed from yellow burnisht brightnesse, to the colour of silver, through her long continued sorrowes and griefe of heart, her eyes seemed to have wept seas of teares, and her wonted beauty (to whose excellent fairenesse, all the Ladyes in

the world did sometimes yéeld obeysance) was now stained with the pearled dew that trickled down her chéekes: where after the sorrowfull Quéene had iustly numbred the Palmers, and with vigilant eyes beheld the Princely countenance of Saint George, her colour began to change from red to white, and from white to red, as though the Lilly and the Rose had strove for superiority: but yet colouring her cogitations under a smooth brow, first delivered her almes to the Palmers, then taking Saint George aside, with him shée thus kindly began to confer: Palmer (said she) thou resemblest both in Princely countenance and courteous behaviour, that thrice honoured Champion of England, for whose sake I have daily bestowed my benevolence for this seven yéeres: his name is Saint George, his fame I know thou hast heard reported in many a Country, to be the bravest Knight that ever buckled on stéele helme: therefore for his sake I will grace thée with the chiefest honour in this Court: instead of thy russet gabardin I will cloath thée in purple silk, and in stead of thy Ebon staffe, thy hand shall weild the richest sword that ever Princely eye beheld. To whom the Noble Champion S: George replyed in this courteous manner.

I have heard (quoth hee) the Princely atchievements and magnanimous adventures of that honoured English Knight which you so dearely affect, braved through many a Princes Court: and how for the love of a Lady, he hath indured a long imprisonment, from whence he never looketh to returne, but to spend the remnant of his dayes in lasting misery: at which words the Quéene let fall from her eyes such a showre of pearled teares, and sent such a number of strained sighes from her grieved heart, that her sorrow séemed to ercéed the Quéenes of Carthage, when shée had for ever lost the sight of her beloved Lord. But the brave minded Champion Saint George purposed no longer to continue secret, but with his discovery to convert her sorrowfull mones to smiling ioy: and so casting off his Palmers wéed, acknowledged himselfe to the Quéene, and there-

there withall shewed the halfe Ring, whereon was ingraven this Posie, Ardeo affectione: which Ring in former time (as you may read before) they had very equally divided betwixt them, to bee kept in remembrance of their plighted faiths. Which unexpected sight highly pleased the beauteous Sabra, and her joy so exceeded the bounds of reason, that shee could not speake one word, but was constrained through her new conceived pleasure, to breath a sad sigh or two into the Champions bosome, who like a true innobled Knight, entertained her with a loving kisse, where after these two Lovers had fully discoursed each to other the secrets of their soules, Sabra how she continued for his love a pure Virgin, through the secret nature of a golden chaine steept in Tygers blood, the which shee wore seven times doubled about her Ivory neck, took him by the gentle hand, and led him into her husbands stable, where stood his approved Palfray, which she for seven yeares had fed with her owne hands: who no sooner espyed the returne of his Master, but hee grew more proud of his presence, then Bucephalus of the Macedonian Monarch, when he most joyfully returned in triumph from any victorious conquest.

Now is the time (said the excellent Princesse Sabra) that thou maiest (eale up the quittance of our former loves: therefore with all convenient speed take thy approved Palfray, and thy trusty sword Askalon, which I will presently deliver into thy hands, & with all celerity convay mee from this unhappy Country: for the King my husband with all his adventurous Champions, are now rode forth on hunting, whose absence will further our flight: but if thou stay till his returne, it is not a hundred of the hardiest Knights in the world, can beare me from this accursed Pallace. At which words. S. George having a mind graced with all excellent vertues, replyed in this manner.

Thou knowest my divine Mistresse, that for thy love I would endure as many dangers, as Iason sufferedin the Ile of Calcos, so I might at last enjoy the pleasure of true

Virginity,

virginity. But now is it possible thou canst remaine a pure maid, when thou hast beene a crowned Queene these seven yeares, and every night hast entertained a King into thy bed?

If thou findest me not a true maid (quoth she) in all that thou canst say or do, send me back again hither unto my foe, whose bed I account more lothsome than a den of snakes, and his sight, more ominous than the Crocodiles. As for the Peroco Crown, which by force of friends was set upon my head, I wish that it might be turned into a blaze of quenchlesse fire, so it might not indanger my body: for the name of Queene, I account it a vaine title; for I had rather be the English Lady, than the greatest Empresse in the world.

At which speeches Saint George willingly condiscended, and with all speed purposed to go into England: and therewithall sealed an assurance with as sweet a kisse, as Paris gave to lovely Helena, when she consented to forsake her native Country, and to travell from her husband Menelaus into Troy. So loosing no time, lest delay might breed danger, Sabra furnished her selfe with sufficient treasure, and speedily delivered to Saint George his trusty sword, which shee had kept seven yeares for his sake, with all the furniture belonging to his approved Steed, who no sooner received her proffered gifts, which he accounted dearer than the Asian monarchy, but presently he sadled his horse, & beautified his strong limbs with rich capari sons. In the meane time, Sabra through faire speeches and large promises, obtained the good will of an Eunuch, that was appointed for her guard in the Kings absence, to accompany them in their intended travell, and to serve as a trusty guide, if occasion required: which with the Lady stood ready at the Champions commandement: who no sooner had furnished himselfe with sufficient habiliments of warre belonging to so dangerous a journey, but he plast his beloved Princesse upon a gentle Palfrey, which alwayes kneeled downe untill she had ascended the saddle: and likewise her Eunuch

was

was mounted vpon another Steed, whereon all their rich Furniture, with costly Iewels and other Treasure was borne.

So these three worthy personages committed their travels to the guid of Fortune, who preserved them from the dangers of pursuing enemies, which at the Kings returne from hunting, followed amaine to every port & haven, that divided the Kingdom of Barbary from the confines of Christendome. But kind destiny so guided their steps, that they travelled another way, contrary to their expectations: for when they looked to arrive upon the territories of Europe, they were cast vpon the fruitfull bankes of Grecia: in which Country we must tell what hapned to the three travellers, and omit the vaine pursuit of the Morocco knights, the wrathfull melancholy of the King, and the bruited rumour that was amongst the Commons of the Maures departure, who caused the larum-bels to be rung out, and the Beacons to be set on fire, as though the enemy had entred their Country.

But now Melpomene, thou Tragick sister of the Muses, report what unluckie crosses hapned to these three travellers in the confines of Grecia, and how their smiling comedy was by ill-hap turned into a weeping Tragedy: for when they had tourneyed some three or foure Leagues over many a lofty hill, they came nigh unto a mighty and vaste Wildernesse, through which the wayes seemed so long, and the Sunne beames so exceedingly glowed, that Sabra what for wearinesse in travell, and the extreame heat of the day, was constrayned to rest under the shelter of a mighty Oke, whose branches had not been lopt in many a yeare: where she had not long remained, but her heart beganne to faynt for hunger, and her colour that was but a little before as fayre as any Ladies in the world, beganne to change for want of a little drinke: whereat the most famous Champion Saint George halfe dead with very griefe, comforted her as well as he could after this manner.

Faint not my deare Lady (said hee) here is that good sword that once preserved thee from the burning Dragon; and before thou dy for want of sustenance, it shall make way to every corner of the wildernesse; where I will either kill some Venison to refresh thy hungry stomack, or make my tombe in the bowels of some monstrous Beast: therefore abide thou here under this Tree in company of thy faithfull Eunuch, till I returne either with the flesh of some wilde Deare, or else some flying Bird, to refresh thy spirits to a new travell.

Thus left hee his beloved Lady with the Eunuch to the mercy of the woods, and travelled up and down the wildernesse till he espied a herd of fatted Deere, from which company he singled out the fayrest, & like a tripping Satyre coursed her to death: then with his keene edged Sword cut out the goodliest haunch of Venison that ever Hunters eye beheld: which gift he supposed to bee most welcome to his beloved Lady. But marke what hapned in his absence to the two wearie travellers abiding under the Tree: where after Saint Georges departure, they had not long sitten discoursing, one while of their long journies, another while of their safe delivery from the Blackamore King, spending the stealing time away with many an ancient story, but there appeared out of a thicket two huge & monstrous Lyons, which came direct pacing towards the two travellers: which fearefull spectacle when Sabra beheld, having a heart overcharged with the extreame feare of death, wholly committed her soule into the hands of God, & her body almost famished for food, to suffice the hunger of the two furious Lyons: who by the appointment of heaven, proffered not so much as to lay their wrathfull pawes upon the smallest part of her Garment, but with eager mood assayled the Eunuch, untill they had buried his body in the empty vaults of their hungry bowels: then with their teeth lately imbrued in blood, rent the Eunuches Steed into small peeces: which being done, they came to the Lady, which sat quaking halfe dead with feare, and like

two

two Lambs couched their heads upon her lap, where with her hands she stroked down their brisled haires, not daring almost to breath, till a heavy sleepe had over-mastered their furious senses: by which time, the Princely minded Champion Saint George returned with a peece of venison upon the poynt of his Sword; who at that unexpected sight, stood in a maze, whether it were best to flie for safegard of his life, or to venture his fortune against the furious Lyons. But at last, the love of his Lady incouraged him to a forwardnesse, which hee beheld quaking before the dismall gates of death: So laying down his venison, he presently like a victorious Champion, sheathed his approved sauchion most furiously into the bowels of one of the Lyons. Sabra kept the other sleeping in her lap till his prosperous hand likewise dispatched him: which adventure being performed, he first thanked heaven for the victory, and then in this kinde manner saluted his Lady.

Now (Sabra said he) I have by this sufficiently proved thy true virginity; for it is the nature of a Lyon, be he never so furious, not to harme the unspotted Virgin, but humbly to lay his brisled head upon a maidens lap. Therefore, divine Paragon, thou art the worlds chiefe wonder for love & chastitie, whose honoured vertues shal ring as farre as Phœbus lends his lights, and whose constancy I will maintaine in every land where I come, to be the truest under the circuit of the Sunne, at which word he cast his eye aside, and beheld the bloody spectacle of the Eunuches tragedy, which by Sabra was wofully discoursed, to the great griefe of Saint George, where sad sighes served for a dolefull kneil to bewaile his untimely death: but having a noble minde not subject to vaine sorrow, where all hope of life is past, ceased his griefe, and prepared the venison in readinesse for his Ladies repast which in this order was dressed.

He had in his pocket a fire-locke, wherewith hee stroke fire and kindled it with Sun-burned mosse, and increased the flame with other dry wood which hee gathered in the

Faint not my deare Lady (said hée) héere is that good sword that once preserved thée from the burning Dragon; and before thou dy for want of sustenance, it shall make way to every corner of the wildernesse; where I will either kill some Venison to refresh thy hungry stomack, or make my tombe in the bowels of some monstrous Beast: therefore abide thou here under this Trée in company of thy faithfull Eunuch, till I returne either with the flesh of some wilde Déere, or else some flying Bird, to refresh thy spirits to a new travell.

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Hee had in his pocket a fire-locke, wherewith hee strooke fire and kindled it with Sun-burned mosse, and increased the flame with other dry wood which hee gathered in the

wilderneſſe: againſt which they roſted the veniſon, and ſuſficed themſelues to their owne contentments. After which ioyfull repaſt, theſe two Princely perſons ſet forwards to their wonted travels, whereby the happy Guide of Heaven ſo conducted their ſteps, that before many dayes paſſed, they arrived in the Grecian Court, even vpon that day, when the marriage of the Grecian Emperour ſhould bee ſolemnly holden: which royall nuptials, in former times had been bruited into every nation in the world, as well into Europe, as Affrica, and Aſia: at which honourable marriage the braveſt Knights then living on earth were preſent: for golden Fame had bruited the report thereof to the eares of the ſeaven Champions: in Thaſſaly, to Saint Denis the Champion of France, there remayning with his beauteous Eglantine: into Civill, to Saint Iames the Champion of Spaine, where hee remained with his lovely Celeſtine: to Saint Anthony the Champion of Italy, then travelling into the borders of Scythia, with his Lady Roſſalinde: likewiſe to Saint Andrew the Champion of Scotland: to Saint Patrick the Champion of Ireland; and to Saint David the Champion of Wales, who all atchieved many memorable adventures in the Kingdome of Tartary, as you have heard before diſcourſed at large.

But now: fame, and ſmiling fortune conſented, to make their Knightly atchiedements, to ſhine in the eyes of the whole world, therefore by the conduction of heaven, they generally arrived in the Grecian Emperours Court: of whoſe Tilts and Turnaments therein performed, to the honour of his Nuptials, my weary Muſe is bound to diſcourſe.

CHAP.

Chap. XII.

How the seaven Champions arrived in Grecia at the Emperours Nuptials, where they performed many noble atchievements, and how after open Warres were proclaimed against Christendome by the discovery of many Knights, and how every Champion departed into his owne Country.

TO speake of the number of Knights, that assembled in the Grecian Court together, were a labour over-tedious, requiring the pen of a second Homer: Therefore will I omit the honorable traine of Knights and Ladies that did attend him to the Church; their costly garments and glittering ornaments, exceeding the Royalty of Hecuba, the beauteous Queen of Troy. And also I passe over the sumptuous banquets, the honorable services and delicious cheare that beautified the Emperours Nuptials, with the stately Maskes and Courtly dances performed by many Noble personages, and chiefly discourse of the knightly atchievements of the seaven Champions of Christendome, whose honourable proceedings, and magnanimous encounters have deserved a golden pen to relate: for after some few dayes spent in Chamber sports, to the great pleasure of the Grecian Prince, the Emperour presently proclaymed a solemne Justing to bee holden for the space of seaven dayes, in the honour of his marriage, and appointed for his chiefe Champions, the seaven Christian Knights; whose names as then were not knowne by any one, except their own attendants.

Against the appointed day the Turnaments should begin,

gin, the Emperour caused a wonderfull large frame of timber worke to be erected: whereon the Empresse and her Ladies might stand, for the better view of the Tilters, and at pleasure behold the Champions encounters, most nobly performed in the honor of their Mistresses: likewise in the compasse of the Lists were pitched seaven Tents of seaven severall colours, wherin the seaven Champions might remaine til the sound of silver Trumpets summoned them to appeare.

Thus every thing prepared in readinesse, fitting so great a Royalty, the Princes and Ladies placed in their seats, the Emperour with his new married Empresse invested on their lofty thrones, strongly guarded with a hundred armed Knights, the Kings Heralds solemnly proclaymed the Turnaments, which in this most royall manner began.

The first day, S. Dennis of France was appointed chiefe Champion against all commers, who was called by the title of the golden Knight, who at the sound of the Trumpet entered the Lists, his Tent was of the colour of the Marigold, upon the top an artificiall Sunne framed, that seemed to beautifie the whole assembly: his horse of an Iron Gray, graced with a spangled plume of feathers: before him rode a Page in purple silke, bearing upon his Crest three golden Flowre de Luces, which did signifie his Armes. Thus in this royall manner entred S. Dennis the Lists: where after he had traced twice or thrice up and down, to the open view of the whole company, he prepared himselfe in readinesse to begin the Turnament: against whom ran many Grecian Knights, which were foyled by the French Champion, to the wonderfull admiration of all the beholders: but to bee briefe, he so worthily behaved himselfe, and with such foretitude, that the Emperour applauded him for the bravest Knight in all the World.

Thus in great royalty, to the exceeding pleasure of the Emperour, was the first day spent, till the darke Evening caused the Knights to breake off company, and repayre to their nights repose. And the next morning no sooner did

Phœbus

Phœbus shew his splendant brightnesse, but the king of Heralds under the Emperour, with a noyse of trumpets awaked the Champions from their silent sleepe, who with all speed prepared for the second dayes exercise. The chiefe champion appointed for that day, was the victorious Knight S. Iames of Spaine: which after the Emperour with his Empresse had seated themselves with a stately train of beautifull Ladies, entred the Lists upon a Spanish Gennet betrapt with a rich Caparison: directly over against the Emperours Throne, his tent was pitcht, which was of the colour of Quick-silver, whereon was portrayed many fine devices: before the Tent attended foure Squires, bearing foure severall scutchions in their hands, whereon were curiously painted the foure elements: likewise he had the title of the silver Knight, who behaved himselfe no lesse worthy of all princely commendations than the French Champion the day before. The third day S. Anthony of Italy was chiefe challenger in the Turnament, whose Tent was of the colour of the skies, his steed furnished with costly habiliments, his Armour after the Barbarian manner, his shield plated rounds about with steele, whereon was painted a golden Eagle in a field of blew, which signified the ancient armes of Rome: likewise he had the title of the Azurde Knight, whose matchlesse chevalry for that day won the prize from all the Grecian Knights to the great rejoycing of his Lady Rossalinde, the King of Sycils daughter, that still remained in Pages attire, wherein (for the deare love the boye S. Anthony) disguisedly she stole from the Court, whose discovery shall hereafter be expressed. The fourth day, by the Emperours appoyntment, the valiant and worthy Knight Saint Andrew of Scotland obtayned that honour as to be chiefe challenger for the Turnament: his Tent was framed in the manner of a Ship, swimming upon the waves of the Sea, inbironed about with Dolphins, Tritons, and many strange contrived Pennayges: upon the top stood the picture of Neptune, the God of the Seas, bearing in his hand a Streamer, whereon was

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wrought in Crimſon-ſilk a cozner Croſſe which ſeemed to be his countries Armes: he was called the red knight, becauſe his Horſe was covered with a bloody paile, his worthy atchievements obtained ſuch favour in the Emperours eyes, that he threw him his ſilver Gantlet, which was prized at a thouſand Pozlagues, and with his own hands conducted him to a rich Pavillion, where after his noble encounters, he enjoyed a ſweet repoſe. The firſt day S. Patrick of Ireland, as chiefe Champion, entred the Liſts upon an Irish Hobbie, covered with a paile of green, attended on by ſix Sylvane Knights: every one bearing upon his ſhoulder a blooming tree: the Tent reſembled a Summers bower, at the entry whereof ſtood the picture of Flora beautified with a wreath of ſweet-ſmelling Roſes: his was named the green Knight, whoſe worthy prowelle ſo daunted the defendants, that before the Turnament began, they gave him the honour of the day. Upon the firſt day, the heroicall & noble minded Champion of Wales obtained ſuch favour at the Emperours hands, that he was likwiſe chiefe Challenger who entred the Liſts upon a Tartarian Palfray, covered with a paile of black, to ſignifie a black & tragical day ſhould befal to thoſe Grecian Knights, that durſt approve his invincible fortitude: his Tent was pitched in the manner & forme of a Caſtle in the moſt-ſide of the liſts, before the entry whereof, hung a golden ſhield, whereon was lively protrayed a ſilver Griffon rampant, upon a golden Helmet, which ſignified the ancient armes of Britain. his Princely atchievements, not only obtained due commendations at the Emperours hands, but of the whole aſſembly of the Grecian Ladies, wherewith they applauded him to be the moſt noble Knight that ever ſhivered Lance, & the moſt fortunate Champion that ever entred into the Grecian Court. Upon the ſeaventh and laſt day of theſe honourable Turnaments and moſt noble proceedings, the famous and valiant Knight at armes, S. George of England, as chiefe challenger entred the Liſts, upon a Sable coloured Steed, betrapt with barres of burnisht gold, his fore-head beau-

beautified with a gorgeous plume of purple feathers, from whence hung many pendants of gold, his Armour of the purest Lidian steele, nailed fast together with silver plates, his helmet ingraven very curiously, beset with Indian pearle, & Jasper stones: Before his brest plate hung a silver table in a damask scarfe, whereon was pictured a Lyon rampant in a bloody field, bearing three golden Crownes upon his head: before his tent stood an Ivory Chariot guarded by twelve coleblack Negroes; wherein his beloved Lady and Mistresse Sabra sat invested upon a silver Globe, to behold the heroycall encounters of her most noble and magnanimous Champion S. George of England: his tent was as white as the Swans fethers, glittering against the Sun, supported by foure joyntlesse Elephants framed of the purest brasse, about his helmet he tyed a wreath of virgins hayre, where hung his Ladyes glove, which he wore to maintaine her excellent gifts of nature to exceed all Ladies on the earth. These costly habiliments ravished the beholders with such unspeakable pleasure, that they stood gazing at his furniture, not able to withdraw their eyes from so heavenly a sight. But when they beheld his victorious encounters against the Grecian Knights, they supposed him to be the invincible tamer of that sevenheaded monster that clambred to ♄ Elements, offring to pull Iupiter from his throne. His steed never gave encounter with any Knight, but he tumbled horse & man to the ground where they lay for a time bereft of sense. The turnament endured for that day, from the Suns rising, till the coleblack evening star appeared, in which time he conquered five hundred of the hardiest Knights then living in Asia, and shivered a thousand lances, to the wonderfull admiration of the beholders.

Thus were the seven dayes brought to end by the seven worthy Champions of Christendome, in reward of whose noble atchievements, the Grecian Emperour being a man that highly favored Knightly proceedings, gave them a golden tree with seven branches, to be divided equally among st them. Which honourable prize they conbaied to S. Georges

Pavillion, where in dividing the branches, the seven Champions discovered themselves each to other, and by what good fortune they arrived in the Grecian Court, whose long wished sight so rejoyced their hearts that they al accounted that happy day of meeting, the joyfullest day that ever they beheld. But now after the Turnaments were fully ended, and the knights rested themselves some few dayes, recovering their wonted agility of body, they fell to a new exercise of pleasure not appearing in glistering armour before the Tilt, nor following the loud sounding drums & silver trumpets, but spending away the time in courtly dances amongst their beloved ladies & mistresses, in more royalty than the Phrygian knights when they presented the paragon of Asia with an inchanted maske. There wanted no inspiring musick to delight their eares, no pleasant sonnets to ravish their senses, nor no curious dances to please their eyes. Sabra she was the mistresse of the Revels, who graced the whole Court with her excellent beauty, which seemed to exceed the rest of the Ladies in faire-nesse, as far as the Moone surpasseth her attending stars in a frosty night, & when she danced she seemed like Thetis triping on the silver sands, with whom the Sunne did fall in love: and if she chanced to smile, the cloudy Elements would weep, and drop downe heavenly dew as though they mourned for love. There likewise remained in the Court the fair Sythian virgins, that in former time lived in the shape of Swans, which were as beautifull Ladies as ever eye beheld, also many other Ladies attended the Empresse, in whose companies the seven Champions daily delighted: sometimes discoursing of amorous conceits: other times delighting themselves with swæt sounding Musicke: then spending the day in banquetting, revelling, dancing, and such like pastimes, not once injuring their true betrothed Ladies. But their Courtly pleasures continued not long, for they were suddenly dashed with a certaine newes of open warres proclaymed against Christendome, which fell out contrary to the expectation of the Christian knights. There arrived in

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the Grecian Emperours Pallace, a hundred Heralds of a hundred severall Provinces, which proclaimed utter defiance to all Christian Kingdomes, by these words:

We the high and mighty Emperours of Asia and Affrica, great commanders both of land & seas, proclaime by generall consent of all the Eastern potentates, utter ruine & destruction to the Kingdomes of Christendome, and to all those nations where any Christian Knights are harboured: First the Souldan of Persia, in revenge of a bloody slaughter don in his Pallace, by an English Champion: Ptolomy the Egyptian King in revenge of his daughter, violently taken away by the same Knight: Almidor the black King of Morocco, in revenge of his Queen, likewise taken away by the said English Champion: The great Governor of Thessaly, in revenge of his daughter, taken away by a French Knight: The King of Ierusalem, in revenge of his daughter, taken away by a Spanish Knight: The Tartarian Emperour, in revenge of his son the Count Palatine, slaine by the unhappy hand of the Champion of Wales: the Sicilian Monark, in revenge of his vain travell after his seven daughters, now in the keeping of certain Christian Knights: in revenge of which injuries, all the Kingdomes from the further parts of Prester Johns Dominions, to the borders of the red Seas, have set downe their hands and seales to be aiders in this bloody war.

This Proclamation was no sooner ended, but the Grecian Emperour likewise consented to their bloody determination, and thereupon gave speedy commandement to muster up the greatest strength that Grecia could afford, to joyne with the Pagans, to the utter ruine and confusion of Christendome: which bloody edict, or rather inhumane judgement pronounced by the accursed Infidels, compelled the Christian Champions to a speedy departure, and every one to haste to his owne Country, there to provide for the Pagans entertainment: so after due considerations, the seven Champions departed, in company of their betrothed Ladies, who chose rather to live in their

husbands bosomes, then with their misbeléeving parents: where after some few dayes they arrived in the spacious bay of Portugall, in which Haven they vowed by the honour of true Knighthood, to meet againe within six months ensuing, there to conjoyne all their Christian Armies into one Legion: upon which plighted resolution, the worthy Champions departed one from another: S. George into England, S. Dennis into France, S. Iames into Spaine, S. Anthony into Italy, S. Andrew into Scotland, S. Patrick into Ireland, S. David into Wales: whose pleasant bankes they had not beheld in many yéeres before: where their entertainments were as honourable as their hearts desired, but to speak of the mustering up of Souldiers in every Christian Kingdome, and what strength arrived at the appointed time, in the Bay of Portugall, shall be discoursed in the sequell of this History, and how troublesome warres overspread the whole earth, where the Heroycall deeds of these noble Champions shall at large be described: Also of the overthrow of many Kings and Kingdomes, ruines of Townes and Cities, and the decay of many flourishing Common-weales: Likewise of the bloody Tragedies of many unchristian Princes: whereat the heavens will mourne, to sée the effusion of blood trickle from the breasts of murthered infants, the heaps of slaughtered Damsels trampled to pieces by Souldiers Horses, and the streets of many a City sprinkled with the blood of reverend age: Therefore gentle Reader, accept of this my labour with a smooth brow and a kind countenance, and my weary Muse shall never rest, till I have finished the pleasant History of these Heroycall Champions.

CHAP. XIII.

How the seven Champions of Christendome arrived with all their troops in the Bay of Portugal: the number of the Christian Armies, and how Saint George made an Oration to his Souldiers.

AFter the seven Champions of Christendome arrived in their native Countries, and by true reports had blazed abroad to every Princes eare, the bloody resolution of the Pagans, and how the Provinces of Africa and Asia, had mustred up their forces to the invasion of Europe: all Christian Kings then at the intreaty of the Champions, appointed mighty armies of well approved Souldiers, both by sea and land, to intercept the Infidels wicked intention. Likewise by the whole consent of Christendome, the noble and fortunate Champion of England, S. George, was appointed chiefe Generall, and principall leader of the Armies, and the other six Champions were elected for his Counsell, & chiefe assistants in all attempts that appertained either to the benefit of Christendome, or the furtherance of their fortunate proceedings.

This Honourable warre so fired the hearts of many youthfull Gentlemen, and so incouraged the minds of every common Souldier, that some morgaged their lands, and at their owne proper charges furnished themselves: some sold their Patrimonies to serve in these honourable warres: and other some forsook Parents, Kindred, Wife, Children, Friends, and acquaintance, and without constraint of prest-ing, offered themselves to follow so noble a Generall, as the renowned Champion of England, and to spend their blood

in the iust quarrell of their native Country. To be briefe, one might behold the streats of every Towne and City throughout all the Dominions of Europe, beautified with troops of souldiers, which thirsted after nothing but Fame and Honour. Then the joyfull sound of thundring Drums, and the ecchoes of Silver Trumpets summoned them to Armes; that followed with as much willingnesse as the Grecians followed Agamemnon to the woefull overthrow of Troy: for by that time the Christian Champions had sported themselves in the bosomes of their kind mistresses, the forward Captaines taken leave of their Courtly pastimes, and the willing souldiers bade adue to their friends and acquaintance, the Spring had covered the earth with a new livery; which was the appointed time the Christian armies should meet in Portugall, there to joyne their severall troops into one Legion: which promise caused the Champions to bid adue to their native Countries, and with all speed to buckle on their furnitures, and to hoyse up sailes, where after a short time, the wind with a calme and prosperous gale, cast them happily into the Bay of Portugall.

The first that arrived in that spacious Haven, was the noble Champion S. George, with an hundred thousand couragious English souldiers, whose forwardnes betokened a fortunate successe, and their willing minds, a joyfull victory. His Armie set in battell ray, seemed to counterbaile the number of the Macedonian souldiers wherewith worthy Alexander conquered the western world: his horsemen being in number 20000, were armed all in black Corslets: their Lances bound about with plates of steele: their Steeds covered with Maile three times doubled: their colours were the sanguine Crosse, supported by a golden Lyon: his sturdy bowmen, whose conquering gray-goose-wing in former times hath terrified the circled earth, being in number likewise twenty thousand, clad all in red Vandilians, with caps of the same colour, bearing thereon likewise a sanguine Crosse, being the true badge and honour of England: their bowes of the strongest

Yewe,

Yewe, and their arrowes of the soundest Ash, with forked heads of steele, and their feathers bound on with greene wax and twisted silke. His musketteers being in number tenne thousand, their muskets of the widest bore, with firelockes wrought by curious workmanship, yet of such wonderfull lightnesse, that they required no rest at all to ease their right arming armes. His caliver shot likewise ten thousand of the smaller timbred men, but yet of as courragious minds, as the tallest souldiers in his Armie. His pikes and bils to guard the waving Ancients, thirty thousand strong clad all in glittering bright Armour: likewise followed ten thousand labouring pioners, if occasion serued, to undermine any towne or castle, to intrench forts or sconces, or to make a passage through hils and mountaines, as worthy Hannibal did when as hee made a way for his souldiers through the lofty Alpes, that divide the Countries of Italy and Spaine.

The next that arrived within the Bay of Portugall, was the Princely minded Champion S. David of Wales, with an armie of fifty thousand of true borne Brittaines, furnished with all habiliments of warre to so noble and valiant a service, to the high renown of his Country, and true honour of his progeny: their Armour in richnesse nothing inferiour to the Englishmens: their colours were a golden crosse, supported by a silver Gryffon: which Scutchion signified the ancient Armes of Wales: for no sooner had S. George a sight of the valiant Brittaines, but he caused his musketteers presently to entertaine them with a volley of shot, to expresse their happy and joyfull welcome to those, which speedily they performed so courragiously with such a ratling noyse, as though the firmament had burst in sunder, and the earth made eccho to their thundring melody.

But no sooner were the skies cleared from the smoak of the reaking powder, and that Saint George might at pleasure discerne the noble and magnanimous Champion of Wales, who as then rode upon a milke white Hobbie in silver Armour, guarded with a traine of Knights in purple

purple vestures: but he greeted Saint David with kind courtesies, and accompanied him to the English Tent, which they had erected close by the Port side, where for that night these two Champions remained, spending the time with unspeakable pleasure: and so upon the next day after, Saint David departed to his owne Tent, which hee had caused to bee pitcht some quarter of a League from the English Army.

The next that arrived on the fruitfull bankes of Portugall, was Saint Patrick, the noble Champion of Ireland, with an Army likewise of fifty thousand, attired after a strange and wonderfull manner: their furnitures were of the skins of wild beasts, but yet more unpierceable than the strongest Armour of proofe: they bore in their hands mighty Darts, tipt at the end with pricking steele, which the couragious and valiant Irish Souldiers by the agility of their armes, could throw a full flight shoot, and with forcible strength, would strike three of foure inches into an Oke, and with such a certaine aime, that they would not misse the bredth of a foot.

These adventurous and hardy Souldiers no sooner arrived on the shore, but the English musketiers gave them a princely entertainment, and presently conducted the noble minded Champion S. Patrick, to the English Tent, where the three Champions of England, Wales, and Ireland, passed away the time with exceeding great royalty, laying down plots how to pitch their Camps to the most disadvantage of the misbeleeving enemie, and setting downe perfect directions which way they were best to march, and such like devices for their owne safeties, and the benefit of Christendome.

The next that landed on the bankes of Portugall, was Saint Andrew the worthy Champion of Scotland, with threescore thousand of well approved Souldiers: his Horsemen, the bold adventurous Gallowayes, clad all in quilted Jackets, with Lances of the Turkish fashion, thick and short, bearing upon their Beavers the Armes of Scotland,

land, which was a corner Crosse supported by a naked Virgin: his Pikemen the stiffe and hardy men of Orcady, which continually use to lie upon the freezing Mountaines, the Isle Rocks, and the Snowie vallies: his shot the light footed Callidonians, that if occasion serve, can climbe the highest hill, and for nimblenesse in running, over-go the swift footed Stag.

These bold adventurous Scottish men in all forwardnes, deserved as much honour at the English Champions hands as any of the other nations before: therefore hee commanded his shot, at their first entry on land, to give them a noble entertainment, which they performed most royally, & also conducted S. Andrew to the english Tent, where, after he had given S. George the courtesie of his Country, departed to his Tent, which was distant from the English Tent a mile.

The next that arrived was S. Anthony the Champion of Italy, with a band of foure score thousand brave Italian souldiers, mounted on warlike Coursers, every horseman attended on by a naked Negro, bearing in his hand a Streamer of watched silke, with the Armes of Italy thereon set in gold, every footman furnished with approved furniture in as stately a manner as the Englishmen, who at their landing received as royall an entertainment, as the other nations: and likewise S. Anthony was as highly honoured by the English Champion, as any of the other Christian Knights.

The next that arrived was S. Dennis the victorious Champion of France, with a band of foure score thousand. After him marched twelve Dukes of twelve severall Dukedomes, being then under the government of the French King, every one at his owne proper cost and charges, maintaining two thousand souldiers, in these Christian wars: their entertainments were as glorious as the rest.

The last of all the Christian Champions that arrived upon the fruitfull bankes of Portugall, was the magnanimous Knight Saint Iames of Spaine, with a band likewise of foure score thousand, with him he brought from the Spa-

with mines ten Tun of refined gold, only to maintaine souldiers in the defence of Christendome, who no sooner landed with his troops, but the other six Champions gave him the honourable welcome of a souldier, and ordained a solemne banket for the generall armies, whose number iustly surmounted fiue hundred thousand: which Legions they conioyned into one Campe royall, and after placed their wings and Squadrons battell wise, chiefly by the direction of Saint George being then chiefe Generall by the consent of the Christian Kings: who after he had ouerviewed the Christian Armies, his countenance seemed to prognosticate a crowned victory, and to foretell a fatall ouerthrow to the misbeleeuing Potentates: therefore to incourage his princely followers to persevere in their wonted willingnesse, pronounced this princely Oration.

Yoūmen of Europe (saith he) and my countrymen, whose conquering fortunes never yet have feared the enemies of Christ, you see we have forsook our native lands, and committed our destinies to the Quæne of Chance, not to fight in any unjust quarrell, but in the true cause of Israels anointed, not against nature to climbe the heavens, as Nimrod and the Gyants proffered in former time: but to prevent the invasion of Christendome, the ruine of Europe, and the intended overthrow of all Christian Provinces: the bloody minded Infidels have muttered up Legions, in numbers like blades of grasse, that grow upon the flourishing downs of Italy, or the stars of heaven in the coldest winters night, protesting to fill our Countries with seas of blood, to scatter our streets with mangled limbes, and convert our glorious Cities into flames of quenchlesse fire: Therefore deare countrymen, live not to see our Christian virgins spoyled by lustfull rape, nor drags along our streets like guiltlesse Lambs to a bloody slaughter: nor live to see our harmelesse babes, with bruised braines, dasht against hard flinty stones, nor live to see our unlucky age, whose hayres resemble silver mines, lie bleeding on the Marble pauements. But like true Christian souldi-

ers

ers fight in quarrel of your Countries: What though the Pagans be in number ten to one: yet heaven I know will fight for Christendome and cast them downe before our faces, like drops of Aprill showers. Be not dismaied to see them in ordered rankes, nor feare not when you behold the streamers hovering in the waving wind, when as their steeled Pikes like to a thorny Forrest will overspread whole Countries: thousands of them I know will have no heart to fight, but flie with cowardly feare like flocks of sheep before the greedy wolfe. I am the leader of your noble minds, that never fought in vaine, nor never entred battell but returned with conquest. Then every one with me build upon this princely resolution: for Christendome we fight: for Christendome we live and die.

This souldierlike Oration was no sooner finished, but the whole Army with a generall voyce cried, to Armes, to Armes with victorious George of England: which noble resolution of the souldiers, so rejoyced the English Champion, and likewise incouraged the other Christian Knights with such a forwardnesse of mind, that they gave speedy commandement to remove their Tents, and to march with easie journies towards Tripoly in Barbary, where Almidor the black King of Morocco had his residence: in which travell we must leave for a while the Christian Army, and speak of the innumerable troops of Pagan Knights, that arrived at one instant in the Kingdome of Hungary, and how they fell at variance in the election of a Generall: which civill mutinie caused much effusion of blood to the great hurt both of Affrica and Asia, as here followeth.

Chap. XIIII.

Of the dissention and discord that hapned amongst the Armie of the Pagans in Hungary: the battell betwixt the Christians and the Mores in Barbary; and how Almidor the black King of Morocco was sodden to death in a cauldron of boyling lead and brimstone.

THE fearfull Pagans, after they had levied their martiall forces both by Sea and Land, repaired to their generall place of meeting, there to conclude of the utter ruine of Christendome: for no sooner could Winter withdraw his chill frosts from the earth, and Flora took possession of his place, but the Kingdome of Hungary suffered extreme penury, through the numberlesse Armies of the accursed Infidels being their appointed place of meeting: for though Hungary of all other Countries both in Affrica and Asia then was the richest, and plentifullest of victuals to maintaine a Campe of men: yet was it mightily overprest and greatly burthened with multitudes, not only with want of necessaries to relieve Souldiers, but with extreme cruelty of those bloody minded miscreants, that through a civill discord which hapned amongst them, about the election of a Generall, they converted their union to a most inhumane slaughter, and their triumphant victory to a dismall bloody Tragedy: For no sooner arrived their Legions upon the plaines of Algernos, being in length and breath one and twenty leagues, but the King of Hungary caused their muster Rolles to be publickly read, and justly numbred in the hearing of the Pagan Knights, which in this manner was proclaimed through the Campe:

First,

First, be it knowne unto all Nations that fight in the quarrell of Affrica and Asia, under the conduct of our three great gods, Mahomet, Tarmegant, and Apollo, what invincible forces bee now arrived in this renowned Kingdome of Hungary, a land honoured through the world, not only for Armes, but curious buildings, and plentified with all manner of riches.

First, we have from the Emperour of Constantinople, two hundred thousand Turkes. From the Emperour of Grecia, two hundred and fifty thousand. From the Emperor of Tartary, a hundred threescore and three thousand. From the Soudan of Persia, two hundred thousand. From the King of Ierusalem, foure hundred thousand. Of Moores one hundred and twenty thousand. Of cole-black Negars, one hundred and forty thousand. Of Arabians, one hundred and fifty thousand. Of Babylonians, one hundred thirty thousand and od. Of Armenians, one hundred and fifty thousand. Of Macedonians, two hundred and ten thousand. Of Siracusians, fifteene thousand fix hundred. Of Hungarians three hundred and fix thousand. Of Sicilians, seventeene thousand three hundred. Of Scythians, one hundred and five thousand. Of Parthians, ten thousand and three hundred. Of Phrygians, seven thousand and two hundred. Of Ethiopians, fifty thousand. Of Thracians, eleven thousand. Likewise from the Provinces of Prester Iohn, three hundred thousand of unconquered Knights, with many other petty Dominions and Dukedomes, whose number I omit for this time, lest I should seeme over tedious to the reader.

But to conclude, such a Campe of armed souldiers arrived in Hungary, that might in one month have destroyed Christendome, had not God defended them from those barbarous nations, and by his invincible power confounded the Pagans in their owne practises: for no sooner had the Heralds proclaimed through the Campe, what a number of Nations joyned in armes together, but the souldiers fell at dissention one with another, about the election of a Gene-

rall: some vowed to follow none, but the King of Ierusalem: some Ptolomy, the Egyptian King: and some the Souldan of Persia, every one protesting, either to persevere in their owne wils, or to lose their lives in the same quarrell.

Thus in this manner parts were taken on all sides, not only by the meaner sort, but by leaders and commanders of bands; whereby the Kings and Potentates were forced to commit their wils to their souldiers pleasure. This civill broyle so discouraged the whole army, that many withdrew their forces & presently marched homewards, as the King of Morocco with his tawny Moores, & cole black Negars: likewise the Souldan of Persia, Ptolomy the Egyptian King, the Kings of Arabia and Ierusalem, every one departed into their own Countries, cursing the time they attempted first so vain an enterprise. The rest, not minding to pocket up abuse, fell from brawling boasts, to downe-right blowes, whereby grew such sharpe bloody war, that it cost more souldiers lives than the civill mutiny at the destruction of Ierusalem. Which battell by the irefull Pagans continued without ceasing for the space of 3 dayes: in which encounters, the murthered Infidels, like scattered corne, over spread the fields of Hungary: the fruitfull valleyes lay drowned in purple gore: the fields of corne consumed with flames of fire: their townes & cities ruinated with wasting war; wherein the fathers were sad witnesses of their childrens slaughters, and the sonnes beheld their parents reverend haires, more white than tried silver, besmeared with clodded blood: there might the mothers see their harmelesse babes borne up and downe the streets upon souldiers Lances: there might they see their silken ornaments and rich attyre in pooles of blood lie swimming up and downe: there might they see the braynes of honest Dames and pure Virgins dasht against hard flinty stones: there might they see their Courts and Pallaces by souldiers burned to the ground; there might they see how Counceilers in their Scarlet gownes lay burning in the fire: there

might

might they see how Kings and Quenes were arme in arme consumed to ashes: there might they behold and see how melted gold in choked sinks lay every where: there might they see the bloodiest Tragedies that ever eye beheld, and the wofull'st newes that ever Christians eare heard told. In this long & bloody war, one sucking child was not left alive to report the story to ensuing ages, no not a souldier to carry Armes throughout the Kingdome of Hungaria, so justly was the vengeance of God throwne upon the heads of these misbeleeving miscreants, that durst attempt to lift their hands against his true annoynted Nations: for no doubt but the invincible armies of the Pagans had ruinated the borders of Europe, had not the mighty hand of God with his unspeakable mercy beene Christendomes defence, and confounded the Infidels in their owne civill wars, which bloody & strange overthrow of those unchristian people, let us for ever bury in the lake of oblivion, & perlevere in the fortunate proceedings of the seven Champions of Christendome, who had entered the borders of Barbarie, before Almidor the black King of Morocco, with his scattered troopes of Moores and Negars returned from Hungary, and by fire and sword had wasted many of his chiefest Townes and Forts, whereby the Country was much weakened, and the Commons compelled to sue for mercy at the Champions hands, who bearing true Christian minds, within their hearts continually pitty harboured, vouchsafed to grant mercy to those that yelded their lives to the pleasure of the Christian Knights: but when Saint George had intelligence of Almidors approch with his weakened troops, he presently prepared his souldiers in readinesse to give the Moores a bloody banquet, which was the next morning by break of day performed, to the high honour of Christendom: but the night before the Moores knowing the Country better than the Christians, got the advantage both of wind and Sun: whereat S. George being something dismayed, but yet nothing discouraged, imboldned his souldiers with many heroicall speeches, proffering them

them frankly the enemies spoyles, and so with the Dunnes uprising entred battell, where the Moores fell before the Christians swords, as eares of Corne before the Reapers sickles.

During this conflict, the seven Champions still in the forefront of the battell, so adventurously behaved themselves, that they slew more Negars, than a hundred of the bravest Knights in the Christian Armies. At last Fortune intending to make Saint Georges prowesse to shine brighter then the rest singled out the Morocco King, betwixt whom and the English Champion, was a long and dangerous fight: but S. George so couragiously behaved himselfe with his trusty sword, that Almidor was constrained to yeeld to his mercy. The Army of the Moores seeing their King taken prisoner, presently would have fled: but that the Christians being the lighter of foot, overtook them, and made the greatest slaughter of them that ever happened in Barbary.

Thus after the battell ended, and the joyfull sound of victory rung through the Christian Armie, the souldiers furnished themselves with the enemies spoyles, and marched by Saint Georges direction, to the City of Tripoly, being then almost unpeopled through the late slaughter which was there made: in which City after they had rested foure dayes, and refreshed themselves with wholsome food, the English Champion, in revenge of his former proffered injuries by the Morocco King, gave this severe sentence of death.

First, he commanded a brazen Cauldron to bee filled with boyling lead and brimstone: then Almidor to be brought to the place of death by twelve of the Noblest Peeres in Barbary: therein to be consumed, flesh, blood, and bone: which was duly performed within seven dayes following. The brazen Cauldron was erected by the appointment of Saint George, directly in the middle of the chiefest market place, under which, a mighty hot fire continually burned, for the space of eight and forty houres: whereby the boyling

ling lead and brimſtone ſeemed to ſparkle like fiery Furnaces in Hell, and the heat to exceed the burning Oven at Babylon.

Now all things being thus prepared in readineſſe, and the Chriſtian Champions preſent to behold the woefull ſpectacle, the condemned Black-a-moore King, came to the place of execution, in a ſhirt of fine Indian ſilke, his hands pyniond together with a chaine of Gold, and his face covered with a damaske Scarfe, his attenders and chiefe conducters twelve Moores, Peeres clad in ſable Gownes of Taffeta, carrying before him the Wheele of Fortune, with the picture of an Uſurper climing up, with this Motto on his breaſt: I will be King in ſpite of Fortune: upon the top of the Wheele, the picture of a Monarch vanting, with this Motto on his breaſt: I am a King in ſpite of Fortune: laſtly, on the other ſide of the Wheele, the picture or perfect Image of a depoſed Potentate, falling with his head downwards, with this Motto on his breaſt: I have been a King while pleaſed Fortune: which plainly ſignified the chance of Warre, and of inconſtant Deſtiny: his guard was a hundred Chriſtian ſouldiers, holding fortune in diſdaine: after them attended a hundred Morocco Virgins in black ornaments, their hayre bound up with ſilver lyers, and covered with vailes of black ſilke, ſignifying the ſorrow of their country for the loſſe of their Soveraigne. In this mournfull manner came the unfortunate Almidor to the boyling Cauldron which when he came neare, his heart waxed cold, and his tongue devoyd of utterance for a time: yet at laſt he breaketh into theſe earneſt proteſtations, proffering more for his life, than the whole Kingdom of Barbary could performe.

Moſt mighty and invincible Champion of Chriſtendome (quoth hee) let my life be ranſomed, and thou ſhalt yeerely receive ten Tuns of tryed gold, five hundred Webs of woven ſilke, the which our Indian maides ſhall ſit and ſpinne with ſilver Wheeles: a hundred Ships of ſpices and refined ſugar ſhall be yeerely payed thee by our Barbary Merchants:

a hundred Wagons likewise laden with Pearle and Jasper stones, which by our cunning Lapidists shall bee yearely chosen forth and brought thee home to England, to make that blessed country the richest Land within the Dominions of Europe: likewise I will deliver up my Diadem with all my Princely dignities, and in company of these Morocco Lords, like bridled horses, draw thee daily in a silver Charriot up and downe the circled Earth, till death gives end to our lives pilgrimage: therefore most admired knight at Armes, let these salt teares that trickle from the conduits of my eyes, obtaine one grant of comfort at thy hands, for on my bended knees I beg for life, that never before this time did kneele to mortall man.

Thou speakest in vaine (replyed Saint George) not the treasures hidden in the deepest Seas, nor all the Golden mines of rich America, shall redeeme thy life: thou knowest, accursed homicide, thy wicked practises in the Egyptian Court, where thou profferedst wrongfully to bereave me of my life: likewise through thy trechery, I endured a long imprisonment in Persia, where for seaven yeares I dranke foule channell water, and sufficed my hunger with bread of Wranne Meale: my food was loathsome flesh of Rats and Mice, and my resting place, a dismall dungeon, where neither Sunne nor the chearefull light of heaven lent mee comfort during my long continued misery: for which inhumane dealinge proffered injuries, the heavens inforce me to a speedy revenge, which in this manner shal be accomplished.

Thou seest the torment prepared for thy death, this brazen Cauldron filld with boyling lead and brimstone, wherein thy cursed body shall be speedily cast and boyled, till thy detested limbs bee consumed to a watry substance in this sparkling liquor; therefore prepare thy selfe to entertaine the violent stroke of death; and willingly bid all thy kingly dignities farewell: but yet I let thee understand, that mercy harbours in a Christians heart, and where mercy dwels, there faults are forgiven upon some humble penitence, though thy trespasse deserves no pitty, but severe punishment;

ment: yet upon these considerations, I will grant thee liberty of life: First that thou wilt forsake thy false gods, Termagant, Mahomet, and Apollo, which bee but the vaine imaginations of men, and beleeve in our true and everlasting God, under whose Banner wee Christians have taken in hand this long warre. Secondly, thou shalt give commandement that all thy Barbarous Nations be Christened in the faith of Christ. Thirdly and lastly, that thy three Kingdomes of Barbary, Morocco, and India, sweare true allegiance to all Christian Kings, and never to beare Armes, but in the true quarrell of Christ and his annoynted Nations. These things duly observed, thy life shall be preserved, and thy liberty obtayned, otherwise, looke for no mercy but a speedy and most terrible death.

These words more displeased the unchristian King of Morocco, than the sentence of his condemnation, whereupon in these briefe speeches he set down his resolution.

Great Potentate of Europe (replyed Almidor) by whose mightinesse fortune sits fettered in the chaines of power, my golden Diadem, and regall Scepter by constraint I must deliver up: but before I forsake my country gods, I will endure an hundred deaths, and before my conscience be reformed to a new faith, the earth shall be no earth, the sea no sea, nor the heaven no heaven. Thinkest thou now proud Christian, by thy threatned torments, to make mee forget my Creator, and beleeve in thy God, the supposed King of Jewes, and basely borne under an Ore stall? No, no, accursed Christians, you off-spring of Cayn, you generations of Ismaell, you seed of Vipers, and accursed through the World, looke for a speedy showre of vengeance to raine from heaven upon your wicked Nations: your bloody practises have pierct the battlements of love, and your tyrannies have beaten open the gates of mighty Mahomet, who hath provided whips of burning wyre to scourge you for your cruelties, proffered against his blessed worshippers: and now with this deadly curse I bid you all farewell: the plagues of Egypt light upon your Kingdome,

the curse of Cain upon your Children, the famine of Ierusalem upon your friends, and the misery of Oedipus upon your selves.

This wicked resolution and balefull curse, was no sooner ended by the desperate minded Almidor, but the impatience of S. George was so highly moved, that he gave present commandement to the appointed executioners, to cast him into the boyling Cauldron; which incontinently they performed, to the terror of all the beholders: To see this wofull spectacle the battlements of Temples were so thronged with people, the houses covered with women and children, and the streets filled with armed Souldiers, that it was a wonder to behold: amongst which multitudes, there went some particular persons, that at the sight of Almidors death fell down and brake their necks: but the generall number as well of Pagans, as of Christians, cryed with chearefull voyces, Honour and victory follow Saint George of England, for hee hath redeemed Barbary from a miserable servitude. Which joyfull hearing so delighted the seaven Champions of Christendome, that they caused their conduits to run with Wine, the streets to be beautified with bon-fires, and a sumptuous banquet to be proclaimed throw the City, which after continued for the space of seaven dayes in more magnificent royalty than the banquet at Babylon when the Macedonian Monarch returnes from the Worlds conquest.

The Champions liberality procured such faithfull love in the hearts of the Morocco Peeres, that with a generall consent they chose Saint George for their lawfull King: where, after they had invested him in the princely seat of the Morocco Potentate, they set the Crown upon his head, and after presented him with an imperious Wall, which the Kings of Barbarie usually weare upon their coronation day, protesting to forsake their prophane Religion, and be Christened in the faith of Christ.

This promised conversion of the Infidels, more delighted the English Champion, than to have the whole Worlds

honour

honour at command: for it was the chiefest point of his knightly oath, to advance the faith of Christ, and to inlarge the bounds of Christendome: after his Coronation was solemnly performed, the other six Champions conducted him to a princely pallace, where he took the true allegiance of the Morocco Lords by plighted oath to be true to his Crown: after this he established the Christian Lawes, to the benefit of the whole Country: then he commanded all the ceremonious rites of Mahomet to be trodden under feet, and the true Gospell of Christ to be preached: likewise he caused all that did remaine in Barbary to be Christened in the new Faith: But these observations continued but a time, as hereafter shall be discovered at large: For fame not intending to let the worthy Champions long to remaine in the idle Bowers of peace, summoned them to persevere in their noble atchievements, and to muster up anew their Souldiers, whose Armour, cankered-ease had almost stained with rust: therefore S. George committed the government of his Country, to foure of the principall Peeres of Morocco, and marched towards the Country of Egypt, where lived treacherous Ptolomy, the Father of his beloved Lady Sabra, whom he had left in the Kingdom of England: In which journey and happy arrivall in Egypt, we will leave the seaven Champions for a time, and speake of the faithlesse Infidels in Barbary, after the departure of the Christians, whose former honours they slightly regarded: For no sooner had S. George with his martiall troupes bidden their Country adue, but the faithlesse Moores reconciled themselves to their former gods, and purposed a speedy revenge for the death of Almidor, against all Christians that remained within the limits of that heathen Nation: For there were many Souldiers wounded in the late battell: Likewise a number oppressed with sickneſſe, which the Christian Champions had left behinde for their better recoveries: upon whom the Barbarous Moores committed their first tyrannie: for they caused the distressed Souldiers to be drawn upon sleds to the uttermost part of the City, and there

put them into a large and old Monastery, which they presently set on fire, and most inhumanly burned the Christian Souldiers, and after converted the place into a filthy Neastall: many women and succourlesse children they dragged up and down the Streets, till their braines were dasht against the stones, and the blood had covered the earth with a purple hue: Many other cruelties were commited by the wicked Infidels, against the distressed Christians, which I purpose to passe over, and wholy discourse of the woefull and bloody murther of an English Merchant and his Wife, in the same City of Tripoly: the report wherof may force even mercilesse Tigers to relent, and those eyes to shed springs of teares that never wept before. The bloody minded Negars violating both oath and promise before plighted to S. George, by violence set upon the Merchants house, where first they made a massacre of his servants, and before his face cast their dead bodies to hunger-starved Dogges: then comming to the Marchant, they bound him fast with hempen cords, to the strongest post in his house, and after tooke his children, being seaven of the goodliest boyes that ever nature framed, whom they likewise tyed round about him. Then one of the Moores being cruellier than the rest, prosecuted to dishonure the Merchants Wife before his face: but she in chastity like Camma, chusing rather an honorable death than an infamous life, spit in the Negars face, and most bitterly reviled him, yeelding neither to his force, nor his bloody threats: but snatching a knife from his girdle, vowed to sheath it in her bosome, before she would lose that precious gemme of honour, that once being gone could not be recovered for all the worlds treasure.

This resolution of the English Merchants Wife, caused the sterne Negar to exceed in cruelty: but the principall of that wicked company, being a bloody and mercilesse Tyrant, stabbed one of the silly children before the mothers face.

Now stubborne Dame (quoth he) wilt thou yeld to my desires, and preserve the lives of thy other six children? Otherwise shalt thou behold them butchered in the same manner.

ner. To sell my honour for the lives of my children (replyed she) will be an offence to God, and a continuall corasive to my husbands heart if we live together. Therefore accursed monster, prosecute your tyrannie: It is not all your threats and bloody dealings shall convert my chast minde, nor once inforce my thoughts to give any consent thereunto.

These words being no sooner ended but the lustfull Moore took another of her children, and stabbed before her Husbands face, thinking thereby to force the Merchant to intreat his Wife to consent to the wicked Negars determination: but hee being as resolute as his vertuous Wife, spake in this manner:

O you cursed black dogs of Barbary, more worse in quality than bloody Tygers, and more merciless than wicked Cannibals! think you that the murther of our children shall inforce our hearts to yeeld to your lustfull desires? No, no, persevere in your tyrannies; if I had an hundred children, twice the number of Kings Priams, yet would I lose them all, before I will endure to see my Wifes dishonor: children may begotten againe, but her honor never recovered.

These words pricked the Negars to the gall, and caused them to commit the wickedst deed that ever was practised under the celestiall Globe of heaven: first thy sheathed their pointards in the breast of all the Merchants children, whose guiltlesse blood stayned all the chamber with a crimson colour: then with their Fauchions did they cut their bodies all in sunder and caused seaven Pies to be made of their flesh, and after served in a banquet to their wofull Parents, whom the mercilesse Moores set at a square table, the Merchant placed directly opposite against his Wife, where they were constrayned either to feed upon their own children, or starve for want of other sustenance.

This woefull spectacle stroke such a griefe into the English Merchants heart, that he could scarce indure to speake for weeping: his Wife, when she beheld the heads of her lovely Sons lying upon the table, as it were looking to heaven for revenge, breathed forth this dying lamentation:

O ſilly babes, I would you had bin ſtrangled in my wombe at your firſt conception: then ſhould not theſe accurſed Infidels have tryumpht thus in your unhappy tragedies, nor your unfortunate Parents beheld this luckleſſe day: whereon I pray that never Sunne may ſhine againe, but be accounted an ominous day throughout the whole World: for Heaven I hope (poore babes) will raine a ſhowre of vengeance on their heads, that have cauſed this your untimely death, and with this prayer I now bid the world farewell.

At which words her griefe ſo exceeded the bounds of reaſon, that it ſtayed the paſſage of her breath wherby ſhe was forced to yeld her ſoule to the Paradiſe of peace. She being no ſooner dead, but the ſorrowfull merchant likwiſe bitterly exclaimed againſt the injuſtice of Fortune, and the tyranny of the barbarous Powres, accounting his deſtiny more hagleſſe than the Thracian Kings, that buried his children in his own bowels: and the cruelty of theſe Infidels to exceed the tyrannie of Nero, that cauſed his Mothers wombe to be opened, that hee might behold the place of his conception: but when the Merchant had ſufficiently bewayled the murther of his Children, the death of his Wife, and his own miſery, he yelded his ſoule to the furious ſtroake of death. The end of whoſe long languiſhments, when the wicked Powres had intelligence of, they cauſed their dead bodies to be carried to the top of a high Mountain, and there left for the prey of hungry Ravens: But the Sunne conſumed them like the morning dew, and by the wonderfull workmanſhip of Heaven, in the ſame place ſprung a bower of Roſes, to ſignifie the unſpotted honour of the Merchant and his vertuous Wife: which myracle we leave to the wonder of the Powres, and ſpeak of the Chriſtian Champions, proceedings, that by this time were arrived in the Kingdome of Ægypt.

CHAP.

Chap. XV.

How the Christians arived in Egypt, & what hapned to them there. The Tragedy of the lustfull Earle of Coventry, How Sabra was bound to a stake to bee burned, and how Saint George redeemed her. Lastly, how the Egyptian King cast himselfe from the top of a Tower, and broke his neck.

During the time of the bloody murther wrought by the barbarous Moores upon the English Merchant and his wife, with his seven children, as you heard in the former Chapter, the Champions of Christendome arived upon the Territories of Egypt, where they supposed to have met with legions of Armed Souldiers, & to have adventured their lives upon the chance of war: but all things fell out contrary to their expectations: for they found the gates of every City set open, and every Village and Towne unpeopled: for the Commons at the report of the Christians arriball, secretly hid their Treasure in the Caves of the Earth, in deep wels, and such like obscure places, and a generall feare and extreme terror attayled the Egyptians, as well the Pores of the land, as the simple Country people; many fled into woods and wildernesses; and closely hid themselves in hollow trees; many digged Caves in the ground, where they thought best to remaine in safety: and many fled to high mountaines, where they long time lived in great extremity, feeding upon the Graſſe of the Ground: so greatly the Egyptians feared the Army of the Christians, that they expected nothing but the Ruine of their

Country, with the losse of their owne lives, and the murther of their wives and children.

But to speak of the Christian Champions, who finding the Country desolate of people, suspected some deep policy of the Egyptians thinking them to have mustered their warlike forces to bid them battell: therefore S. George gave commandement through the whole Camp, that not a man upon paine of death, should break his ranke, but march advisedly with their weapons ready prest to encounter battell, as though the enemies had directly placed themselves opposite against them: which speciall charge the Christian souldiers duly observed, looking neither after the wealth of Cities nor the spoyle of villages, but circumspectly marched according to their leaders directions along the Country of Egypt, till they approched the sight of King Ptolomies Court: which when the noble Champion of England beheld, in this manner encouraged he his followers;

Behold (saith he) you invincible Captaines of Christendome, yonder curled Towers where wicked Ptolomy keepes his Court, those Battlements, I say, were they as richly built as the great Piramides of Greece; yet should they be subverted and layd as levell with the ground, as the City of Carthage; there hath that accursed Ptolomy his residence, that for preserving his Daughter from the burning Dragon, treacherously sent me into Persia, where for seven yeares I lived in great extremity in a dismall dungeon, where the Sunne did never give me light, nor the company of people comfort: In revenge whereof, my heart shall never rest in quiet, til I see the buildings of his Pallace set on fire, and converted into a place of desolation, like to the glorious City in Phrygia, now overspread with stinking weeds and loathsome puddles: therefore let all Christian souldiers, that fight under the Banner of Christendome, and all that love George of England your chosen Generall, draw forth your warlike weapons, and like the angry Greekes, overturne those glistering Battlements:

leave

leave not one stone upon another, but lay it as levell with the ground, as the harvest reapers do fields of ripened corne: let your wrathfull furies fall upon these Towers like drops of Aprill showers, or like stormes of winters haile, that it may be hurled through the world, what full vengeance did light upon the pride of Egypt: leave not (I say) as you love your Generall, when you have subverted the Pallace, not one man alive, no, not a sucking babe, but let them suffer vengeance for the wickednesse of their King. This is my decree, brave knights of Christendome, therefore march forward: Heaven and Fortune be your good speed.

At which words the souldiers gave a generall shout, in signe of their willing minds. Then began the silken streamers to flourish in the ayre, the Drums chearefully to sound forward, the silver Trumpets recorded ecchoes of victory: the barbed Steeds grew proud of this attempt, and would stand upon no ground, but leapt and danc't with as much courage, as did Bucephalus the horse of Macedonian Alexander alwayes before any notable victory; yea, every thing gave an evident signe of good successe, as well senselesse things as living creatures.

With this resolution marched the Christians, purposing the utter confusion of the Egyptians, and the woefull ruine and destruction of Ptolomies sumptuous Pallace. But when the souldiers approached the gates with wrathfull weapons, ready to assault, there came pacing out thereat, the Egyptian King, with all the chiefest of his Nobles, attyred in black and mournfull ornaments, bearing in their hands Olive branches: next them the bravest souldiers in Egypt, bearing in their hands broken weapons, shivered Lances, and torne Ancients; likewise followed thousands of women and children, with Lawrell wreathes about their heads, and in their hands Olive branches, crying for mercy to the Christians, that they would not utterly destroy their declining Country, but shew mercy to unpappy Egypt. This unexpected sight, or rather admirable

wonder, caused S. George to sound a retreat, and gave commandement through the Christian Armie, to withhold their former vowed vengeance from the Egyptians, till he understood what they required: which charge being given and duly observed, S. George with the other six Champions came together, and admitted the Egyptian King with his Nobles to their presence, who in this manner began to speak for his Country.

You unconquered Knights of Christendome, whose worthy victories and noble atchievements the whole world admires, let him that never kneeled to any man till now, and in former times disdained to humble himselfe to the greatest Potentate on earth, let him I say, the most unfortunat wretch alive, crave mercy, not for my selfe, but for my Country: my Commons blood will be required at my hands: our murthered infants will call to heaven for revenge, and our slaughtered widdowes cries sink down to hell for revenge: so will the vengeance of heaven light upon my soule, and the curse of hel upon my head. Renowned Champion of England, under whose custody my deare daughter is kept, even for the love of her be mercifull to Egypt. The former wrongs I proffered thee when I sent thee like a guiltlesse Lambe into Persia, was contrary to my will: for I was incenst by the flattery of that accursed Blackmoore King, whose soule for evermore be scourged with whips of wyre, and plagued with the punishment of Tantalus in hell: if my life will serve for a just revenge, here is my naked breast, let my heart blood staine some Christians sword, that you may beare the bloody witnesse of all my death into Christendom, or let me be teare into a thousand peeces by mad untamed Steeds, as was Hippolitus sonne of Theseus in his charmed Chariot.

Most mighty Controulers of the world, command the dearest things in Egypt, they be at your pleasures, we will forsake our gods, and believe in that God which you commonly adore: for he is the true and living God, ours false and hatefull in the sight of heaven.

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This penitent lamentation of the Egyptian King caused the Christian Champions to relent, but especially Saint George, who having a heart beautified with a well-spring of pitty, not only granted mercy to the whole Country, but vouchsafed Ptolomy liberty of life, upon condition that hee would performe what hee had promised, which was to forsake his false gods, and beleeve in our true God Christ Jesus.

This kindnesse of Saint George almost ravished Ptolomie with joy, and the whole land, both Peeres and Commons more rejoyced at the friendship of the Christians, than if they had beene made Lords of the Westerne world. The newes of this happy unity was bruited in all the parts of Egypt: whereby the Commons that before fled for feare into Woods and Wildernesses, Dens and Caves, Hils and Mountaines, returned joyfully to their owne dwellings, and caused bonefires to be made in every City, Towne, and village: the Bels of Egypt rung day and night, for the space of a weeke: in every place was seene banquetting, dancing, and masking, sorrow was banished, warres forgotten, and peace proclaimed.

The King at his owne charges ordayned a sumptuous and costly banquet for the Christian Champions, wherein for bounty, it exceeded that which the Troyans made, when Paris returned from Greece with the conquest of Menelaus Queene. The banquetting house was built with Cipresse wood, covered with the pure Adamant stone: so that neither steele, nor base Iron could come therein, but it was presently drawne to the top of the roofe: as for the variety of services, which graced forth the banquet, it were too tedious to repeat: but to bee briefe, what both the Land and Sea could afford, was there present. The servitors that attended the Champions at the banquet, were attired in dammask vestments, wrought with the purest silk the Indian virgins spin upon their silver wheeles: at every course the servitors brought in a consort of Egyptian Ladyes, who on their Ivory Lutes, strayned forth such admired harmony,

that it surpassed Arions Musick, which when he was cast into the Sea, caused the Dolphins to bring him safe to the shore: or the sweetnesse of Orpheus silver Harpe, which made both stones and trees to dance, or the mellody of Apollos inspiring Musick, when he descended to the lower parts for the love of Daphne.

These pleasures so ravished the Christian Champions, that they forgot the sound of warlike Drums which were wont to call them forth to bloody battels. But these delights continued but a short time, for there arrived a Knight from England, that brought such unexpected newes to S. George which changed his joyes into extreme sorrow: for after this manner began the messenger to tell his wofull tale.

Faire Englands Champion (said he) in stead of armes get Swallowes wings and flie to England, if ever thou wilt see thy beloved Lady, for she is judged to be burned at a stake for murthering the Earle of Coventry: whose lustfull desires would have stained her honour with infamy, and made her the scorne of vertuous women: Yet this mercy is granted by the King of England, that if within twelve months a Champion may be found, that for her sake will venture his life, if it be his fortune to overcome the challenger of her death, shee shall live: but if it be his fatall destiny to be conquered: then must shee suffer the heavie judgement before pronounced: therefore as you love the life of your chast and beloved Lady, haste into England, delay no time, for delay is dangerous, and her life in hazard to be lost.

This wofull discourse struck such a terror to S. Georges heart, likewise to the Egyptian King her father, that for a time they stood gazing one in anothers face, as though they had bene distract of their wits, not able to speak one word, but at last S. George recovered his former sense, and breathed forth this sorrowfull lamentation.

O England, unkind England, have I adventured my life in thy defence, and for thy safety have lain in the field of Mars, buckled on my Armour in many a parching summers day, and many a freezing winters night, when you have ta-

ken

ken your quiet sleeps in beds of downe: and will you repayme with this discourtesie, or rather undeserved wrong to adjudge her spotlesse body to consuming fire, whose blood if it be spilt before I come, I vow never to draw my trusty sword in Englands quarel more, nor never account my selfe her Champion, but I will rend my warlike colours into a thousand pieces the which I weare on my burgonet (I meane the crimson crosse of England) and wander unknown countries, obscurely from the sight of any Christian eye: Is it possible that England will be so ungratefull to her friend? can that renowned Country harbour such a lustfull monster, to seek to dishonor her, within whose heart the fountaine of vertue springs: Or can that noble city, the nurse & mother of my life, entertaine so vile an homicide, that will offer violence to her, whose chastity & true honor hath caused tameles lions to sleep in her lap

In this sorrowfull manner wearied S. George the time away, until the Egyptian King whose sorrow being as great as his, put him from his complaints, and requested the English Knight to tell the true discourse of Sabraes proffered violence, and how she murthered the lustfull Earle of Coventry: to whom after a bitter sigh or two, the wofull messenger replyed in this manner:

Most noble Princes and Potentates of the earth, prepare your eare to entertaine the wofullst tale, that ever English Knight discourst, and your eyes to weep Seas of brackish teares: I would I had no tongue to tell it, nor heart to remember it. But seeing I am compelled through the love and duty I owe to the noble Champions of Christendome to expresse it, then thus it was.

It was the fortune, nay I may say, unhappy destiny of your beloved Lady, upon an Evening, when the Sunne had almost lodged in the West, to walk without the wals of Coventry, to take the pleasures of the sweet fields, and flowring meddowes, which Flora had beautified in a Summers livery? but as she walked up and downe, sometimes taking pleasure to heare the melody of Chirping Birds

him

how they strayned their silver notes: other times taking delight to see how nature had covered both hils and dales with sundry sorts of flowers: then walking to see the christall running rivers, the murmuring pulsie of whose streames entertained the rest for pleasure. But she (kind Lady) delighting her selfe by the river side, a sudden and strange alteration troubled her mind: for the chaine of gold that she did weare about her neck, presently changed colour, from a yellow burnisht brightnesse, to a dim palenesse, her rings fell from her fingers, & from her nose fell drops of blood: whereat her heart began to throb, her eares to glow, & every joynt to tremble with feare. This strange accident caused her speedily to hast homeward: but by the way she met the Earle of Coventry, walking at that time to take the pleasure of the evenings ayre, with such a traine of worthy gentlemen, as though he had bin the greatest Peere in all England: whose sight when she beheld a far off, her heart began to misgive, thinking that Fortune had allotted those gentlemen to proffer her some injury. so that upon her cheeks feare had set a vermilion die whereby her beauty grew admirable: which when the Earle beheld, he was ravished therewith, and deemed her the excellentest creature that ever nature framed: their meeting was silent: she shewed the humility of a vertuous Lady, and he the courtesie of a kind Gentleman: shee departed homewards, and he into the fields, she thinking all danger past, but hee practised in his mind her utter ruine and downfall: for the dart of love had shot from her beauteous cheeks into his heart, not true love, but lust: so that nothing might quench his desire, but the conquest of her chastity: such extreme passion bewitched his mind, that hee caused his servants every one to depart: and then like a discontented man he wandred up and downe the fields, beating in his mind a thousand sundry wayes how to obtaine his desire: for without hee injoyed her love, hee was likely to live in endlesse languishment: but at last he sighed out this passion of love.

O you immortall powers, why have you transported her

her from an earthly Lady to a heavenly Angell: Sabra is no worldly creature, but a divine substance; her beauty to a flame unto the Queene of love, and her countenance of more majesty than Junoes grace: her twinkling eyes that glitter like the flaming starres, and her beauteous cheekes more pleasant than Rose dipt in milkbaue, pierc't my heart with the pricks of love, and her love I will enjoy, or lose my life. Oh, but there is a barre which thwarts kind affections, and hinders my desires: S. George I meane, her true and lawfull husband, the honour of whose bed I will not violate for all the Kingdoms of the world. Tush, faint-hearted foole that I am! Sabra is beautifull, and therefore worth respect, she is a woman, and therefore calle to be won, her husband he is professing in the field of Mars, then why may not I take pleasure in the Chamber of Venus? I will entertain flattering glozes, many kind parches, and many lascivious imbraces, but I will crop that bud, which but to touch, I would give my whole lands and revenewes: I will tell her, Saint George is a wanderer, and one that will never returne, whereas I am a mighty Peere in England, and one that can accomplish whatsoever she desires. Many other circumstances this lustfull Earle used, to flatter himselfe in this vaine conceit. At last the lowring night with pitchy clouds began to overspread the brightsome heavens, whereby he was forced to repaire homewards, and to smother up his love in silence, no quiet sleep that night could enter into his eye, but fond and restlesse dreames: sometime he thought he had his lovely Sabra in his armes, dallying like the Assyrian Queene upon her Paramours knee: but presently awaking, he found it but a gliding shadow, which added new griefe to his love-sick passions: then by and by he thought he saw how the wrathfull Champion with his dreadfull bloody Fauchion, came to revenge his Ladies ravishment: whereat the troubled Earle started from his bed, and with a loud voyce cried to his Chamberlaine for help, saying, that Saint George was come to murther him: which words but not only awakened the Chamberlaine

but the whole house, which generally came to beare him company: then set up Camphyre Tapers to give light, and made him musick to comfort him, and to drive all sad fancies from his mind: but no sooner ceased the musick, but he fell into his former cogitations, pondering in his mind, which way he might obtaine his purpose: whereat a small night-Raven beat her wings against his Chamber window, and with a harsh voyce gave him warning of a bad successe. Then presently began the Tapers to burne blew, as though a troop of gastly spirits did incompasse his lodging, which was an evident signe, that some strange and unhappy murther would shortly follow. All which could nothing withdraw the lustfull Earle from his wicked enterprize, nor convert his mind from the people of so sweet a Lady. In this manner spent he the night away, till the bright countenance summoned him from his restlesse bed. From whence being no sooner risen, but he sent for the Steward of his house, and gave him a charge to provide a most sumptuous and costly banquet, for he intended to invite thereunto all the principall Ladies in the Country: what bountifull cheere was provided, I thinke it needlesse to repeat: but to be short, at the time and houre appointed, the invited Ladies repaired: the banquet was brought in by the Earles servants, and placed upon the Table by the Earle himselfe: who after many welcomes given, began thus to move the Ladies delight.

I thinke my house most highly honoured (said he), that you have vouchsafed to grace it with your presence: for me thinkes you beautifie my Hall, as the twinckling Starres beautifie the hale of Heaven: but amongst the number of you all you have a Cynthia, a glistering silver Moone, that for brightnesse exceedeth all the rest: for she is fairer than the Queene of Cypresse, lovelier than Dido, when Cupid sate upon her knee: wiser than the Penepheteese of Troy: of personage more comely than the Grecian Dame, and of more Majesty than the Queene of Love: so that all the Muses with their Ivory pens may write continually, and yet not

sufficiently describe her excellent ornaments of nature: this commendation caused a generall smile of the Ladies and made them look one upon another whom it should be, many other Courtlike discourses pronounced the Earle to make the Ladies delight, till the banquet ended, which being finished, there came in certaine Gentlemen by the Earles appointment, with most excellent musick: other some that danced most curiously, with as much majesty as Paris in the Grecian Court. At last, the Earle requested one of them to choose out his beloved Mistresse, and lead her some Kentish Coranto: likewise requesting that none would be offended what Lady soeuer he did affect to grace with that Courtly pastime, at which request all of them were silent, and silence is commonly a signe of consent, therefore he himselfe drewe himself to the maze to make his desires knowne to those beauties. Then with a reading courtesie, and great humility, he kissed the beauteous hand of Sabra, who with a blushing countenance and bashfull look accepted his courtesie, and like a kind Lady disdained not to dance with him: so when the Musicians straines sodainly their inspiring Metings the lustfull Earle led her a first course about the hall, in as great majesty as Mavors pitche Queene of Paphos tooppine her louely armes shee followed with as much grace, as if the Queene of pleasure had beene present to behold their Courtly delights: and so when the first course was ended, he found opportunity to unfold his secret love, and reveale unto the Lady his extreme passion of minde, which were in these speeches expressed.

What divine and Peerelesse Paragon (said he) thou only honour of the World, for beauty and excellent ornaments of nature, know that thy two twinkling eyes, that shine more brighter than the lights of heaven, being the true darts of love, have pierced to my heart, and those thy crimson cheekes, as lovely as Aurories countenance, when she disrobes the curtaines of her purple bed to entertaine her wanting Lover, those cheekes, I say, have wounded me with love: therefore, except thou grant me kind com-

fort, I am like to spend the remnant of my life in sorrow, care, and discontent: I dutly to speak what I desire, because I have setled my love where it is unlawfull, in a desarte where kings may stop and surfeit with delight, thy breast I meane, my most divine Mistresse, for there my heart is kept prisoner, beauty is the keeper, and love the key, my ransome is a constant mind: thou art my Venus, I will be thy Mars: thou art my Helen, and I will be thy Paris: thou art my Hyllen, I will be thy Makeinet: thou art my Cressida, I will be thy Troylus, thou art my Love, and I will be thy Paramour. Admit thy Lord and husband be alive, yet hath he most unkindly left thee to spend thy young yeeres in solitary widowhoods: he is uncontinent, like Aeneas, and thou more happier than Dido. He marcheth up and down the world in glistering Armour, and fieldes both intend to retaine him: he abandoneth thy presence, and lieth sporting in strange Ladies laps: therefore, deare Sabia, live not to consume thy youth in sighes, for age will overtake thee too soone, and convert thy beauty to withered wrinckles.

To which words, Sabia would have presently made answer, but that the musick called them to dance the second course: which being ended, she replyed in this manner.

Most noble Lord (said she) for your bountious banquet and courteous entertainment, I give the humble thankes of a poore Lady: but for your suit and unlawfull desire, I do detest as much as the sight of a Crocodile, and your flattering glozes I esteeme as much as doth the Ocean of a drilling showre of raine: your Syrens songs shall never intice me to listen to your fond requests: but I will like Vlysses, stop my eares, and bury all your flattering intrements in the lake of forgetfullnesse. Thinke you that I will staine his marriage bed with the least spotte of infamy, that will not proffer me one thought of wrong for all the treasures of the wealthy Seas? Surely the gorgeous Sunne shall lose his light by day, the silver Moone by night, the skyes shall fall, the earth shall sinke, and every thing shall change from kind and nature, before I falsifie my faith, or prove

disloyall

disloyall to my beloued George, attempt no more, my noble Lord, to batter the fortresse of my good name, with the gunshot of your flattery, nor seek to staine my honour with your lustfull desires. What if my Lord and husband proue vnkind to all, and chuse out other loues in forraine Lands, yet will I proue as constant to him, as did Penelope to Vlysses: and if it be his pleasure never to returne, but spend his dayes among strange Ladies, yet will I liue in single solitarinesse, like to the turtle Dove when she hath lost her mate, abandoning all company, or as the mournfull Swan that sings upon Meanders siluer streames, where she records her dying tunes to raging billowes: so will I spend away my lingring dayes in griefe and die.

This resolution of the vertuous Lady daunted so the Earle, that hee stood like a senselesse Image gazing at the Sunne, not knowing how to reply: but yet when they had danced the third course, he began anew to assault her vnspotted chastity, in these tearmes.

Why my peare Mistresse, haue you a heart more hard than Flint, that the teares of my true loue can neuer mollifie? Can you behold him plead for grace, that hath beene sued vnto by many worthy Dames? I am a man that can command Countries, yet can I not command thy stubborne heart. Diuine Sabra, if thou wilt grant me loue, and yeild to my desire, Ile haue thee clad in silken robes, and damaske vestures, imbost with Indian pearles and rich refined gold, perfumed with Camphyre, Bisse, and Syrian sweet perfumes: by day a hundred Virgins like to Thetis tripping on the siluer sands, shall dutifully attend thy person; by night a hundred Eunuches with their straines Instruments shall bring thy senses into a golden slumber: if this procureth not thy sweet content, I will prepare a sumptuous Chariot made of gold, wherein thou shalt be drawne by Sable spotted Steeds along the fields, and gallant pastures apperning to our City wals, where as the Euening Aire shall breath a colouresse, farre more sweet than Balme upon thy cheekes, and make thy beauty glister like

the purple pillar of Ilyon, where he leaues Aurora dallying in her bed, whereby the heauens and all the powers therein shall stand and wonder at thy beauty, and quite forget their almighty offices. All this and more, diuine and admirable Mistresse, is at thy command, and onely for that I may enioy thy louely fauour: which if I haue not, my life is contemptible, and my life in woods and desert places, tigers and vntamed beasts being my chiefe companions.

Whole traine pursues and muttering inchantments called Sabea to blush with such a answere, and to giue him the sharpe answer: Whilst you my Lord, bring golden presents to obtaine the precious Oeinne, the which I will not take for Europs treasurie? hencefoorth be silent in that enterprise, and neuer after this attempt to perswade my affection, which if you do, I vow by heauen to make it vnduate obedient and within the City, and to fill all places with rumors of thy wilfull lust: A troop of naked maidens I will procure to haunt thee up and down the streets, to mooues as this naked Bable, that neuer comes abroad but in the darkest nights: this I am resolued to do, and so farewell.

Thus departed Sabea with a sad countenance, whereby the rest of the Ladies suspected the Earle had attempted her dishonour by secret conference, but they all assuredly knew that shee was as far from yeelding to his desires, as the aged man to become young againe, or as the white firmament to bee spotted: for Aldanes vowes to inhabit in such like imaginations, they spent away the day, till the darke night hath forbidden to speak of company. The Earle mooping reckes his griefe vnder a smiling countenance, till the Ladies were euery one departed, whom hee courteously conueies his seruants to conuay homewards with Torch-lights, because it began to be very darke. After these departures he returned to his owne fortune, and like a Lion wanting food, raged vp and downe his Chamber, tossing euery corner with bitter exclamations, rending his garments from his back, tearing his hayre, beating his breast, and vsing all the violence he could deuise against himselfe.

In this manner spent he away the night, suffering no sleep to close the iuntwines of his eyes: his melancholy and extreme passion so discontented his mind, that hee purposed to give end to his sorrowes by some vntimely death. So when the morning appeared, he made his repaire to an Orchard, where Sabra commonly once a day walked to take the ayre. The place was very melancholy, and farre from the noyse of people: where, after hee had spent some certaine time in exclayming against the vnkindnesse of Sabra, he pulled his poyniard from his back, and prepared himself to entertain the stroke of death: but before the pretended Tragedy, with his dagger hee ingraued these Verses following, vpon the barke of a Walnut tree.

O heart more hard than bloody Tygers fell,
O eares more deafe than senselesse stroubles beate,
O cruell foe, thy rigor doth excelle
For thee I dye, thy anger to appease.
But time will come, (when thou shalt finde me slaine,)
Then thy repentance will increase my paine.

Heare ingrave my Will and Testament,
That my sad griefe thou maist behold and see.
How that my woefull heart is torne and rent,
And goar'd with bloody blade for loue of thee:
Whom thou disdain'dst as now the end doth trie,
That thus distrest doth suffer me to die.

Oh Gods of loue, if so there any be,
And you of loue that feele the deadly paine:
Oh Sabra thou that thus afflictest me,
Heare these my words which from my heart I straine:
Ere that my corps be quite bereaued of breath,
Here He declare the cause of this my death:

You mountaine Nimphes which in the desarts raigne,
Cease off your chase from sauage beasts a while,

Prepare

Prepare to see a heart oppreſt with paines,
Addreſſe your eares to heare my dolefull ſtile,
No ſtrength nor Art can worke me any weale,
Sith the unkind and tyrant like doth deale.

You faire Nymphs of lovers moſt adored,
And gratious Dianits, whilſt in Evenings faire
Your choiſest leaves with heavenly bodies rored:
And on your ſhoulders ſpread your golden haire,
Record with me, how Sabra hath made,
Within my breaſt remaines a doubled wounde.

Ye ſavage Beares in Caves and Dennes that lie,
Remaine in peace, if you my ſorrowes heare,
And be not moved to my miſery,
Thoughts too exceſſive my paſſions do appeare:
England farewell, and *Coventry* adue,
But, *Sabra*, heaven above kill pyne you.

These Verſes being no ſooner finiſhed, and ingraben about the barke of the Walnut tree, but with a griſly lok and wrathfull countenance he lift up his hand, intending to ſtrik the poyniard up to the hilts in his breſt: but at that ſame inſtant he beheld Sabra entring the Arbor to take her wonted walkes of pleaſure, whoſe ſight altereth his purpoſe, and cauſed other bloody cogitations to enter into his mind. The furies did incenſe him to a wicked end, the which my trembling tongue faints to report: for after ſhe had walked to the furtheſt ende of the melancholy Orchard, hee furiouſly ran unto her with his Dagger drawne, and catching her about the ſlender waſte, thus pitifully threatned her.

Now ſtubborne Dame (quoth he) will I obtaine my long deſired purpoſe, and revenge by violence thy former proud denials: for I will wrap thy Dagger in thy lockes of hayre, and naile it faſt into the ground: then will I raviſh thee by force and violence, and triumph in the conqueſt of thy chaſtity: which being done, I'le cut thy tongue out of

thy mouth, because thou shalt not reueale nor destroy the bloody rauther: Likewise with this poyniard will I chop off both thy hands, whereby thou shalt neuer write with pen thy staine of honour, nor in Sampler sow this proffered disgrace. Therefore except thou will yeld to quench my desired loue with the pleasures of thy mariage bed, I will by force and violence inflict these vowed punishments vpon thy delicate body: be not too resolute in thy denials, for if thou dost, the glorious Sunne shall not glide the compasse of an houre, before I obtaine my long desired purpose: and thereupon her stepped to the Orchard doore, and with all expedition forced it and put the key into his pocket. Then returned hee like the hunger-starued Wolfe, to seyze vpon the silly Lambe: or like the chased Boze when hee is wounded with the hunters Launce, came running to the helpelesse Lady, intending her present rape, and foule dishonour: But she thinking all hope of aide or succour to be void, fell into a dead sound being not able to moue for the space of a quarter of an houre: But yet at last, hauing recouered her dead senses to their former vitall mooning thee began in this pitifull manner to defend her allayled chastity, from the wicked Earle that stood ouer her with his bloudie dagger, threatning most cruelly yet shall confusion.

My Lord of Coventry, (sayd thee with weeping teares and kneeling vpon the bare ground) is vertue banished your breast? haue you a mind more tyrannous then the Tigers of Hircania, that nothing may suffice to satisfie your lust till desire put the staine of mine honour, and the conquest of my chastitie? if it be my beautie that hath inticed you I am content to haue it conuerted to a loathsome Leprosie, whereby to make mee odious in your eyes: If it be my rich and costly garments that make mee beautifull, and to intangle you, henceforth I will attyre my body in poore and simple araye and for euer more dwell in Country Caues and Cottages, so that I may preserue my chastitie vnspotted. If none of these may suffice to abate your tyrannous intent, but that your lust will make mee times wonder, and pointing fingers, and scorne

of vertuous Ladyes: then will the heauens reuenge my wrongs, to whom I will vncessantly make my petitions: the birds in the ayre after their kind will euermore exclayme against your wickednesse: the siluane beasts that abide in woods and deserts, will breath forth clamors of your wickednesse: the creeping wormes that line within the crauises of the earth, will giue dumbe signes and tokens of your wickednesse: the running riuers will murmure of your wickednesse: the woods and trees, hearbes and flowers, with euery senceleſſe thing, will sound some motions of your wickednesse. Returne, returne, my noble Lord, vnto your former vertues: banish such fond desires out of your minde: staine not the honour of your house with such blacke scandals and disgrace: beare this in minde before you doe attempt so vile a sinne. What became of Hellens rauishment, but the destruction of renowned Troy? What of Romane Lucretias rape, but the banishment of Tarquine? and what of Progne's foule defloweement by her sisters husband, the lustfull King of Thrace, but the bloudy banquet of his young Sonne Itis, whose tender body they serued to his table baked in a pie? At which speeches the wrefull Earle wrapped his hands within her lockes of hayre, which was couered with a costly Caule of gold, and in this manner presently replyed vnto her.

What tellest thou mee of Poets tales (said he) of Progne's rape, and Tereus bloudie banquet? thy banishment shall bee an Inuention of thy Tragedie, which if thou yeelde not willingly, I will obtaine by force and violence: therefore prepare thy selfe either to entertaine the sentence pronounced, or yeelde thy body to my pleasure. This vnrecanting and voyced resolution of the Earle, added griefe vpon griefe, and heaped mountaines of sorrow vpon her soule: whilest this the hapleſſe Countesse cast vp her eyes to heauen, in hope the Gods would pitty her distresse, and twice bata the earth, wishing the ground might open and deuoure her, and so deliuer her from the furie of the wicked Homicide: but at last, when shee saw that neither teares, prayers, nor wishes could pre-

vayle

uaile, she gaue an outward signe of consentment vpon some conditions vnder coulour to deuise a present meanes to preserue her chastitie, and deliuer her selfe from his lustfull assailements. There is no condition said the Earle, but I will yeeld vnto, so thou wilt grant my desire, and make mee cheife commander of thy loue.

First, my Lord (quoth shee) shall you suffer me to sit some certaine houres vpon this bed of Violets, and bewayle the losse of my good name, which shortly shall be yeelded vp to your pleasure: then shall you lie and dallie in my lap, thereby to make my affections, yet freezing cold, to flame with burning brands of loue: that being done, you shall receiue your wished desires. These words caused the Earle to conuert his furious wrath to smiling ioy, and so casting downe his dagger, hee gaue her a courteous kisse, which shee in his conceite graciously accepted: whereby his minde was brought vnto such a vaine opinion, that hee thought no heauen but in her presence, no comfort but in her sight, and no pleasure but in her loue: then caused he Sabra to sit downe vpon a bed of Violets, beset about with diuers sorts of flowers, whose lap hee made his pillow, whereon hee laid his head, intending as hee thought, to increase desire: But as women in extremitie haue the quickest wits: so Sabra busied her selfe by all meanes possible, either now or neuer to remoue the cause of her deepe distresse, by practising his death, and so quit her selfe from her importunate suter: one while shee told him pleasant tales of loue, in hope to bring his sences to a slumber, the better to accomplish her desires: other whiles shee played and sported with his haire that hung dangling below his shoulders like to threds of silke. But at last when neither discoursing tales, nor her dallying passime with his hayre could bring him asleepe, shee strayned forth the Organs of her voice, and ouer his head sung this woefull Ditty.

Thou God of sleepe and golden dreames appeare,
That bringest all things to peace and quiet rest,
Close vp the glasses of his eyes so cleare,
Thereby to make my fortune euer blest.

His eyes, his heart, his ſences and his minde,
In peaceſull ſleepe let them ſome comfort finde.

Sing ſweet you pretty birds in top of trees,
With warbling tunes and many a pleaſant note:
Till your ſweet muſicke cloſe his watchfull eyes,
That on my loue with vaine deſires doth dote:
Sleepe on, my deere, ſleepe on, my loues delight,
And let this ſleepe be thy eternall night.

You gentle Bees, the Muſes louely birds,
Come aide my doleſull tunes with ſiluer ſound:
Till your inſpiring melodie records,
Such heauenly muſicke, that may quite confound
Both wit and ſence, and tyre his eyes with ſleepe,
That on my lap in ſweete content I keepe.

You ſiluer ſtreames, which murmuring muſicke makes,
And fills each dale with pleaſant harmony,
Whereat the floting fiſh much pleaſure takes,
To heare their ſweet recording melodie,
Aſſiſt my tunes, his ſlumbring eyes to cloſe,
That on my lap now takes a ſweet repoſe.

Let whiſpering winds in euery ſenceleſſe tree,
A ſolemne, ſad, and doleſull muſicke ſing:
From hills and dales, and from each mountaine high,
Let ſome inſpiring ſound or eccho ring:
That he may neuer wake from ſleepe againe
Which ſought my marriage bed with luſt to ſtaine.

This delightfull ſong rocked his ſences to ſuch a careleſs ſlumber; that he ſlept as ſoundly vpon her lap as in the ſofteſt bed of downe, whereby ſhe found a fit opportunitie to deliuer her vndefiled body from his luſtfull deſires. So taking the poyniard in her hand, which he had caſt a little aſide, & gazing thereon with an trefull looke, thee made this ſad complaint:

Grant

Graunt you immortall powers of heauen (said shee) that of these two extreames I choose the best, either must I yeeld my body to bee dishonoured by his vnchast desires, or staine my hands with the trickling streames of his heart bloud. If I yeeld vnto the first, I shall bee then accounted for a vicious Dame: But if I commit the last, I shall bee guiltie of a wilfull Murther, and for the same, the Law will adiudge mee a shamefull death. What, shall I feare to dye, and lose my vertue and renowne? No, my heart shall bee as tyrannous as Danaus daughters, that slew their fiftie husbands in a night: or as Medeas cruelties, which scattered her brothers bloudy ioynts vpon the sea shore, thereby to hinder the swift pursuite of her father, when Iason got the goulden fleece from Colcos Ile. Therefore stand still, you glistering Lampes of heauen; stay, wandring time, and let him sleepe eternally.

Where art thou, sad Melpomene, that speakest of nothing but of Murthers and Tragedies? Where bee those Dames that euermore delight in bloud? Come, Come, assist mee with your cruelties, let mee exceede the hate of Progne for her rauishment: raise heart, and take delight in bloud, banish all thoughts of pitty from thy breast, bee thou as merciless as king Priams Queene, that in reuenge of fiue and twenty murthered sonnes, with their own hands stained the pauements of Agamemnons Court with purple gore.

These words were no sooner ended, but with a wrathfull and pale countenance, shee sheatheth the poyniard vp to the hilts in the closure of his breast, whereat hee started, and would haue got on his feete, but the streames of bloud so violently gushed from his wound, that hee declined immediately to the earth, and his soule was forced to giue the world a dolefull adue.

When Sabra beheld the bedde of violets stayned with bloud and euery flower conuerted to a crimson colour, shee sighed grieuously; but when shee saw her garments all to besprinkled with her enemies bloud, and her lay wallowing at

her feet in purple goze, shee ran speedily vnto a flowing fountaine, that stood on the further side of the Orchard, and began to wash the blood out of her clothes, but the more shee washed, the more it increased: a signe that heauen will neuer suffer wilfull murther to bee hid, for what cause soeuer it is done.

This strange spectacle, or rather woefull accident, so amazed the sorrowfull Ladie, that shee began anew to complaine: O that this wicked murther neuer had beene done (said shee) or that my hand had beene crooken lame by some vnluckie Planet, when first it did attempt the deede. Whither shall I flie, to shroude mee from the company of vertuous women, which will for euermore shunne me as a detested murtherer? If I should goe into some forraigne Countrey, there heauen will call downe vengance for my guilt; If I should hide my selfe in woods and solitary wildernesses, yet would the winde discouer mee, and blow this bloudie crime to euery corner of the World: or if I should goe liue in Caues, or darkesome dennes, within the deepe foundation of the earth, yet will his ghost pursue me there, and haunt mee day and night: so that in no place a murtherer can liue in rest, such discontented thoughts shall still oppresse his minde. After shee had breathed forth this comfortles lamentation to the ayre, shee tore her bloud-stained garment from her backe, and cast it into the fountaine, where it turned the water into the colour of bloud: so hainous is murther in the sight of heauen.

Thus being disrobed into her Petticoate, shee returned to the slaughtered Earle, whose face shee found couered with molle, which added more griefe vnto her soule, for shee greatly feared her murther was diserued, but it fell not out as shee mistrusted: for it is the nature and kinde of the Robin Red-brest and other birds, alwayes to couer the face of any dead man, and those were they that bred this feare in the Ladies heart. By this time the day began to shut vp his bright windowes, and sable night entred to take possession of the earth, yet durst not the woefull and distressed Lady

make

make her repayre homewards, least shee should bee deserued without her vpper garment.

During which time, there was a generall search made for the Earle by his seruants, for they greatly suspected some danger had befallen him, considering that they heard him the night before so wofully complayne in his chamber. At last with Torch lights they came to the Orchard gate, which they presently burst open: wherein no sooner entring but they found their murthered master lying by a bed of violets couered with mosse: likewise searching to find out the murtherer, at last they espyed Sabra in her bare petticoate, her hands and face besprinkled with bloud, and her countenance as pale as ashes: by which signes they suspected her to bee the bloudie bearer of their Lord and Masters life: therefore because shee descended from a noble linage, they brought her the same night before the King, which did then keepe his Court in the Citie of Couentrie: who immediatly vpon the confession of the murther gaue this seuere iudgement against her.

That shee should be conueyed to prison, there to remaine for the terme of three moneths, and at the end thereof, to bee burned like a most wicked offender: yet because shee was the daughter of a King, and loyall Lady to so noble a Knight, his Maiestie of mercy granted her his fauour, that if shee could get any Knight of Armes, before the time were expired, that would bee her Champion, and by combate redeeme her from the fire, shee should liue, otherwise, if her Champion were vanquished, then to suffer the former iudgement.

Thus haue you heard the discourse of all things which happened at their departure from England, where I left her in prison and shall shee, since moneths fully expired: therefore most renowned Champions as you loue the life of your Lady, and wish her deliuery, make no tarriance, but with all speed post into England: for I greatly feare, before your arriuall on the blessed shore, the time will bee finished, and shee suffer death for want of a Champion to defend her cause.

Anger

This dolefull discourse braue Saint George with the other knights and Champions, to such an extasie of minde, that euery one departed to their lodging Chambers with dumbe signes of sorrow, being not able to speake one word: where for that night they lamented the mishap of so vertuous a Lady. The Egyptian King her father, hee abandoned the sight of all companies: and repayred to the top of a high tower built of Marble stone, wherein he barred himselfe so fast with iron doors, that none could come without the hearing of his lamentations: there raged hee vp and downe like frantick Oedipus, tearing his eyes from their naturall cells, accusing heauen of iniustice, condemning earth of iniquitie, and accursing man for such an execrable crime: one while wishing his daughters birth-hower had beene her buriall day: another while, that some vnlucky planet would descend the firmament and fall vpon his miserable head. Being in this extreame passion, hee neuer hoped to see his daughter countenance againe, and to auoid misnight, being a time when desperate men practise their owne destructions, hee cast himselfe headlong from the top of the Tower, and broke his necke, and all besprinkled the stony pauement with his blood and braines.

No sooner was the night banished, and bright Phoebus entred the Zodiache of heauen but his bruised body liueless and senceless, was found by his seruants lying in the Palace yard all beaten in peeces against the ground. The woefull newes of this fell with speed, they presently told to certaine Egyptian Knights, who tooke his scattered limbs and caried them to S. Georges chamber, whom they found armed himselfe for his departure towards England. But at this woefull spectacle he tooke a strong conceited griefe in very extreame manner, that loyall Atchieuer had his life, but that the Egyptian Knights gaue him many comfortable speeches, and by the consent of many Dukes, Earles, Lords, and Barons, with many other of the late Kings priuie Counsell, they elected him the true succeeding King of Egypt, by the meanes of Prolomies daughter: to which

royall proffer Saint George refused not, but took upon him they Regiment of the whole Country, so that for a time his journey towards England was stayed, and upon the third day following, his coronation was appointed, which they solemnly performed, to the high honour of all the Christian Champions, for the Egyptian Pères caused S. George to be apparelled in royal vestures like a King: he had on a suite of flaming green like an Emerauld, & a mantle of scarlet very richly furd, and wrought curiously with Gold: then the other six Champions led him up to the Kings Throne, & set him in a Chayre of Ebony, which had plummels of silver, which stood upon an Alablaster Elephant: then came three of the greatest Lords in Egypt, and set a Crown of Gold upon his head: then followed two Knights with a scepter and a naked sword, to signifie that he was chiefe governor of the Realme, and Lord of all that appertained to the Crown of Egypt. This being performed in most sumptuous and stately manner, the Trumpets with other Instruments began so sound, whereat the generall company with joyfull voyces cryed altogether, long live S. George, true Champion for England, and King of Egypt. Then was he conducted to the royal Palace, where for ten dayes he remained amongst his Lords and Knights spending the time in great joy and pleasure; the which being finished, his Ladies distresse constrained him to a sudden departure: therfore he left the guiding of his land to twelve Egyptian Lords, binding them all by oath to deliver it at his returne: likewise charging them to interre the body of Ptolomie in a sumptuous Tombe befitting the body of so Royall a Potentate: Also, appointing the six Champions to raise their Tents, and muster up anew their Souldiers, and with all spæd march into Persia, and there by dint of bloody warre revenge his former injuries upon the curfed Souldiers.

This charge being given, the next morning by breake of day he buckled on his Armour, mounted on his swift-footed Stæd, and bad his friends in Egypt for a season adue: and

ſo in company of the Knight that brought him that unluckie newes, he took his journey with all ſpeed towards England: In which travell we will leave him for a time: Alſo paſſing over the ſpeedy proviſion made by the Chriſtian Champions in Egypt for the invaſion of Perſia, and returne to ſorrowfull Sabra being in priſon awaiting each minute to receive the finall ſtroak of impartiall death: for now had the rowling Planets brought their yeares journy to an end: yet Sabra had no intelligence of any Champion that would defend her cauſe: therefore ſhe prepared her delicate body to receive her latteſt breath of life. The time being come, ſhe was brought to the place of execution, whither ſhe went as willingly, and with as much joy, as ever ſhe went before time unto her mariage: for ſhe had made her humble ſubmiſſion to the world, and unfaynedly committed her ſoule to God. Shee being at the ſtake where the King was preſent with many thouſands, as well of wofull perſonages, as of common people, to behold this wofull Tragedy, the deaths-man ſtripped off her garment, which was of black ſarcenet and in her ſnow-white ſmock bound her with an iron chaine unto the ſtake: then placed they round about her tender body, both pitch, turpentine, and gunpowder, with other mercileſſe things, thereby to make her death the more eaſie, and her paine the ſhorter: which being done, the King cauſed the Herald to ſummon in the Challenger: who at the ſound of the Trumpet came racing in upon a Bone coloured Steed without any kind of mark, and trapped with rich trappings of Gold and pretious ſtones of great price: there came forth at the horſe mouth, two tuſkes like unto an Elephants, his noſtrils were very large and bigge, his head little, his breaſt ſomewhat broad, well pitcht, and ſo hard that no ſword, were it never ſo ſharp, was able to enter in thereat. The Champion was called the Baron of Cheſter, a bolder and hardier Knight, they thought lived not then upon the face of the whole earth: he ſo advanced himſelfe up and downe, as though hee had beene able to encounter with an hundred knights. Then the King

cauſed

caused the Herald to summon in the Defendant, if there were any to defend her cause: both Drums and Trumpets sounded three severall times up and down the fields: betwixt every tell, was a full quarter of an houre, but yet no Defendant did appeare: therefore the King commanded the executioner to set the stake on fire.

At which words Sabra began to grow pale as ashes, & her joynts to tremble like to Aspen leaves; her tongue that before continued silent, began to record a swan-like dying tale, & in this manner uttered she the passion of her heart: Be witnes, heaven, & all your bright celestiall Angels: be witnes Sun & Moon, all true beholders of my fact: be witnesse, thou cleare firmament, & all the world be witnesse of my innocency: the blood I shed was for the safeguard of my honor & unspotted chastity: great God of heaven, if the prayers of my unstained heart may move thy mighty Majesty, or my true innocency prevaile with thy immortal power, command that either my Lord may come to be my Champion, or sad beholder of my death. But if my hands were stained with blood about some wicked enterprise, then heaven, shew present vengeance upon me, by some noble Champion save my body alive. At which instance shee heard the sound of a shrill trumpet, the which Saint George caused to bee winded: (for as then hee was neere) which caused the execution a while to be deferred. At last they beheld a farre off a stately Banner waving in the ayre, the which a Squire carried before S. George: then they espyed neere unto the Banner, a most valiant armed Knight, mounted upon a cole black Palfray, with a warlike Lance standing in his rest: by which sudden approach they knew him to be some Champion that would defend the distressed Ladies life. Then the King commanded the Drums and Trumpets to sound: whereat the people gave a generall shout, and the poore Lady halfe dead with feare began to revive, & her blushing cheeks to be as beautifull as red Roses dipt in milke, or blood mingled with snow. But when S. George approached the sight of his constant Lady, whom

hee found chained to a ſtake, incompaſſed with many inſtruments of death, his heart ſo relented with griefe, that he almoſt fell beſide his horſe: yet remembring wherefore he came he recalled his courage, and intended to try his fortune in the combat, before he would diſcover himſelfe unto his Lady. And ſo when the Trumpets ſounded deaths alarum, the two Knights ſet ſpurs to their horſes, & made them run ſo fiercely, that at the firſt encounter they ſhivered both their lances to their hands: then ruſhed they together ſo rigorouſly with their bodies and helmets, that they fell down both to the earth: but S. George, who was the more luſtier Knight, nimbly leapt upon his feet without any hurt, but the Baron of Cheſter lay ſtill with his head downewards, caſting from his mouth abundance of blood, for he was mightily bruſed with the fall, but when he revived from his trance, hee tooke his ſhield, drawing out a mighty Fauchion, and with a wrathfull countenance ran at S. George. Now proud Knight (quoth he) I ſweare by all the Saints of heaven to revenge my blood which thou haſt ſhed: and therewithall he ſtroke ſo violently upon S. Georges ſhield, that it cleaved quite aſunder. Then began hee to war angry, and tooke his ſword in great wrath, and gave the Baron of Cheſter ſuch a ſtroke, that hee cut away arme and ſhoulder, and all the fleſh of his ſide to the bare ribs, and likewiſe cut his leg almoſt cleane aſunder in the thickeſt place of his thigh, and yet for all that the ſword entered halfe a foot into the earth: then fell the Baron of Cheſter to the ground, & breathed forth this lamentable cry.

Now frowne, you fatall ſtarres, eternally, that did predominate at my birth, for he is ſlaine and vanquiſhed, that never ſtoopt to any Knight before this day: and thereupon the blood ſtopped the paſſage of his ſpeech, and his ſoule went flying to Elizium: whereat the whole company admired and applauded S. George for the moſt fortunate Knight in the world. Then the King delivered Sabra with his own hands to S. George, who moſt courteouſly received

her,

her, and like a kinde Knight cast a Scarlet mantle ouer her body, the which a Lady standing by bestowed upon him; but he minded not to discouer himselfe, but set her upon his portly Steed, (that presently grew proud in carrying so rich a burthen) & with his own hands led him by the bridle raines. So great was the joy throughout the City, that the Bels rung without ceasing that whole day together, the Citizens throw every place that S. George should passe, did hang forth at their windowes, & on their wals, cloth of gold and silke with rich carpets, cushion-coverings of grẽn velvet lay abroad in every window: the Cleargy in copes of gold & silke, met them with solemne procession; the Ladies & beautifull Damsels strewed every street wheras he past, with Roses and most pleasant flowers, and crowned him with a wreath of grẽn bayes, in signe of his tryumphant victory and conquest.

In this manner went he to the Kings Pallace, not known by any what he should bee, but that he was a Knight of a strange Country: yet Sabra many times as they passed along, desired to see his face, and know his name, for that he had adventered so farre for her sake, and that for her delivery he had vanquisht the bravest Knight in England. Yet for all her perswasions, he kept himselfe undiscovered till a troop of Ladies in company of Sabra, got him into a Chamber richly hung with Arras cloth, and there unlaced his bever: whose countenance when shee beheld, and saw that it was her Lord and Husband which had reserved her from death, she fell into a dead sound for very joy. But S. George sprinkled a litile cold water on her face and revived her presently. After this he gave her many a kind and loving kisse, calling her the most truest, and the most loyallest Lady that ever nature framed, that to the very death would not lose one jot of her unspotted honour. Likewise she accounted him the truest Knight, and the loyallest husband, that ever heavenly Hymen linckt in bands of marriage with any woman. But when the King had notice that it was Saint George, his Countries Champion, which atchieved that no-

ble conquest in vanquishing the Baron of Chester, he was ravished with such joy, that he came running in all hast to the Chamber, and most kindly imbraced him, and after he was unarmed, and washed his wounds in white wine and new milke, the King conducted him with his Lady to his banquetting house, where they feasted for that evening, and after he kept open Court for all commers soleng as Saint George continued there, which was for the space of one month: At the end whereof he tooke his Lady and one Page with him and bad England adue, and then he travelled towards Persia, to the other Christian Champions, whose dangerous journey and strange adventures you may reade in this Chapter following.

Chap. XVI.

How Saint George in his journey towards Persia, arived in a Country inhabited only by maides, where he atchieved many strange and wonderfull adventures: Also of the ravishment of seaven Virgins in a wood, and how Sabra preserved her honour from a terrible Gyant.

After Saint George with his vertuous Lady departed from England, and had travailed through many Countries, taking their direct course towards Egypt, and the Confines of Persia, where the other six Champions remained with their warlike Legions: At last they arived in the country of the Amazonians, a land inhabited by none but women: In which region S. George atchieved many braue princely adventures, which are most wonderful to rehearse,

after is declared: for travelling up and down the country they found every town and city desolate of people, yet very sumptuously built, the earth likewise untilled, the pastures unherished, and every field overgrown with weeds: whereby he deemed that some strange accident had befallen the country either by war, or mortality of some grievous plague, for they could neither set eye of man, woman, nor child, whereby they were forced to feed on berries and roots, and in stead of brave Pallaces, they were constrained to lie on broad pastures, upon the bankes of mosse, and in stead of Curtaines of silke, they had black, and darke clouds to cover them.

In this extremity they travelled up and downe for thirty dayes: but at last it was their happy fortunes to arive before a rich Pavilion, situate and standing in the open fields, which seemed to be the most glorious sight that ever they beheld, for it was wrought of the richest work in the world, all of greene and crimson satten, bordered with gold and Azure, the posts that bare it up were of Ivory, the cords of greene silke, and on the top thereof there stood an Eagle of gold, and at the two corners, two greene silver Gryffins shining against the Sunne, which seemed in richnesse to exceed the monument of Mausolus, being one of the worlds twelve wonders. They had not there remayned long, admiring at the beauty of the workmanship, but at the entry of the Pavilion there appeared a maiden Queene crowned with an imperiall Diadem, who was the most fairest creature that ever he saw. On her attended twenty Amazonian Dames, bearing in their hands silver bowes of the Turkish fashion, and at their backs hung quivers full of golden arrowes: upon their heads they wore silver coronets, beset with pearles and pretious stones: their attire comely and gallant: their faces faire & gentle to behold, their foreheads plaine and white, the tramels of their haire like burnisht gold, their browes small & proper, somewhat drawing to a browne colour: their visages plaine, neither too long nor too round, but coloured like roses mixt with lillies, their

noses

noſes long and ſtraight, their ruddy cheekes ſomewhat ſmiling, their eyes lively, and all the reſt of their parts & lineaments, by nature framed moſt excellent, who had made them in beauty without compare: The Queen her ſelfe was clothed in a Gowne of greene, ſtraight girt unto her body with a lace of gold, ſo that ſomewhat her round and lilly white breſt might be ſeene, which became her wonderfull well: beſide all this, ſhe had on a crimſon Kertle, lined with violet velvet, and her wide ſleeves were like unto ſtrips of green Silke, imbroydered with flowers of gold, and with rich Pearles. When S. George had ſufficiently beheld the beauty of this mayden Queen, he was almoſt intrapped in her love, but that the deare affection he bare to his own Lady prevented him, whom hee would not wrong for all the treaſures betwixt the higheſt heavens and the loweſt earth. At laſt he alighted from his horſe, and humbled himſelfe unto her Excellencie, and thus courteouſly began to queſtion with her after this manner.

Moſt divine and fayre of all fayres, Queen of ſweet beauty (ſaid hee) let a travelling Knight obtaine this favour at your hands, that both himſelfe and his Lady whom you behold here wearied with travell, may take our reſt within your Pavilion for a night: For we have wandred up and down this Country many a day, neither ſeeing man, to give us lodging, nor finding food to cherith us, which made us wonder that ſo brave a Country, and ſo beautified with natures ornaments as this is, ſhould be left deſolate of people, the cauſe whereof is ſtrange, & unknow, and full of wonder.

This queſtion being courteouſly demanded by Saint George, cauſed the Amazonian Queen as kindly to reply: Sir Knight quoth ſhee, (for ſo you ſeeme both by your behaviour, and gallant ſtature) what favour my Pavilion may afford, be aſſured of: But the remembrance of my Countries deſolation which you ſpeake of, breeds a Sea of ſorrow in my ſoule, and makes me ſigh when I remember it: but becauſe you are a Knight of a ſtrange Lande, I will report it, though

though vnto my griefe: about some twelve yeares since, it was a Negromancers chance to arrive within this Country, his name is Osmond, the cunningst Artist this day living upon the earth, for he can at his call raise all the spirits out of hell, & with his charms make heaven to raine continually showres of blood: my beauty at that instant tempted him to love, and drowned his senses so in desire, that he assailed by al perswasions that either wit or Art could devise to winne me to his will: but I having vowed my selfe to Dianaes chastity, to live in singlenesse among these Amazonian maides, contemned his love, despised his person, and accounted his perswasions as ominous as the hissing of venemous Snakes; for which hee wrought the destruction of this my Realme and Kingdome: for by his Magick Art and damned charmes, he raised from the earth a mighty Tower, the morter whereof hee mingled with virgins blood, wherein are such inchantments wrought, that the light of the Sunn, & the brightnesse of the skie is quenched, and the earth blasted with a terrible vapour, and black mist, that ascendeth from the Tower, whereby a generall darknesse overspreads our land, the compasse of foure and twenty leagues, so that this Country is cleane wasted and destroyed, and my people fled out thereof. This Tower is haunted day and night with gastly fiends, and at his departure into Persia, where hee now by inchantment aids the Soudan in his wars against the Christians, he left the guarding of the same to a mighty and terrible Gyant, in shape, the ugliest monster that ever eye beheld, or eare heard tell of: For he is thirty foot in length: his head three times larger than the head of an Ore: his eyes bigger than two pewter dishes, and his teeth standing out of his mouth more than a foot, wherwith he will breake both iron and steele: his armes big and long without any measure, and all his body as black as any coale, and as hard as brasse: also of such a strength, that hee is able to carry away at once three knights armed: and he never eateth any other meat, but raw flesh of man-kind: hee is so light and swift, that a horse

cannot run from him, and oftentimes he hath béene assailed with great troops of armed men, but all of them could never do him any harme, neither with sword, speare, crosse-bow, nor any other weapon.

Thus have you heard, most noble and courteous Knight, the true discourse of my utter ruine, and the vengeance shewed upon my Country by this wicked Negromancer: for which I have remained ever since in this Pavillion amongst my maidens, where we pray both day and night, that some unhappie fortune or terrible vengeance may fall upon this wicked Conjurer.

Now as I am a true English Knight (replyed S. George) no sooner shall the mornings Sun appeare, but I will take my journey to that inchanted Tower: into which Ile enter in despight of the Gyant, and breake the inchantment, or make my grave within the Monsters bowels: which if I happily performe, then will I travell into Persia, and fetter up the most wicked and damned Negromancer, and like a Blood-hound lead him up and downe the world in chaines.

Most dangerous is the adventure (quoth the Amazonian Quéene) from whence as yet did never Knight returne. But if you bee so resolute and noble-minded as to attempt the enterprise, then happy bé your fortune. And know brave Knight, that this Tower lieth westward, from hence some thirteene miles: and thereupon shée took him by the hand, and caused Sabra likewise to alight from her Palfray and led them both into her Pavillion, where they were feasted most royally, and for that night slept securely. But when the dayes bright windowes opened, and the morning Sunne began to glister, in all the haste S. George that valiant minded Champion, arose from his swéet content, and armed himselfe: where after hé had taken his leave of the Quéene, and gave her thankes for his courteous entertainment, hé also tooke his leave of Sabra, whom hee left in company of the Quéenes maidens, till his returne with conquest, and so rode forth till it was noone, and then he entres

tred into a deep Valley, and ever he rode lower and lower. It was then a faire day, and the Sunne shined cleare: but by that time hee had ridden ten miles and a halfe, he had lost both the light and the Sunne, and also the sight of heaven: for it was there as dark as night, and more dismall than the deepest dungeon.

At last he found a mighty River with streams as black as pitch, and the banks were so high, that the water could scarce be seene running underneath, and it was so full of Serpents, that none could enter amongst them that ever returned back with life: about his head flew monstrous birds and divers Gryffins, who were able to beare away an Armed Knight horse and all, and were in as great multitudes, as though they had bin Starlings: Also there were flies as big as Nuts, and as black as pitch, which stung him and his horse so grievously that there issued down such store of blood, that it changed his horse from a Sable to a Crimson colour: likewise the Gryffins strook at S. George with their talents so furiously, that had not he defended himselfe with his shield, which covered his whole body, he had bin pierced to the heart.

In this dangerous manner rode he on, till he came to the gates of the inchanted Tower, whereas the Gyant sate in his Iron coat, upon a block, with a Mace of steele in his hand, who at the first sight of S. George beat his teeth so mightily together, that they rung like the strokes of an Anvile, and ran raging like a Fiend of hell, thinking to have taken the Champion, horse and all, in his long teeth, that were as sharp as steele, and to have borne them presently into the Tower. But when Saint George perceived his mouth open, hee took his sword, and thrust therein so far, that it made the Gyant to roare so lowd, that the Elements seemed to thunder, and the earth to tremble, his mouth smoakt like a fiery Furnace, and his eyes rowled in his head like brands of flaming fire: the wound was so great and the blood issued so fast from the Gyants mouth, that his courage began to quaile, and against his will, he was forced to

yéld to the Champions mercy, and to beg for life, to which Saint George agréed, but upon condition, that the Gyant would discover all the secrets of the Tower, and ever after be sworne his true servant, and to attend on him with all diligence: to which the Gyant swore by his owne soule, never to leave him in extremity, and to answer him truly to all questions whatsoever. Then S. George demanded the cause of the darknesse, and how it might be ceased. To which the Gyant answered in this manner:

There was within the Countrie about some twelve yéares since, a cunning Negromancer, that by Inchantment built this Tower, the which you now behold, and therein caused a terrible fire to spring from the earth, that cast such a smoak over the whole land: whereby the people that were wont to dwell therein, are fled and famished for hunger: Also this Inchanter by his Art made the River that you have passed, the which did never man before this time without death: Also within the Tower néere unto the fire, there stands a faire and pleasant fountaine, to which if ever any Knight be able to attaine, and cast the water thereof into the fire, then shall the darknesse ever after cease, & the Inchantment end, for which cause I have béene bound to guard and kéep the Tower from the atchievment of any Knight.

Thus when the Gyant had ended his discourse, Saint George commanded him to remaine at the gate, for hée would adventure to end the Inchantment, and deliver the Countrie from so grievous a plague. Then went he close by the windowes of the Tower, the which were sixtéene speares in length and breadth, till he came to a little wicket, through which he must néeds enter: yet was it set as thick with pikes of steéle, as the prickes on an Hechens skinne, to the intent that no Knight should approch néere unto the doore, nor once attempt to enter the Tower: yet with great danger he opened the wicket, whereout came such abundance of smoake that the darknesse of the Countrie doubled, so that neither Torch nor Candle would

burne

burne in that place: yet nevertheless S. George entred, and went downewards upon staires, where hee could see nothing, but yet felt so many great blowes upon his Burgonet, that hee was constrained to kneele upon his knees, and with his shield to defend himselfe, or else he had beene bruised to peeces. At last he came to the bottome, and there he found a faire great vault, where he felt so terrible a heat, that he sweat exceedingly, and as he felt about him, he perceived that he approched neere the fire, and going a little further he espied out the fountaine, whereat he greatly rejoyced: and so hee took his shield, and bore therein as much water as hee could, and cast it into the fire. In conclusion he laboured so long till the fire was cleane quenched: Then began the skies to receive their perfect lightnesse, and the golden Sunne to shine most clearely about him, whereby he plainely perceived how there stood upon the staires, many great Images of brasse, holding in their hands mighty Maces of steele, the which had done him much trouble at his comming downe: but then their power was ended, the fire quenched, and the inchantment finished.

Thus when S. George through his invincible fortitude had performed this dangerous adventure, he grew weary of travel, what with heat and sweating, and the mighty blowes he received from the brazen Images that he returned againe to the wicket, whereas the deformed Gyant still remained: who when hee beheld the Champions returne both safe, and sound, he fell upon his knees before him, and said.

Sir Knight, you are most welcome and happily returned, for you are the Flower of Chivalry, and the bravest Champion in the World. Command my service, duty, and obedience, for whilst I live, I do protest by the burning bankes of Acharon, never to follow any Knight but you, and hereupon I kisse your golden Spurre, which is the noble badge of Knight-hood.

This humble submission of the Gyant caused the Champion to rejoyce, not for his overthrow, but that he had got-

ten ſo mighty a ſervant. Then unlaced he his Helmet and lay down after his weary encounter, where, after he had ſufficiently reſted himſelfe, hee took his journey in company of the Gyant, to the Amazonian Quæne, where he left his Lady in company of her virgins; who like a kind, modeſt, and vertuous wife, during all the time of her husbands abſence, continually prayed to the immortall powers of heaven for his fortunate ſucceſſe & happy return: otherwiſe reſolving her ſelfe if the lowring deſtinies ſhould croſſe his intent, & unluckily end his dayes before the adventure were accompliſhed, then to ſpend the remnant of her life amongſt thoſe happy virgins But on the ſudden before the Quæne and her virgins were aware, S. George arrived before the Pavilion, rutifully attended on by the Gyant, who bore upon his ſhoulder, the body of a tall Drake, by which the Quæne knew that his prowelle had redæmed her Country from darkneſſe, & delivered her from her ſorrow, care, & trouble, ſo in company of her maides very gorgeouſly attired, ſhe conducted the Champion to a bower of Roſes, intermingled with creeping vines, the which in his abſence they had planted for his Ladies delight. There found he Sabra at her divine prayers, life to a ſolitary widow, clad in mourning habiliments: but when ſhe beheld her Lord returne in ſafety, ſhe baniſhed griefe, and in all haſte ran unto him, and in his boſome ravi ſhed her ſelfe with pleaſure.

But to ſpeak how the Amazonian Quæne feaſted them, and in what manner ſhe and her maids deviſed paſtimes for their contents, were two tedious to repeat: but when night gave end to their pleaſures, and ſleep ſummoned all things to a quiet ſilence, the Quæne brought them to a very ſumptuous lodging, wherein ſtood a bed framed with Ebon wood, over-hung with many pendants of gold, the Tick was ſtuft with downe of Turtle Doves, the ſheetes of Median ſilke: thereon lay a rich quilt wrought with cotten, covered with Damaſke, and ſtitcht with threds of gold. The Quæne beſtowed upon S. George at his going to bed, an imbroydered ſhirt, curiouſly wrought with many rare devices, as

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the labours of Hercules, the triumph of Mars, and the loves of many Potentates, wrought in such curious manner, as though Art her selfe had bene the contriver.

Sabra at her going to bed was likewise presented by the Queenes maidens, with a light kirtle of changeable violet, somewhat blushing on a red colour. Also, they put a white kerchiefe of silke upon her head, somewhat loose and untied, so that under the same her ivory throat might be easily seen, and her faire golden hayre lying about her neck: over them was cast a mantle of greene silke, which made the bed seeme more beautifull than Floraes richest ornament. By them the Queene and her Virgins sate, making sweet musicke upon their silver tuned Lutes, till golden sleep had closed up their eyes; the which being done, the Queene with her Ladies departed likewise to their naturall rests. But all this while the Gyant never entred the Pavillion, but slept as soundly at the root of a Pine-tree, as S. George did in his imbroydered bed: for he knew not what pleasures belonged thereunto, nor never before that time beheld any womans face. At last the night withdrew her black curtaines, and gave the morning leave to appeare, whose pleasant light caused S. George to forsake his bed, and to walke some few miles to over-view the Country: In which journey he took such exceeding pleasure, that he thought it the goodliest Realm that ever he saw, for he perceived well how that it was full of worldly wealth.

At last hee climbed up to the toppe of an high Mountaine, being some two miles from the Queenes Pavillion, whereon he stood and beheld many stately Townes, and Towers, high and mighty Castles, many large Woods and Heydowes, and many pleasant Rivers, and about the Townes, faire vines, goodly pastures and fields. At last he beheld the City of Argenia shining against the Sunne, the place where the Queene in former time was wont to keep her Court: which City was invironed with deep ditches, the wall strongly builded, and more than five hundred Towers made of lime and stone: also he saw many faire Churches covered

with

with lead, having tops and spires of gold, shining most gorgeously, with weather-Cocks of silver, glittering against the Sun. Also he saw the Burgesses houses stand like Pallaces, closed with high and strong walls, barred with chaines of Iron from house to house: whereat in his heart hee praised much the nobleneſſe and richneſſe of the City, and said to himselfe, that it might well be called Argenia, for it seemed to be of Argent, that is as much to say, of silver.

During the time of the Champions pleasurable walk, which continued from the break of day, to the closing of the evening, happened a woefull Tragedy, neere unto the Queens Pavilion, committed by the monstrous Gyant whom Saint George brought from the inchanted Tower: for that same morning when the Sun had mounted some few degrees into the firmament, seven of the Queenes virgins in Sabraes company, walked into a pleasant thicket of trees adjoyning to her Pavillion, not only to take the pleasure of the mornings aire but to heare the chirping melody of birds: in which thicket or grove, under a Pine tree, this Gyant lodged the passed night: but no sooner came these beautifull ladies under the branches of the trees, but the Gyant cast his eye upon them, whose rare perfection so fired the heart of the lustfull Gyant, that he must either quench his desires with the spoyles of their chastities, or end his dayes in some monstrous maner: therefore he starts up from the place where he lay, and with a wrathfull countenance ran amongst the Ladies, and catching them all eight at once betwixt his armes, he bore them to the furthest side of the grove where he ravished seven of the Queens Maidens, and afterwards devoured them alive into his lothsome bowels, Sabra being the eight of that woefull number, which in her sight shee beheld butchered by that bloody wolfe: but continuing the time of their ravishment, shee made her supplication to the gods; that they would in mercy defend her chastity from the lustfull rape of so wicked a monster: and immediatly upon these words, she saw an ugly toad come crawling before her, through which by policie shee saved

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her life, and preserved her honour: for shee took the toad betwixt her hands, & crushed the venome from her impoysoned bowels, wherewith she all besprinkled her face, so that presently her faire beauty was changed into loathsome blisters; for she seemed more like a creature deformed with Leprosie, than a Lady of excellent feature. At length she being the last of all, her time came that she should be defloured, & the lustful Gyant came to fetch her: but when he beheld her visage so invenomed, he lothed her sight, seeking neither to ravish her, nor proffering to devoure her, but discontentedly wandring away greatly grieving at the committed crime, and sorely repenting himselfe of so wicked a deed, not only for the spoyle of the seven Virgins, but for the wrong proffered to so noble a Knight: who not only granted him liberty of life, but received him into his service: therfore he raged up and down the grove, making the earth to tremble at his exclamations: one while cursing his fortune & houre of creation: another while banning his sire and divellish dam: but when he remembred the noble Champion Saint George, whose angry frowne hee would not see for all the world, then to prevent the same, he ran his head most furiously against a knobbed Oake, and brayned himselfe: where we will leave him now weltring in his blood, and speak what became of Sabra after this bloody accident: for after shee had wandred up and downe the thicket many a weary step, incensing heaven against the Gyants cruelty, the Sun began to set, and the dark night drew on, which caused her thus to complaine:

O you immortall powers of heaven, and you celestiall Planets, being the true guiders of the firmament, open your bright celestiall gates, and send some fatall Planet, or some burning thunder-bolt, to rid mee from the vale of misery, for I will never more return to my beloved Lord, sith I am thus deformed, and made an ugly creature, my loathsome face will prove a corasive to his heart, and my body a torment to his soule: my sight will bee displeasant, my company hated, my presence loathed, and every one will

shun my sight as from a Crocodile: therefore I will remain within this grove, till heaven either bring me to my former beauty, or end my languishing misery: yet witnesse heaven of my loyalty unto my Lord, & in what extremity I have maintained my chastity: in remembrance of my true love, here will I leave this chaine of gold for my beloved Lord to find, that he may know, for his sake I have endured a world of woe. At which speaches she took her chain (which was doubled twenty times about her neck) & left it lying all besmeared in the blood of those virgins whom the Gyant had ravished and slain, and so betook herselfe to a sad and solitary life, intending never to come in the sight of men, but to spend her dayes wandring in the woods: where we will likewise leave her for a time, and speak of S. George, who by this was returned to the Queens Pavillion, where he missed his Lady, and had intelligence, how that she in company of seven other ladies, walked in the morning into a pleasant grove to heare the melody of birds, and since that time no newes hath beene heard of them: for as then it grew towards night, which caused S. George greatly to mistrust that some mischance had befallen his Lady. Then he demanded what was become of the Gyant: but answer was made, that he was neither seene nor heard of since morning: which caused him greatly to suspect the Gyants trechery, and how by his meanes the Ladies were prevented of their purposed pleasures.

Therefore in all haste like a frantick man he ran into the thicket, filling every corner with clamours and resounding ecchoes of her name, and calling for Sabra through every bramble bush: but there he could neither heare the voice of Sabra, nor the answer of any other Lady, but the wofull ecchoes of his exclamations, which ratled through the leaves of the trees. Then began he to wax something melancholy, & passionate, passing the time away with wofull lamentations till bright Cynthia mounted on the Hemispheares, by whose glistering beams he saw the ground besprinkled with purple gore, & found the chaine that Sabra was wont to weare about her.

her neck, all besmeared in blood: he bitterly complained against his own fortune, and his Ladies hapless destiny: for he supposed then that the Gyant had murthered her.

O discontented sight (said he) here lies the blood of my beloved Lady, the truest woman that ever Knight injoyed: that body which for excellency deserved a Monument of gold, more rich than the Tombe of Angelica, I feare lies buried in the bowels of that monstrous Gyant; whose life unhappily I granted. Here is the chaine besmeared with blood, which at our first acquaintance I gave her in a Courtly maske: this golden chaine, I say, stained with the blood of my deare Lady, shall for evermore be kept within my bosome neere unto my bleeding heart, that I may still remember her true love, faith, and constancy. But fond foole that I am, why do I talke in vaine? it will not recompence her murthered soule, the whitht me thinkes I heare how it cals for revenge in every corner of this grove. It was I that left her carelesselly within the danger of the Gyant, whom I little mistrusted: therfore will I meet her in the Elizium shades, and crave remission for my committed trespasse, for on this Oke I will abridge my life, as did the worthy Knight Melmeropolion for the love of Lady Sillara, which lamentation being no sooner ended, but he took the chaine of gold, and fastned one end to the arme of a great Oke, and the other end to his nek, intending presently to strangle himselfe: but heaven prevented his desperate intent after a strange manner: for under the same tree the brayned Gyant lay, not yet fully dead, who in this manner spake to S. George.

O stay thy hand, most noble and invincible knight, the worlds chiefe wonder for admired Chivalrie, and let my dying soule convert thee from so wicked a deed. Seven Virgins in this thicket have I ravished, and buried all their bodies in my accursed bowels: but before I could deflowre the eight, in a strange manner her bright beauty was converted into a loathsome Leprosie, whereby I detested her sight, and left her chastity undefiled, but by her sad com-

plaints I since have understood, how that she is your Lady and love, and to this houre she hath her residence within the circuit of this thicket: and thereupon with a dolefull grone which seemed to shake the ground, he bade adue to the world. Then S. George being glad to heare such tidings, reverted from his desperate intent, and searching up and downe the grove till he found Sabra, where she sat sorrowing under the branches of a Mulberrie tree, betwixt whom was a sad and heavie greeting, and as they walked back to the Queens Pavillion, shee discoursed to him the truth of this bloody stratagem, where shee remained till the Amazonian Queene had cured her Leprosie by the secret vertue of her skill: of whom after they had taken leave, and given her thankes, for her kind courtesies, S. George with his Lady tooke their journey towards Persia, where the Christian armies lay incampt, at whose arrival, you shall heare strange and wonderfull things, the like was never done in any age.

Chap. XVII.

How Saint George and his Lady lost themselves in a Wilderness, where she was delivered of three goodly boyes. The Fayry Queenes Prophesie upon thee childrens fortunes. Of S. Georges returne into Bohemia, where he Christened his children, and of the finding of his fathers grave, over which he built a stately Tombe.

SAint George having atchieved the adventure of the inchanted Tower, and Sabra, the furie of the lustfull Gyant, they took their journey towards Persia, where the christian champions lay incamped before the Soldans great City

City of Grand Belgor, a place most strongly fortified with spirits&other gastly illusions, by the inchantment of Osmond, whom you heard before in the last chapter, to be the rarest Negromancer in the world: but as the English Champion with his Lady travelled thither ward, they happed into a Desart, & mighty wilderneſſe overgrown with lofty Pines and Cedar trees, and many huge and mighty Okes, the spreading branches whereof seemed to with-hold the light of heaven from their untrodden passages, & the tops forexceeding height to reach into the Elements, the inhabitants were Silvanes, Satires, Fayries, and other woody Nymphes, which by day sported up and down the Forrest, and by night tended the pleasure of Proserpine the fayrie Quæne. The musick of silver sounding birds, so chearfully resounded through the woods, & the whistling winde made such melody amongst the leaves of trees, that it ravished their senses like harmony of Angels, and made them think they had entred the shades of gladsome Elizium: one while they wondred at the beauty of the woods, which nature adorned with a Summers livery: another while at the græne and fragrant graſſe, drawne out in round circles by Fayries dances: so long till they had lost themselves amongst the unknowne passages, not knowing how nor by what meanes to recover the perfect path of their intended journey, but were constrained to wander in the wilderneſſe like solitary Pilgrims, spending the day with weary steps, and the night with vaine imaginations, even as a child when he hath lost himselfe in a populous City runneth up and downe, not knowing how to returne to his native dwelling: Even so it hapned to these two lost and disconsolate travellers, for when they had wandred many dayes one way, and finding no end of their toyles, they retired backward to the place of their first setting forth: where they were wont to heare the noyse of people resound in Countrie villages, and to meet travellers posting from place to place; but now they heard nothing but blustring of

winds, rasling in the wood, making the brambles to whistle, and the trees to groane, and now and then to meet a speckled beast like to the raine-bow, weltring from his Den to seeke his naturall sustenance, in their travell by night they were wont to heare the crowing Cock, recording glad tydings of the chearefull dayes approch, the neying of horses in pasture fields, and the barking of dogs in Farmers houses: but now they were affrighted with the roaring of Lyons, yelling of Wolves, the croking of Toads in roots of rotten trees, and the rusull sound of Progues ravishment, recorded by the Nightingale.

In this solitary manner wearied they the rouling time away, till thrice three times the silver Moone had renewed her borrowed light: by which time the burthen of Sabraes wombe began to grow painfull, and the fruit of her body to waxripe, the houre of her delivery drew on, wherein shee required Lucinaes help, to make S. George the father of a Princely Son: time called for midwives to aid and bring her babe into the world, and to make her a happy mother: but before the painful houre of her delivery approacht, S. George had provided her a bower of Vine branches, which he erected betwixt two pleasant Hils: where in stead of a pretiouſ Cabinet, hanging with Arras, and rich Tapestry, she was constrained to suffice her selfe with a simple lodging, covered with Roses and other fragrant flowers: her bed he made of greene Rosse and thistle-downe, beset curiously round about with Olive branches, and the sprigs of an Orenge tree, which made it seeme more beautifull than Floraes Pavillion, or Dianaes Mansion: but at the last, when shee felt the paine of her wombe grew intollerable, and the Babe ready to be reaped, and how she was in a wildernesse devoyd of womens company, that should bee ready to assist her in so secret a matter, shee cast her selfe downe upon her Mantle bed, and with a blushing countenance she discouered her minde in this order to S. George.

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My moſt deare and loving Lord (quoth ſhe) my true and only Champion at all times and ſeaſons except at this houre, for it is the painfull houre of my delivery: therefore depart fromout the hearing of my cryes, and commit my fortune to the pleaſures of the heavens, for it is not convenient for any mans eye to behold the ſecrets of a woman in ſuch a caſe: ſtay not, I ſay, deare Lord, to ſee the infant now ſprawling in my wombe, to be delivered from the bed of his creation, forſake my preſence for a time and let me, like the noble Queene of France, obtaine the favour of ſome Fayrie to be my midwife that my babe may be as happily borne in this wilderneſſe, as was her valiant ſons Valentine & Orſon: the one of them was cheriſht by a King, and the other by a Beare, yet both of them grew famous in their deeds, my paine is great, deare Lord, therefore depart my Cabinet, and before bright Phœbus lodgeth in the Weſt, I ſhall either be a happy mother, or a liveleſſe body: thou a joyfull father, or a ſorrowfull widdower. At which words Saint George ſealed agreement with a kiſſe, and ſilently departed without any reply: but with a thouſand ſighes he bade her adue, and ſo took his way to the top of a mountaine, being in diſtance from his Ladies abiding, a quarter of a mile: there kneeled he during the time of her travell, with his bare knees upon the boſome of the earth, never ceaſing prayers, but continually ſoliciting the Majeſty of God, to grant his Lady a ſpeedy delivery: at whoſe divine Orizons the heavens ſeemed to relent, and all the time of her paine, covered the place with a vale of darkneſſe, by great flights of Birds, with troops of untamed beaſts that came flocking about the mountaine where he kneeled, and in their kinds aſſiſted his celeſtiall contemplations: where I will leave him for a time, and ſpeak what happened to Sabra in the middle of her paines, and extremite of her travell: for after Saint Georges departure, the furie of her griefe ſo raged in her wombe, that it exceeded the bounds of reaſon, whereby her heart was conſtrayned to breath ſo many ſcorching ſighes, that they ſeemed

med to blast the leaves of trees, and to wither the flowers which beautified her Cabinet, her burthened torments caused her star-bright eyes, like fountaines to distill downe silver drops, and all the rest of her body to tremble like a Castle in a terrible earth-quake: so grievous were her paines, and rufull were her cries, that she caused the merciless Tigers to relent, and untamed Lyons, with other wild beasts, like silly Lambs to sit and bleat: her grievous cries and bitter moanes caused the heavens, as it were, to bleed their vapours downe, and the earth to weep a spring of teares: both heards and trees did seem to droop, hard stony rocks to sweat when she complained.

At last her pittifull cries peirced down to the lowest vaults of direfull Dis, where Proserpine sits crowned amongst her fayries, & so prevailed, that in all haste she ascended from her regiment, to worke this Ladies safe delivery, and to make her mother of three goodly boyes, who no sooner arrived in Sabras lodging, but she practised the duty of a mid-wife, eased the burthen of her wombe, and safely brought her babes into the world: at whose first sight the heavens began to smile, and the earth to rejoyce, as a signe and token, that in time to come they would prove three of the noblest knights in the world.

This courteous deed of Proserpine was no sooner performed, but she layd the three boyes in three most rich and sumptuous Cradles, the which she caused her Fayries to fetch invisibly from three of the richest Kings in the World, and there withall mantles of silke, with other things thereunto belonging: likewise she caused a winged Fayre to fetch from the furthest borders of India, a covering of damaske Taffata imbroydered with gold, the most richest ornament that ever mortall eye beheld: for thereon was wrought and lively portraied by the curious skill of Indian weavers, how God created heaven and earth, the wandring courses both of Sunne and Moone, and likewise how the golden Planets daily do predominate: Also there is no Story in any age remembred since the beginning of the

world, but it was thereon most perfectly wrought: So excellent it was, that Art her selfe could never devise a cunninger. With this rich and sumptuous ornament she covered the Ladies child-bed: whereby it seemed to surpasse in bravery the gorgeous bed of Iuno the brave Queen, when first she entertained imperious Iove. After this Proserpine layd under every childs pillow a silver Tablet, whereon was written in Letters of gold, their good and happy fortunes. Under the first was these verses charactred, who lat that time lay frowning in his Cradle like the God of War.

A Souldier bold, a man of wondrous might,
A King likewise this royall babe shall die:
Three golden Diadems in bloody fight,
By this brave Prince shall conquered be:
The Towers of faire Ierusalem and Rome,
Shall yeeld to him in happy time to come.

Under the pillow of the second babe was charactred these verses following, who lay in his Cradle smiling like Cupid upon the lap of Dido, when Venus transformed to the likenesse of Askanus.

This child shall likwise live to be a King,
Times wonder for device, and Courtly sport:
His Tilts and Turnaments abroad shall ring,
To every coast where noble Knights resort:
Queenes shall attend and humble at his feet,
Thus love and beauty shall together meet.

Lastly, under the pillow of the third was these verses likewise charactred, who blushed in his Cradle like Pallas when shee strobe for the golden Apple with Venus and the Queene of Heaven.

The Muſes darling for true ſapience,
In Princes Courts this babe ſhall ſpend his dayes:
Kings ſhall admire his learned eloquence,
And write in brazen bookes his endleſſe praiſe:
By Pallas gift he ſhall atchieve a Crowne,
Advance his fame, and lift him to renowne.

Thus when the Fayry Quéene had ended her Propheſie upon the children, and had left them golden fortunes lying in their Cradles, ſhe vaniſhed away, leaving the Lady rejoycing at her ſafe delivery, and wondring at the gifts of Proſerpine: which ſhe conjectured to be but ſhadowes to dazle her eyes, & things of a fading ſubſtance: but when ſhe had laid her hands upon the rich covering of Damaſke Taffaty, which covered her mofly bed, and felt that it was the ſelfe ſame forme that it ſéemed, ſhe caſt her eyes with a chéerefull look up to the Majeſty of heaven, and not only gave thankes to immortal Iove for her rich received benefits, but for his mercifull kindneſſe in making her the happy mother of thrée ſuch goodly children But we will now returne againe to the noble Champion S. George whom we left praying upon the mountaine top, and as you heard before, the Skies were over-ſpread with Sable clouds as though they had béene mourning witneſſes of his Ladies torment: but before the golden Sunne had div'd into watry Thetis lap, the element began to cleare, and to withdraw her former mourning Mantles, by which hée ſuppoſed that heaven had pitied his Ladies paines, & granted her a ſafe delivery: therefore in all haſte he retired back to the Silvane Cabinet; the which hée found moſt ſtrangely deckt with ſumptuous habiliments, his Lady lying in her child-bed, as glorious as if ſhée had béene the greateſt Empreſſe in the world, and thrée Princely boyes ſweetly ſléeping in their ſeverall Cradles: at whoſe firſt ſight his heart was ſo raviſhed with joy, that for a time it withheld the paſſage of his tongue: but at laſt when he found the ſilver Tablets lying under the pillowes, and had read the hap-

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by fortunes] of his children, he ran unto his Lady, imbraced her lovingly, and kindly demanded the true discourse of that strange accident, and by whose meanes the bower was beautified so gorgeously, and the propounder of his childrens prophesie: who with a countenance blushing like the purple Morning, replyed in this manner:

My most deare and welbeloved Lord, the paines I have indured to make you the happy father of three lovely boyes, hath bin more terrible than the stroke of death, but yet my delivery more joyfull than the pleasures of this world: the winds carried my groanes to every corner of this wildernes, wherby both trees and hearbs assisted my complaints, beasts, birds, and [feathered fowles, with every senseless thing that nature framed on this earth, seemed to pitty my mones: but in the midst of my torments, when my soule was ready to forsake this worldly habitation, there appeared to mee a Queene crowned with a golden Diadem, in state and gesture like imperious Iuno; and in beauty to divine Diana: her garments for bravery seemed to stain the Rainbow in her brightest hue, and for diversity of colours, to surpasse the Flowers in the fields: On her attended many beautifull Nymphes, some clad in garments in colour like the chrystall Ocean, some in attire as gallant as the pleasant Rose, and some more glorious than the Azurde firmaments: her wisdome might compare with Apollo's, her judgement with Pallas, and her skill with Lucina's: for no sooner entred she my presence, but my travels ceased, and my wombe delivered up her grievous burthen: my Babes being brought to light by the vertue of her skill, she prepared these rich & sumptuous Cradles, the which were brought in whilst to my Cabinet: likewise these mantles, & this imbroydered Coverlet she frankly bestowed upon me, and so immediatly vanished away.

At which words, Saint George gave her so many kind imbraces, and kisses her so lovingly, as though it had beene the first day of their Nuptials. At last her hunger increased, and her desire thirsted so much after food, that except shee

received some comfortable sustenance, her life were in danger. This extreme desire of Sabra caused S. George to buckle on his Armour, and to unsheath his trusty sword ready to gorge the intrailes of some Dære: who swore by the honour of true knighthood, never to rest in peace, till he had purchased her hearts content. My Love (quoth he) I will adventure for thy sake, more dangers than Iason did for Medeas love: Ile search the thickest Groves, and chase the nimble Doe to death, the flying fowle Ile follow up and downe from træ to træ, till over-wearied they do fall and die: for love of thée and these my tender babes, whom I esteeme more deare than the conquest of rich Babylon, I will adventure more dangers, than did Hercules for the love of Deianira, and more extremes than Turnus did in his bloody battels: and thereupon with his Fauchion ready charged, hee traced the woods, leaving no thornie brake nor mossie Cave unsearcht, till he had found a heard of fallow Dære: from which number he singled out the fattest, to make his Lady a bountifull banquet: but in time of his absence, there hapned to Sabra a strange and wonderfull accident: for there came weltring into the Cabinet thrée most wilde and monstrous beasts, a Lyon, a Tygresse, and a she Wolfe, which took the babes out of their Cradles, and bore them to their secret dens.

At which sight, Sabra like one distraught of sense, started from her bed, and to her weake power offered to follow the beasts, but all in vaine: for before she could get without her Cabinet, they were past sight, and the childrens crie without her hearing: then like a discontented woman shee turned back, beating her breasts, rending her hayre, and raging up and downe her Cabinet, using all the rigour shee could devise against her selfe; and had not S. George returned the sooner: she had most violently committed her owne slaughter: but at his returne, when he beheld her face stained with teares: her head disrobed of ornaments, and her ivory brests all to be rent, and torne, he cast downe his venison, and in all haste asked the cause of her sorrow.

O (ſaid ſhé) this is the wofullest day that ever hapt to mé: fo2 in the time of your unhappy hunting, a Lioneſſe, a Tygreſſe, and a Wolfe came into the Cabinet, and toke my childzen from their Cradles; what is become of them I know not, but greatly I feare, by this time they are intombed within their hungry bowels.

O ſimple monuments (quoth hé) fo2 ſuch ſwét babes: Well Sabra, if the monſters have bereaved mé of my childzen, this bloody ſwo2d that dib'd into the entrailes of the fallow Déere, ſhall rive my wofull heart in twain. Accurſed be this fatall day, the Planets that p2edominate, and Sun that ſhines thereon, heaven blot it from the yére, and let it never moze bé numbzed, but accounted fo2 a diſmall day thzough all the wozld: let all the trées be blacked in theſe accurſed Woods: let hearbs and graſſe conſume away and die, and all this perish in this wilderneſſe. But why bzeathe I out theſe curſes in vaine, when as me thinks I heare my childzen in untamed Lyons dens, crying fo2 help and ſuccour? I come, ſwét babes, I come, either to redéeme you from the Tigers wzathfull jawes, o2 make my grave within their hungry bowels. Then took hé up his ſwo2d beſmeared all with blood, and like a man bereaved of wit and ſenſe, raged up and down the wilderneſſe, ſearching every co2ner fo2 his childzen, but his Lady remayned ſtill in her Cabinet, lamenting fo2 their loſſe, waſhing their Cradles with her pearled teares that ran down her ſtayned chéekes like ſilver dzops.

Many waies wandzed S. George, ſomtime in valleys where Wolves and Tigers lurk; ſometime on mountain tops, where Lions whelps do ſpo2t and play, and many times in diſmall thickets, where Snakes and Serpents live.

Thus wandzed S. George up and downe the wilderneſſe, fo2 the ſpace of two dayes, hearing no newes of his unchriſtned childzen. At laſt he app2oched the ſight of a pleaſant river, which ſmoothly glided down betwixt two mountaines, into whoſe ſtreames he purpoſed to caſt himſelfe,

and ſo by a deſperate death give end to his ſorrowes. But as he was committing his body to the mercy of the waters, and his ſoule to the pleaſure of the heavens, he heard a far off the ruſtull ſcrike, as he thought of a comfortleſſe Babe: which ſudden noyſe, cauſed him to refraine from his deſperate purpoſe, and with more diſcretion to tender his own ſafety. Then caſting his eye aſide, it was his happy deſtiny to ſpie three inhumane beaſts lying at the foot of the hill, tumbling themſelves againſt the warme Sun, and his three pretty Babes ſucking from their wombs, their moſt unkindly milk: which ſpectacle ſo incouraged the Champion that without further adviſement, with his ſingle ſword, he aſſailed at one time the three monſters: but ſo furiouſly they purſued him, that he little prevailed; and being almoſt breathleſſe, was forced to get into an Orange tree, elſe he had bin buried in their mercileſſe bowels: but when the three wild beaſts perceived him above their reaches, and that by no meanes they could come nere him, with their wrathfull jawes they ſo rent and tore the root of the tree, that if by policy hee had not prevented them, the tree had bin puld in pieces: for at that time it was ſo full of ripe Oranges, and ſo overloaden, that the branches ſeemed to bend, and the boughes to break: of which fruit he caſt ſuch abundance downe to the beaſts, whereby they reſtrained their furies, and fed ſo faſt thereon, that in ſhort time they grew drunk, and quite overcome with a dead and heavie ſleep. This good and happy fortune cauſed S. George nimbly to leap off the tree, and with his keene edged ſword cut off their heads from their bodies, the which being done, he went to his children, lying comfortleſſe upon a mollie banke; who ſo pleaſantly ſmiled in his face, that they made him greatly to rejoce, and to receive as great pleaſure in their ſights, as though he had beene honoured with the conqueſts of Cæſar, or the royalty of Alexander: therefore after he had given them his bleſſing, he took them up in his armes, and ſpake theſe words following.

Come, come my pretty Babes, your ſafe deliveries from theſe inhumane monſters, will adde long life unto your mother,

ther, and hath preserved your father from a desperate death, From hence-forth let heaven be your guide, and send you as happy fortunes as Remus and Romulus, the first founders of imperious Rome which in their infancies were nursed with the milke of a ravenous Wolfe: and as prosperous in your adventures, as was that Persian Potentate, which fed on the milke of a Witch. At the end of which speeches, he approched the Cabinet, where he left his Lady mourning for the losse of her children: but at his returne he found her without sense or moving, being not able to give him a joyful welcome whereof he fell into this extreme passion of sorrow.

O fortune, fortune (quoth he) how many griefes heapest thou upon my head! wilt thou néeds injoyne mée to an endlesse sorrow? See, Sabra, sée, I have redéemed our sonnes, and fréed them from the Tigers bloody jawes, whose wrathfull countenance did threaten death. Which comfortable speeches caused her presently to revive, and to take the silly Infants in her armes, laying them swetly upon her Ivory bosome, at which they séemed to smile as pleasantly, as Cupid in the lap of Dido, when Æneas sported in the Court of Carthage. The kind imbraces, loving speeches, & joyfull conference that past betwixt the Champion and his Lady, were now too long to be discoursed: but to be short, they remained in the wildernesse without further disturbance, either of wild beasts or other accident, till Sabra had recovered her child-bed sicknesse: and then being conducted by a happy star, they returned back the ready way to Christendome: where after some few daies travell they arrived in the Bohemian Court, where the King of that Country, with two other bordering Princes, most royally Christned his children. The eldest they named Guy: the second, Alexander: & the third David: the which being performed and the triumphs ended, which in most sumptuous manner continued for the space of one month, then the Bohemian King for the great love he bare unto Saint George, provided most honourably for his Childrens bringing up. First he appointed three severall Embassadours with

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all things necessary for so princely charge, to conduct the three infants to three several countries. The first and eldest whose fortune was to be a souldier, he sent to the imperiall City of Rome, (being then the wonder of the world for Martiall discipline) there by the Emperour to be trained up. The second, whose fortune was to be a Courtly Prince, hee sent to the rich and plentifull country of England, being the pride of Christendome for all delightfull pleasures. The third and last, whose fortune was to prove a Scholler, he sent into Germany, unto the university of Wittenberg, being thought at that time to be the excellentest place of learning, that remained throughout the whole World.

Thus were S. Georges children provided for by the Bohemian King: for when the Embassadors were in readinesse, the ships for their passage furnished, & their attendants appointed, S. George in the company of his Lady, the King of Bohemia with his Queene, & a traine of Lords, Gentlemen, and Ladies, conducted them to ship-boord, where the wind served them so prosperously, that in a short time they bade adue to the shore, and sayled chearefully away. But as Saint George returned back to the Bohemian Court, it was his chance to come by any old ruinated Monastery, under whose walls in former time his father was buried, the which hee knew by certaine verses that were carved in stone over his grave by the commons of the country (as you may read before in the beginning of this History.) Over the same he requested of the King, that he might erect a stately monument that the remembrance of his name might live for ever, and not be buried in the grave of obscurity.

To which reasonable demand, the King most willingly consented, & presently gave speciall commandement that the cunningest Architectors that remained within his Dominion, should forthwith bee sent for, & withall gave a tun of gold forth of his own Treasury towards the performance therof.

The sudden report of this memorable deed being bruited abroad, caused workmen to come from every place of

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their owne accord with such willingnesse, that they in short time finished it. The foundation of the Tombe was of the purest marble, wheron was ingraven the frame of the earth, and how the watry Ocean was divided, with woods, groves, hils, and dales, so lively portrayed, that it was a wonder to behold: the props and Pinacles of Alablaster, beset with knobs of Jasper stone, the sides and Pillars of the clearest Jet, upon the top stood foure golden Lyons, holding up, as it were an Element, therein was curiously contrived the golden Sunne and Moone, and how the heavens have usuall courses, with many other excellent things wrought both in gold and silver, which for this time I omit, because I am forced at large to discourse the Princely proceedings of Saint George, who after the Monument was finished, with his Lady, most humbly took their leave of the King, thanked him for his love, kindnesse, and courtesie, and so departed towards Egypt and Persia, of whose adventures you shall heare more in the Chapter following.

Chap. XVIII.

How S. George with his Lady arrived in Egypt: of their royall entertainment in the City of Grand Cayer: And also how Sabra was crowned Queene of Egypt,

MAny strange accidents, & dangerous adventures, S. George with his Lady passed before they arrived within the territories of Egypt, which I want memory to repeat, and Art to describe. But at last when fortune smiled, which before had long time crossed their intents with her inconstant chances, and had

ſaſt them happily upon the Egyptian ſhore, being the nurſe and mother of Sabraes firſt creation. The twelve Peeres unto whom S. George before time had committed the guiding of the Land, and keeping of his Crowne, as you heard before diſcourſed, now met him and his Lady at the Sea ſide, moſt richly mounted upon their coſtly trapped Steeds, and willingly ſurrendred up his Scepter, Crowne, and Regiment: and after, in company of many Princely Eſtates, both of Dukes, Earles, Lords, Knights, and royall Gentlemen, they attended them to the City of Grand Cayer, being then under the ſubjection of the Egyptian Monarchy, and the greateſt City in the world, for it was in breadth and compaſſe full three ſcore Miles, and had by juſt account within the wals twelve thouſand Churches, beſides Abbies, Priories, and houſes of Religion: but when Saint George with his ſtately attendants entred the gates, they were preſently entertained with ſuch a joyfull ſound of Bels, Trumpets, and Drums, that it ſeemed like the inſpiring melody of heavenly Angels, and to exceed the Royaltie of Cæſar in Rome, when he returned from the worlds conqueſt. The ſtreets were beautified with ſtately pageants, contrived by ſcholers of ingenious capacity, the pavement ſtrewed with all manner of odoriferous flowers, and the wals hung with Indian Coverlets and curious Tapeſtry.

Thus paſſed they the ſtreets in great ſolemnity, wondring at the curioſity of the pageants, and liſtning to their learned orations, till they entred the gates of the Pallace, where in the firſt entry of the Court was contrived over their heads, a golden pendant firmament, as it were ſupported by a hundred Angels: from thence it ſeemed to raine Nectar and Ambroſia: Likewiſe there deſcended, as it were from the clouds, Ceres, the goddeſſe of plenty, ſitting upon a throne of Gold, beautified with all manner of ſpringing things, as of Corne, Olives, Grapes, Hearbs, Flowers, and Trees: who, at the comming by of S. George and his Lady preſented them with two garlands of wheat, bound

up

up most curiously in bands of silver, to signifie that they were happily returned to a plentifull Country, both of welth and treasure. But at Ceres ascention up into the firmament, there was seen most strange and pleasant fire workes, shooting from place to place, as though the fiery Planets had descended heaven, and had generally consented to make them delightfull pastimes: but as Saint George with his Lady, crowned with garlands of Wheat, passed through the second Court, they beheld a Pageant most strangely contrived, wherein stood Mars the angry God of Warre, invironed with a Camp of armed souldiers, as if they were with their weapons ready charged to assault some strong Hold or invincible City: their silver Trumpets seemd to sound chearefully, their thundring Drums couragiously, their silken streamers to flourish valiantly, and themselves to march triumphantly All which seemed to give more content to Saint George, than all the delightfull pleasures before rehearsed: for there was nothing in all the world that more rejoyced his heart, than to heare the pleasant sound of Warre, and to see souldiers brandish forth their steeled weapons. After he had sufficiently delighted himselfe in these Martiall sports, and was ready to depart, the God of War descended his throne, and presented him with the richest Armour that ever eye beheld, and the bravest Sword that ever Knight handled: for they had beene kept within the City of Grand Cayer for the space of five hundred yeares, and held for the richest monuments in the Country. Also he presented Sabra with a mirrour of such an inestimable price, that it was valued at a Kings Ransome: for it was made by Magick Art: the vertues and qualities thereof were so precious, that it is almost incredible to report: for therein one might behold the secret misteries of all the liberall Sciences, and by Art discover what was practised in other Princes Courts: if any Hill or Mountaine within a thousand Miles of the place where it remained were inriched with a mine of gold, it would describe the place and Country, and how deepe it lay

closed in the earth: by it one might truly calculate upon the birth of children, succession of Princes, and continuance of common-weales, with many other excellent gifts of vertues, which for this time I omit. Then in great state passed Saint George to the third Court, which was as richly beautied with all gallant sights as the other twaine: for there was most lively portrayed the manner of Elizium, how Iove and Iuno sat invested on their royall thrones, and likewise how all the gods and goddesses took their places by degrees in Parliament: the sight was pleasant, and the device most excellent, their musick admired, and their songs most heavenly.

Thus passed Saint George with his Lady through the three Courts, till they came to the Pallace: wherein was provided against their comming, a stately banquet than had the Macedonian Monarch, at his returne into Babylon, when he had conquered the middle earth: the curious cates and well repleniſht dishes were so many, that I want Art or Eloquence to describe them: but to be short, it was the sumptuous banquet that ever they beheld, since their departure from the English Court, and so artificially served, as though that all the Kings of the world had bin present. Many dayes continued this sumptuous cheere, and accompanied with such princely triumphs, as Art her selfe wants memory to describe.

The Coronation of Sabra, which was royally performed within three months following, requires a golden pen to write it, & a tongue waſht in the conservatives of the Muses hony to declare it. Egypt was honoured with triumphs, and Grand Cayer with Tilts and turnaments. Through every Towne was proclaimed a solemne and festivall day, in the remembrance of their new crowned Queene; no Trades-man nor Artificer was suffered to work that day, but was charged upon paine of death to hold it for a day of triumph, a day of joy, and a day of pleasure, in which royalties S. George was a principall performer, till thirſt of honour summoned him to Armes: the remembrance of the Christian Champions in Persia, caused him to breviate the pas-

times

times, and to buckle on his ſteeled Corſlet, which had not gliſtered in the fields of Mars in foure and twenty dayes: of whoſe noble deeds, and adventurous procedings, I will at large diſcourſe, and leave all other paſtimes, to the new inveſted Queene and her Ladies.

Chap. XIX.

The bloody battell betwixt the Chriſtians and the Perſians, and how the Negromancer Oſmond rayſed up by Magick Art, an Army of ſpirits to fight againſt the Chriſtians: How the ſix Champions were inchanted, and recovered by Saint George: The miſery and death of the Conjurer, and how the Souldan brained himſelfe againſt a Marble pillar.

NOw muſt we returne to the Chriſtian Champions, and ſpeak of their battels in Perſia, and what hapned to them in S. Georges abſence: for if you remember before, being in Egypt, when he had newes of his Ladies condemnation in England, for the murther of the Earle of Coventry, he cauſed them to march into Perſia, and incouraged them to revenge his wrongfull impriſonment upon the Soldan and his Provinces: in which Country after they had marched ſome fiftie miles, burning & ſpoyling his Territories, they were intercepted by the Soldans power which was about the number of three hundred thouſand fighting men: but the muſter-rolles of the Chriſtians were likewiſe numbred, and they amounted not to above one hundred thouſand able men: at which time, betwixt the Chriſtians and Pagans, happened a long and dan-

gerous battell, the like in any age was seldome fought: for it continued without ceasing, for the space of five dayes, to the great effusion of blood on both parties.

But at last the Pagans had the worst: for when they beheld their fields bestrowed with mangled bodies, and that the rivers for twenty miles compasse did flow with Crimson blood, their hearts began to faile, & incontinently fled like sheep before the wolfe. Then the valiant Christians thirsting after revenge, speedily pursued them, sparing neither young nor old, till the wayes were strowed with liveles bodies, like heaps of scattered sand: in which pursuit and honourable Conquest, they burned two hundred Forts and Townes, battering their Towers of stone as levell with the ground, as harvest reapers do fields of ripened Corne: But the Souldan himselfe, with many of his best approved souldiers escaped alive, & fortified the City of Gzand Belgor, being the strongest Towne of warre in all the Kingdome of Persia: before whose wals we will leave the Christian Champions planting their puissant forces, & speak of the damnable practises of Osmond within the town, where he accomplisht many admirable accidents by Magick Art: for when the Christian Army had long time given assault to the wals, sending their fiery bullets to their lofty battlements like storms of winters haile whereby the Persian souldiers were not able any longer to resist, they began to yeeld, & commit their lives to the mercy of the Christian Champions: but when the Soldan perceived the souldiers cowardise, & how they would willingly resigne his happy government to forraine rule, he incouraged them still to resist the Christians desperat encounters, and within thirty daies, if they had not the honor of the war, then willingly to condiscend to their Countries conquest: which princely resolution incouraged the souldiers to resist, intending not to yeeld up their City, till death had made triumph on their bodies. Then departed he into a secret Tower, where he found Osmond sitting in his Chaire, studying by Magick how long Persia should remaine unconquered: who at his entrance

drove

drove him from his Charmes with theſe ſpeeches.

Thou wondrous man of Art (ſaid the Souldan) whom for Negromancy the world hath made famous. Now is the time to expreſſe the loyalty and love thou beareſt thy Soveraigne: Now is the time thy Charming Spels muſt worke for Perſias good: thou ſeeſt my fortunes are depreſt; my ſouldiers dead, my Captaines ſlaughtered, my Cities burned, my fields of Corne conſumed, and my Country almoſt conquered: I that was wont to cover the Seas with Fleets of ſhips, now ſtand amazed to heare the Chriſtians Drums, that ſound forth dolefull Funerals for my ſouldiers: I that was wont with my armed Legions to drink up rivers as we marched, and made the earth to grone with bearing the number of our multitudes: I that was wont to make whole Kingdomes tremble at my frownes, and force imperious Potentates to humble at my feet: I that have made the ſtreets of many a City to run with blood, and ſtood rejoycing when I ſaw their buildings burne: I that have made the mothers wombe the Infants tombes, and cauſed Cradles for to ſwim in ſtreams of blood, may now behold my Countries ruine, my Kingdomes fall, and mine owne fatall overthrow: Awake, great Oſmond, from thy dreaming trance, awake I ſay, and raiſe a troop of black infernall fiends to fight againſt the damned Chriſtians, that like to ſwarmes of Bées do flock about our wals. prevent, I ſay my lands invaſion, and as I am great Monarch of Aſia, Ile make thée King over twenty Provinces, and ſole commander of the Ocean, raiſe up I ſay, thy charmed ſpirits, leave burning Acharon empty for a time, to aid us in this bloody battell.

Theſe words were no ſooner ended, but there ratled ſuch a peale of Cannons againſt the City wals, that they made the very earth ſhake: whereat the Negromancer ſtarted from his Chaire, and in this manner incouraged the Souldan.

It is not Europe (quoth hee) nor all their petty bands of armed Knights, nor all the Princes in the world, that

ſhall

shall abate your princely dignity: am not I the great Magician of this age, that can both loose & bind the fiends, & call the black-fac'd Furies from low Cossitus? Am not I that skilful Artist, which framed the charmed Tower amongst the Amazonian Dames, which all the Witches in the world could never spoyle? Therefore let Learning, Art, & all the secrets of the deeps, assist me in this enterprize, and then let frowning Europe do her worst: my charmes shall cause the heavens to raine such ratling showres of stones upon their heads, wherby the earth shall be overloaden with their dead bodies, and hell overfilled with their hatefull soules: senseless trees shall rise in humane shapes, & fight for Persia. If wise Medea were ever famous for Arts, that did the like for safegard of her fathers state, then why should not Osmond practise wonders for his Soveraignes happinesse? Ile raise a troop of spirits from the lowest earth, more black than dismall night, the which in ugly shapes shall haunt them up and down, & when they sleep within their rich Pavilions, legions of fierce spirits wil I up-raise from hel, that like to Dragons spitting flames of fire, shall blast and burne the damned Christians in their Tents of war: The fields of Gaand Belgor shall bee overspread with venemous Snakes, Adders, Serpents, and impoysoned Toads, the which unseene shall lurke in mossie ground, and sting the Coronels of warlike horses: downe from the Chrystall firmament, I will conjure a troop of ayrie spirits to descend, that like to virgins clad in princely ornaments, shall linke those Christian Champions in the chaines of love: their eyes shall bee like the twinkling Lamps of heaven, and dazle so their warlike thoughts, and their lovely countenances, more bright than Fayries, shall lead them captives to a Tent of love, the which shall be artificially erected up by my Magick Spels: their warlike weapons that were, wont to smoak in Pagans blood, shall in my charmed Tent be hung upon the bowers of peace: their glistering Armours that were wont to shine within the fields

fields of Affrica, shall henceforth be evermore stained with rust: & themselves surnamed for Martial discipline, the wondrous Champions of the world, shall surfet with delightfull loves, & slæp upon the laps of ayrie spirits, that shall descend the elements in virgin shapes: terror & despaire shal mightily oppresse their mercilesse souldiers, that they shall yæld the honourable conquest to your excellency: such strange and wondrous accidents by Art shal be accomplished, that heaven shal frown at my inchantments & the earth tremble to heare my Conjurations. Therefore most mighty Persian, number up thy scattered bands, and to morrow in the morning set open thy gates, and march thitherward with thy armed souldiers: leave not a man within the city, but let every one that is able to beare Armes, fight in the honour of Persia, and before the closing of the night, Ile make thee Conqueror, and yæld up the braving Christians as prisoners to thy mightinesse.

If this prove true, renowned Osmond as thou hast promised (sayd the Souldan) earth shall not harbour that too deare for thee: for thou shalt have my selfe, my Kingdoms, Crownes, and Scepters at command: the wealthy River Ganges, shall pay thee yærely tribute with her Treasure: Pactulus shall yæld his riches to thy pleasure, the place where Midas washt his golden wish away. All things that nature framed precious, shalt thou be Lord and Sole commander of, if thou prevent the invasion of my Countrey: and thereupon he departed the Chamber, and left the Negromancer in his study, and as he gave commandement, his Captaines made in readinesse his souldiers, and furnished their warlike horses, and by the Sunnes uprising, marched into the fields of Belgor: where upon the Northside of the enemy they pitched their Camp. On the other side, when the warlike Christians had intelligence by their Courts of guard, how the Pagans were entred the fields, ready to give them battell, sudden Alarums sounded in their eares, rumors of conquest encouraged so their souldiers, that presently they were in readinesse to entertaine the

Perſians to a bloody banquet. Both Armies were in ſight, with blood-red colours wauering in the ayre: the Chriſtian Champions richly mounted on their warlike courſers, placed themſelues in the forefront of the battell, like couragious Captaines, fearing neither death, nor inconſtant chance of fortune. But the Soudan with his petty Princes like cowards, were inuironed and compaſt with a ring of armed Knights, where in ſtead of nimble Stæds, they ſat in yron Chariots. Diuers heroicall and many princely encouragements paſt betweene the two Armies, before they entred battell: But when the Drums began to ſound alarum, and the ſilver Trumpets gaue dreadfull ecchoes of death: when the croſſe of Chriſtendome began to flourith, and the Armes of Mahomet to bee aduanced: euen then began ſo terrible and bloody a battell, that the like was neuer found in any age, for before the Sun had mounted to the top of heauen, the Pagans receiued ſo great a maſſacre, & fell ſo faſt before the Chriſtian Champions, that they were forc't to wade up to the knées in blood, and their ſouldiers to fight upon heaps of ſlaughtered men: the fields were altered from a grẽn colour to a purple hue, the dales were ſtept in crimſon goze, and the Hils and Mountaines couered with dead mens ratling bones.

But let us not forget the wicked Negromaneer Oſmond, that during the time of that dangerous enconnter kneeled in a low valley neere unto the Camps, with his black hayre hanging downe unto his ſhoulders like a wreath of ſnakes, and with his ſilver wand circling the earth; where when he heard the ſound of Drums thundring in the ayre, and the brazen Trumpets giuing dreadfull ſounds of war, he entred into theſe fatall and damned ſpæches:

Now is the battell (quoth he) furiouſly begunne, for me thinkes I heare the Soudan crie for help: now is the time my charming Spels muſt worke for Perſias victory, and Europs fatall ouerthrow: which being ſaid, thrice did he kiſſe the earth, thrice beheld the Elements: and thrice beſprinckled the circle with his owne blood, the which with a ſilver

razor

razor hee let from his left arme, and after began againe to speak in this manner.

Stand stil you wandring lamps of heaven, move not swift stars, but linger on, till Osmonds Charmes bee brought to full effect. O thou great Dæmon, Prince of damned ghosts, thou chiefe commander of those fearefull shapes, that nightly glide by misbeléeving travellers, even thou that holdest a snakie Scepter in thy hand, sitting upon a throne of burning stéele, even thou that bindst the furies up in chaines, even thou that tossest burning firebrands abroad, even thou whose eyes are like two blazing and unlucky Commets, even thée I charge to let thy furies loose, open thy brazen gates and leave thy boyling cauldron empty: send up such Legions of infernall fiends that may in number counterbaile the blades of grasse that beautifie these bloody fields of Belgor.

These fatall spæches were no sooner finished, but there appeared such a multitude of spirits, both from the earth, water, ayre, and fire, that it is almost incredible to report, thé which hee caused to runne unto the Christian Army: whose burning Fauchions not only annoyed the souldiers with feare and terror, but also fired their Horse Manes, burned the trappings, consumed their Banners, scorched trées and hearbs, and dimmed the Elements with such an extreme darkenesse, as though the earth had béene covered with eternall night: hée caused his spirits likewise to rayse such a terrible tempest, that it tore up mighty Oakes by the roots, removed hils and mountaines, and blew men into the ayre horse and all: yet neither his Magick Arts, nor all the furies of his wicked spirits could any whit daunt the most noble and magnanimous mindes of the five Champions of Christendome: but like unconquered Lyons they purchast honour where they went, colouring their swords in Pagans blood, making the earth true witnesse of their victorious and heroicall procædings, whom they attyred in a blood-red livery: and though Saint George (the chiefest Champion of Christendome for Marti-

all discipline and princely atchievements) were absent in that terrible battell: yet merited they as much honor, and renowne, as though he had bin there present: for the accursed Pagans fel before their warlike weapons, as thick as leaves do fall from trees, when the blustering stormes of winter enter on the earth. But when the wicked Negromancer Osmond perceived that his Magick spels took small effect, and how in despite of his Inchantments the Christians got the better of the day, he accursed his Art, and banned the houre and time wherin he first attempted so evill and wicked an enterprise, thinking them to be preserved by Angels or else by some celestiall meanes: but yet not purposing to leave of at the first repulse, hee attempted another way by Negromancy to overthrow the Christians.

First he erected up by Magick Art a stately Tent, outwardly in show like to the compasse of the earth: but furnished inwardly with all the delightsome pleasures that either Art or reason could invent, only framed to inchant the Christian Champions with inticing delights, whom he purposed to kéep as prisoners therein: then fell he againe to his conjuration, and bound a hundred spirits by due obedience to transforme themselves into the likenesse of beautifull virgins, which in a moment they accomplished, and they were framed in forme and beauty, like to the darlings of Venus, in comelinesse comparable with Thetis dancing on the silver sands, & in all proportions like Daphne, whose beauty caused Apollo to descend the heavens: their limbs were like the lofty Cedars: their chéekes to Roses dipt in milk, and their eyes more bright than the stars of heaven: also they séemed to carrie in their hands silver bowes, and on their backs hung quivers of golden arrowes. Likewise upon their breasts they had pictured the god of love, dancing upon Mars his knée.

Thus in the shape of beautious Damsels, caused he these spirits to enter the Christians Armie, and with the golden baite of their intising smiles, to tangle the Champions in the snares of love, and with their smiling beauties lead them

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from their ſouldiers, and to bring them priſoners into his inchanted Tent. Which commandement being no ſooner given, but theſe virgins, or rather infernall furies, more ſwift than the winds, glided into the Chriſtians Army, where their glittering beauties ſo dazled the eyes of the Sr Chriſtian Champions, and their ſober countenances ſo intrapped their hearts with deſire, that their princely valours were abated, and they ſtood gazing at their excellent proportions, as though Meduſaes ſhaddowes had bæne pictured upon their faces, to whom the intiſing Ladies ſpake in this manner:

Come Princely Gallants, come, away with Armes, forget the ſounds of bloody war, and hang your angry weapons on the bowre of peace: Venus yon ſæ hath ſent her meſſengers from Paphos, to lead you to the Paradiſe of love: there heaven will raine downe Nectar and Ambroſia ſwæt for you to fæd upon; and there the melody of Angels will make you muſick: there ſhall you fight upon beds of ſilke, and encounter with intiſing kiſſes. Theſe golden promiſes ſo raviſhed the Champions, that they were inchanted with their loves, and vowed to take their laſt farewell of Knighthood and magnanimious Chivalry.

Thus were they led from their warlike companies to the Negromancers inchanted Tent, leaving their ſouldiers without guiders in danger of confuſion. But the Quæne of chance ſo ſmiled upon the Chriſtians, that at the ſame time Saint George arrived in Perſia with a freſh ſupply of Egyptian Knights: of whoſe noble atchievements I purpoſe now to ſpeake: For no ſooner had hee entred the battell and placed his ſquadrons, but he had intelligence of the Champions miſadventures, and how they lay inchanted in a Magick Tent, ſlæping in pleaſure upon the laps of infernall furies, the which Oſmond had tranſformed, by his charmes, into the likeneſſe of beautifull Damſels: which unexpected newes conſtrained S. George to breath from his ſorrowfull heart this wofull lamentation.

Unconſtant fortune (quoth hæ) why doeſt thou enter-

all diſcipline and princely atchievements) were abſent in that terrible battell: yet merited they as much honor, and renowne, as though he had bin there preſent: for the accurſed Pagans fel before their warlike weapons, as thick as leaves do fall from trees, when the bluſtering ſtormes of winter enter on the earth. But when the wicked Negromancer Oſmond perceived that his Magick ſpels took ſmall effect, and how in deſpite of his Inchantments the Chriſtians got the better of the day, he accurſed his Art, and banned the houre and time wherin he firſt attempted ſo evill and wicked an enterpriſe, thinking them to be preſerved by Angels or elſe by ſome celeſtiall meanes: but yet not purpoſing to leave of at the firſt repulſe, hee attempted another way by Negromancy to overthrow the Chriſtians.

Firſt he erected up by Magick Art a ſtately Tent, outwardly in ſhow like to the compaſſe of the earth: but furniſhed inwardly with all the delightſome pleaſures that either Art or reaſon could invent, only framed to inchant the Chriſtian Champions with inticing delights, whom he purpoſed to kæp as priſoners therein: then fell he againe to his conjuration, and bound a hundred ſpirits by due obedience to transforme themſelves into the likeneſſe of beautifull virgins, which in a moment they accompliſhed, and they were framed in forme and beauty, like to the darlings of Venus, in comelineſſe comparable with Thetis dancing on the ſilver ſands, & in all proportions like Daphne, whoſe beauty cauſed Apollo to deſcend the heavens: their limbs were like the lofty Cedars: their chækes to Roſes dipt in milk, and their eyes more bright than the ſtars of heaven: alſo they ſeemed to carrie in their hands ſilver bowes, and on their backs hung quivers of golden arrowes. Likewiſe upon their breaſts they had pictured the god of love, dancing upon Mars his knæ.

Thus in the ſhape of beautious Damſels, cauſed he theſe ſpirits to enter the Chriſtians Armie, and with the golden baite of their intiſing ſmiles, to tangle the Champions in the ſnares of love, and with their ſmiling beauties lead them

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from their souldiers, and to bring them prisoners into his inchanted Tent. Which commandement being no sooner given, but these virgins, or rather infernall furies, more swift than the winds, glided into the Christians Army, where their glistering beauties so dazled the eyes of the six Christian Champions, and their sober countenances so intrapped their hearts with desire, that their princely valours were abated, and they stood gazing at their excellent proportions, as though Medusaes shadowes had beene pictured upon their faces, to whom the intising Ladies spake in this manner:

Come Princely Gallants, come, away with Armes, forget the sounds of bloody war, and hang your angry weapons on the bowre of peace: Venus you see hath sent her messengers from Paphos, to lead you to the Paradise of love: there heaven will raine downe Nectar and Ambrosia sweet for you to feed upon; and there the melody of Angels will make you musick: there shall you fight upon beds of silke, and encounter with intising kisses. These golden promises so ravished the Champions, that they were inchanted with their loves, and vowed to take their last farewell of Knighthood and magnanimious Chivalry.

Thus were they led from their warlike companies to the Negromancers inchanted Tent, leaving their souldiers without guiders in danger of confusion. But the Queene of chance so smiled upon the Christians, that at the same time Saint George arrived in Persia with a fresh supply of Egyptian Knights: of whose noble atchievements I purpose now to speake: For no sooner had hee entred the battell and placed his squadrons, but he had intelligence of the Champions misadventures, and how they lay inchanted in a Magick Tent, sleeping in pleasure upon the laps of infernall furies, the which Osmond had transformed, by his charmes, into the likenesse of beautifull Damsels: which unexpected newes constrained S. George to breath from his sorrowfull heart this wofull lamentation.

Unconstant fortune (quoth hee) why doest thou enter-

taine me with ſuch bitter newes: are my fellow Champions come from Chriſtendom to win immortall honour with their ſwords, and lie they now bewitcht with beauty? Come they from Europe to fight in coats of ſteele, and will they lie diſtraught in tents of love? Came they to Aſia to purchaſe a Kingdom: & by bloody war to ruinate Countries, & will they yéeld their victories to ſo foule diſgrace? O ſhame and great diſhonour to Chriſtendome! O ſpot to Knight-hood and true Chivalry: this newes is far more bitter to my ſoule, than was the poyſoned dregs that Antipater gave to Alexander in his drunkenneſſe, & a deadlier pain unto my heart, than was the juyce that Hannibal ſuckt from his fatall ring. Come, ſouldiers, come you followers of thoſe cowardly Champions, unſheath your warlike weapens, and follow him whoſe ſoule hath vowed either to redéeme them from the Negromancers charmes, or die with honour in the enterprize. If ever mortall creatures warred with damned furies, & made a paſſage to inchanted dales, where divels dance, and warlike ſhaddowes in the night: then ſouldiers, let us march unto that black Pavilion, and chain the curſed charmer to ſome blaſted Oak, that hath ſo highly diſhonoured Chriſtendome.

Theſe reſolute ſpéeches were no ſooner finiſhed, but the whole Armie, before daunted with feare, grew ſo courageous, that they protefted to follow him through more dangers than did the Grecian Knights with noble Iaſon in the Ile of Colcos. Now began the battell againe to renew, and the Drums to ſound fatall knels for the Pagan ſouldiers, whoſe ſoules the Chriſtians ſwords by numbers ſent to burning Acharon: but S. George, that in valour exceéded the reſt, as much as the golden Sun ſurpaſſeth the ſmalleſt ſtarres in brightneſſe, with his ſword made lanes of ſlaughtered men, and with his angry arme made paſſage thorow the thickeſt of their troops, as though that death had béene commander of the battell: he cauſed Crownes and Scepters to ſwim in blood, and headleſſe Stéeds with ſayntleſſe men to fall as faſt before his ſword, as drops of raine before a thunder, and

even

even in greatest danger, he incouraged his souldiers in this manner: Now for the fame of Christendom, fight, Captaines be now triumphant conquerors, or Christian Martyrs.

These words so incouraged the souldiers hearts with invincible valour, that they neither feared the Negromansers charmes, nor all his flaming dragons nor firey drakes that filled the ayre with burning lights, nor daunted at the strange encounters of hellish Legions, that like to Armed men with burning Fauchions haunted them; so fortunate were their procædings, that they followed the invincible Champion to the inchanted Tent whereas the other Champions lay surfetting in love, whilst thousands of their friends fought in fearefull Coates of steele, and merited renowne by their noble atchievements: for no sooner arrived S. George with his warlike followers before the Pavilion, but he heard as it were the melody of the Muses: likewise his eares were almost ravished with the sugared songs of the inchanted virgins, which like the musick of Orpheus Harp, caused both stones and trees to dance, and made the Elements to shew more brighter than the mornings beauty with drops of hony trickling downe their chrystall cheekes: the Doves did kisse when they began to sing: the runnining waters danced, and every senseless thing did seeme to breath out sighes for love: so pleasant and heavenly were the sights in the Tent, and so delightfull in his eyes, that hee had beene inchanted with their Charmes if he had not continually borne the honour of knighthood in his thoughts, and that the dishonour would redound to Christendomes reproach: therefore with his sword he let drive at the Tent, and cut it into a thousand peices, the which being done, he apparantly beheld where the Negromancer sate upon a block of steele, feeding his spirits with drops of blood, whom when the champion beheld, he caused his souldiers to lay hold upon him, and after chained him fast to the root of an old blasted Oake: from whence neyther his Art, nor helpe of all his Charmes, nor all the Legions of his Divels could ever after loose him:

where

where wee leave him to his lamentations, filling the ayre with ecchoes of cries, and ſpeak how S. George redæmed the Champions from their inchantments.

Firſt when he beheld them diſrobed of their warlike attire, their furniture hung up, and themſelves ſecurely ſlæping upon the laps of Ladies, hæ fell into theſe diſcontented ſpæches.

O heavens (ſaid he) how my ſoule abhorres this ſpectacle! Champions of Chriſtendome, ariſe, brave knights, ſtand up, I ſay, and look about like men: are you the choſen Captaines of your Countries, and will you bury all your honors up in Ladies laps? for ſhame ariſe, I ſay, they have the teares of Crocodiles, the ſongs of Syrens to Inchant: to Armes, brave knights, let honour be your loves: bluſh to behold your friends in Armes, and bluſh to ſæ your native countrymen ſtæping the fields of Mavors with their bloods, Champions, ariſe, S. George calles, the victory will tarry til you come: ariſe, and teare this womaniſh attire, ſurfet not in ſilken robes: put on your ſtæled Corſlets, your gliſtering Burgonets, and unſheath your conquering weapons, that Mavours fields may be covered into a purple Ocean.

Theſe Heroycall ſpæches were no ſooner finiſh[illegible] but the Champions like men amazed, roſe from their [illegible]ladies boſomes, and being aſhamed of their follies, they ſubmiſſively craved pardon, and vowed by proteſtations, never to ſlæp in beds of downe, nor never unbuckle their ſhields from their weary armes, till they had wonne their credits in the fields againe: nor never would be counted his deſerved followers, till their triumpes were inrouled amongſt the dæds of Martiall knights. So arming themſelves with their approved Corſlets, and taking to them their truſty ſwords, they accompanied Saint George to the thickeſt of their enemies, and left the Negromancer chayned to the træ, which at their departure breathed forth theſe bitter curſes.

Let Hels horror, and tormenting paines (quoth he) be

their eternall punishments: let flaming fire descend the elements, and consume them in their warlike triumphs, and let their wayes be strowed with venemous thornes, that al their legs may rancie to their knées, before they march to their native Country. But why exclaime I thus in vaine, when heaven it selfe preserves their happinesse? Now all my Magick charmes are ended, and all my spirits forsake me in my néeds, and heream I fast chained up to starve and die. Have I had power to rend the vales of earth, and shake the mighty mountaines with my Charmes? Have I had power to raise up dead mens shapes from kingly tombes: and can I not unchain my selfe from this accursed traine? O no, for I am fetred up by the immortall power of the Christians God; against whom because I did rebell, I am now condemned to everlasting fire. Come, all you Negromancers in the world, come all you Sorcerers and Charmers, come all you Scholliers from the learned Universities, come all you Witches, Beldames, and Fortune-tellers, and all that practise devilish Arts, come take example by the story of my fall.

This being said, he violently with his owne hands tore his eyes from his head, as a sufficient revenge, because by the direction of their wils, he was first trained in that damned Art: then betwixt his teeth hée bit in two his loathsome tongue: because it murmured forth many fatall charmes: then into his thirsty bowels hée devoured his hands, because they had so often held the silver wand, wherewith he had made his charmed circles, and for every letter, marke, and character, that belonged to his Conjurations hée inflicted a severall torment upon himselfe: and at last, with sightlesse eyes, spéechlesse tongue, handlesse armes, and dismembred body, hée was forced to give up his condemned ghost: where after his ayre of life was banished from his earthly trunck, the heavens seemed to smile and triumph at his sudden fall, and hell began to rore at the conquest of his death: the ground whereon he died, was ever after that time unfortunate, and

to this preſent time, it is called in that Countrey a vale of walking ſpirits.

Thus have you heard the damned life, & miſerable fall of this accurſed Negromãcer Oſmond, whom we will now leave to the puniſhments due to ſuch a wicked offender, and ſpeak of the ſeven noble and magnanimous Chriſtian Champions.

After Saint George had ended theſe Inchantments, they never ſheathed up their ſwords, nor unlocked their Armour, till the ſubverſion of Perſia was accompliſhed, and the Souldan with his petty Kings taken priſoner. Seven dayes the battell continued without ceaſing: they ſlew two hundred thouſand ſouldiers, beſides a number that fled away and drowned themſelves: ſome caſt themſelves headlong downe from the top of high trées, ſome made ſlaughter of themſelves, and ſome yéelded to the mercies of the Chriſtians: but the Souldan with his Princes riding in their Iron Chariots, endured the Chriſtians encounters, till the whole Army was diſcomfited, and then by force and violence they were compelled to yéeld. The Souldan hapned into the hands of Saint George, and ſix of his Viceroyes to the other ſix Champions, where after they had ſworne allegeance to the Chriſtian Knights, and had promiſed to forſake their Mahomet, they were not only ſet at liberty, but uſed moſt honourably: but the Souldan himſelfe having a heart fraught with Deſpight and Tyranny, contemned the Champions courteſies, and utterly diſdained their Chriſtian governments, proteſting that the heavens ſhould firſt loſe their wonted brightneſſe, and the ſeas forſake their ſwelling Tides: before his heart ſhould yéeld to their intended deſires: whereupon Saint George being reſolved to revenge his former injuries, commanded that the Souldan ſhould be diſrobed from all Princely attyre, and in baſe apparell ſent to Priſon, even to the ſame Dungeon where he himſelfe had indured ſo long impriſonment, as you heard in the beginning of the Hiſtorie: which ſtrict commande-

ment

ment was presently performed: in which Dungeon the Soul-dan had not long continued, sufficing his hungry stomacke with the bread of musty Bran, and stanching his thirst with channell water, but he began to grow desperate, and weary of his life, and at last fell into this wofull lamentation.

O heavens (quoth he) now have you throwne a deserved plague upon my head, and all those guiltlesse soules that in former times my tyrannies have murthered, may now bee fully satisfied, for I that was wont to have my table beautified with Kings; am now constrained to fæd alone in a Dungeon, where sorrow is my food, and despaire my servitor: I that have famished thousands up in wals of stone, am now constrayned to fæd upon mine owne flesh, or else to starve and die: yet shall these cruell Christians know that as I liv'd in tyranny, so will I die: for I will make a murther of my selfe, that after this life, my angry ghost may fill their sleeps with gastly visions.

This being said, hee desperatly ranne his head against a Marble pillar, standing in the middle of the Dungeon, and dasht his braines from out his hatefull head: the newes of whose death, when it was bruited to the Champions eares, they proffered no violence to his lifelesse body, but intombed him in a sumptuous Sepulchre, and after that, S. George tooke upon him the government of Persia, and there established good and Christian lawes: also he gave to the other six Champions, fit severall Kingdomes belonging to the Crowne of Persia, and surnamed them his Viceroyes or petty Kings. This being done, hee took truce with all the world, and triumphantly marched towards Christendome, with the Conquest of three Imperiall Diadems, that is to say, of Egypt, Persia, and Morocco: In which journey hee erected many stately monuments, in remembrance of his victories and heroicall atchivements, and through every Countrey that they marched, there flocked to them an innumerable company of Pagans, that desired to follow him

into Christendome, and to be christned in their faith, protesting to forsake their gods, whose worshippers were none but tyrants, and such as delighted in nothing but shedding of blood. To whose requests, Saint George presently condiscended: not only in granting them their desires, but also in honouring them with the favour of his Princely countenance. This courtesie of the English Champion merited such a glistering glory through the world, that as far as ever the swelling Ocean flowed, and as farre as ever the golden Globes of heaven extended their lights, Saint Georges honour was united: and not only his matchlesse adventures caracted in brazen tables, but in martiall exploits painted in every Temple: so that the heathen Poets contrived Histories of his deeds, and famoused his name amongst the worthies of the world.

In this Princely manner marched S. George with his warlike troops through the territories of Affrica & Asia in greater royalty, than did Darius with his Persian souldiers towards the camp of time-wondred Alexander. But when the Christian Champions approched the sight of the watry world, and began to go aboard their Ships, the Earth seemed to mourne at their farewels, and the Seas to rejoyce at their presence, the Waves couched as smooth as Christall Pee, and the Windsblew such gentle gales as though the Sea-Gods had bene directors of their Fleet, the Dolphines danced above the water, and the lovely Mare-maids, in multitudes lay dallying amidst the streames, making them delightfull passtime: the Skies seemed to smile, and the Sunne to shew a glistering brightnesse upon the Christall waters, that the Sea seemed to be of silver.

Thus in great pleasure they passed the time away committing their fortunes to the mercy of the windes and the Waters, who did so favourably serve them, that in short time they arrived upon the Banks of Christendom: where being no sooner come on shore, and past the dangers

dangers of the Seas, but S. George in the presence of thousands of his followers, kneeled down on the ground, and gave God prayse for his happy arriuall, by these words following.

O thou omnipotent God of new Jerusalem, wee not only giue thee condigne prayse, for our late atchieued victories against thy enemies, who by their wickednesse seeke dayly to pull thee from thy celestiall throne, but also do render thee hearty thankes, that hast deliuered us safely from the furies of the raging Seas, that otherwise might haue drenched us in her deuouring gulfe, as thou didst Pharaoh with his golden Chariots, and his inuincible Legions: therefore, great King of Iuda, under whose name we haue taken many things in hand, and haue atchieued so many victories, grant that these true oblations of our thankfull hearts may be acceptable in thy sight, which be no fained ceremonies, but the inward deuotions of our soules: and therewithall letting fall a showre of teares from their eyes, and discharging a volley of sighes from their breasts, as a signification of the integrity of their soules: he held his peace: then gaue he commandement that the Army should be discharged, and every one rewarded according to his desert, which within seuen weekes was performed, to the great honor of Christendome.

After this Saint George earnestly requested the other six Champions, that they would honour him with their presence home to his Country of England, and there receiue the comfort of joyfull ease, after the bloody encounters of so many dangerous battels. This motion of S. George not only obtained their consents, but aded a forwardnesse to their willing minds: so incontinently they set forward towards England; upon whose chalkie cliffes they in a short time arriued, and after this took their journey towards the City of London, where their entertainments were so honourably performed, as I want the eloquence of Cicero, and the Rethorick of Caliope to describe it.

Thus gentle Reader, hast thou heard the first part of the honourable lives, and princely atchievements of these worthy Champions, which if with a kind courtesie thou accept of, my weary Muse shall take in hand the second part wherein is described the fortunes of S. Georges children, the loves of many gallant Ladyes: the combats and Turnaments of noble knights: the Tragedies of mighty Potentates, and finally the honourable deaths, and places of these renowned Champions ends. Thus fare you well.

From my house at London,
the two and twenty day
of May 1616.

R. I.

FINIS.

THE FAMOVS HISTORY OF

the Seven Champions of Christendome.

The Second Part.

LIKEWISE

Shewing the Princely Proweſſe of Saint GEORGES three Sonnes, the lively Sparks of Nobility.

Whereunto is added by the firſt Author, the true manner of their deaths, being ſeven famous Tragedies: and how they came to be called the ſeven Saints of Chriſtendome.

LONDON,
Printed by *Richard Biſhop.*

THE FAMOVS HISTORY OF the Seven Champions of Christendome.

The Second Part.

LIKEWISE
Shewing the Princely Prowesse of Saint GEORGE, three Sonnes, the lively Sparks of Nobility.

Whereunto is added by the first Author, the true manner of their deaths, being seven famous Tragedies: and how they came to be called the seven Saints of Christendome.

LONDON,
Printed by Richard Bishop.

TO THE RIGHT Honourable, the Lord WILLIAM HOWARD, *Richard Iohnſon* wiſheth encreaſe of all Proſperity.

AS it hath, Right Honourable, of late pleaſed your moſt Noble Brother in kindneſſe to accept of this Hiſtory, and to grace it with a favourable countenance: So am I now emboldned to dedicate this Second Part unto your Honour, which here I humbly offer to your Lordſhips hands, not becauſe I think it a gift worthy the receiver; but rather that

it ſhould be, as it were, a witneſſe of the love and duty which I beare to your Right Noble Houſe.

And when it ſhall pleaſe you to beſtow the reading of theſe my rude Diſcourſes, my humble requeſt is, that you would think I wiſh your Honour as many happy dayes, as there bee letters contayned in this Hiſtory.

Thus praying for your Honours chiefe happineſſe, I end

Your Honours
in all dutifull love,
to his poore power.

R. F.

TO THE GENTLE READER.

I Have finiſhed The Second Part of the Seven Champions of Chriſtendome, *only for thy delight, being thereto incouraged by thy great acceptation of my* Firſt Part. *I have no eloquent phraſes to invite thy willingneſſe to read, only a little barren invention, whereof I have no cauſe to boaſt, ſo excellently the wits of many in theſe dayes in that kinde exceed. Only thy courteſie muſt bee my Buckler againſt the carping malice of mocking leſters, that being worſe able to do well, ſcoffe commonly at that they*

cannot mend, cenſuring all things, doing nothing, but (Monky-like) make Apiſh jeſts at any thing they ſee in Print: and nothing pleaſeth them, except it ſavour of a ſcoffing or invective ſpirit. Well, what thoſe ſay of mee I do not care, thy delight only is my deſire: Accept it, and I am ſatisfied; reject it, and this ſhall be my penance, never againe to come in Print. But having better hope, I boldly lead thee to this Mayne, from this doubtfull flood of ſuſpicion, where I reſt. Walk on in the Hiſtory, as in an overgown and ill husbanded Garden; if among all the weeds thou finde one pleaſing flower, I have my wiſh.

Thine, Richard Iohnſon.

The most Honourable History of the seven CHAMPIONS of Christendome.

The second Part.

How *Saint Georges* three Sons were entertained into the famous City of *London*, and after how their Mother was slain in a Wood with the pricks of a Thorny Brake, her blessings she gave her Sons, *S. Georges* lamentation over her bleeding body: and likewise of the journey the seven Champions intended to *Iernsalem* to visit the Sepulchre of Christ.



After Saint George with the other six Champions of Christendome (by invincible Conquests) had brought into subjection all the Eastern parts, and by dint of bloody warres yoked the stubborne Infidels even to the farthest bounds of India, where the Golden Spring beginneth to arise, as you heard discoursed in the former part of the Historie, they turned with the conquest of

Imperiall Diadems, Regall Crownes, and Kingly Sceptors in the rich and plentifull Country of England: where in the famous City of London they many a day sojourned, a place not only beautified with sumptuous buildings, but graced with a number of valiant Knights and gallant Gentlemen of Courtly behaviour, and therewithall adorned with troops of Ladyes, of Divine and Celestiall beauties, that tript it up and down the streets like to the Grecian Queens, when as they tied the Phrygian Warriours in the silken snares of love: whereby it seemed rather a Paradise for heavenly Angels, than a place for earthly inhabitants.

Heere the Christian Champions laid their Armes aside, here hung they up their Weapons on the Bowers of Peace, here their glistering Corslets rusted in their Armories, here was not heard the warlike sound of Drums, nor silver Trumpets, here stood no Centinels nor Courts of Guard, nor Barbed Steeds prepared to the Battell, but all things tended to a lasting Peace. They that had wont in steeled Coats to sleep in Champion fields, lay dallying now in beds of silk: they that had wont with weary armes to weeld the warlike Fauchions, sat now imbracing lovely Ladies on their knees, and they whose eares had wont to heare the rufull cries of slaughtered Souldiers, were now ore-cloyd with Musicks pleasant harmony.

In this delicious manner lived these Champions in the City of London, burying the remembrance of all their former Adventures in the Lake of Oblivion, and spending their times in honourable Tilts and Courtly Turnaments: where Saint George performed many atchievements in honour of his beloved Lady, and the other Knights in honour of their Mistresses.

But at last Saint Georges three Sonnes, Guy, Alexander and David, being all three borne at one birth, as you heard before in the Wilderness, and sent into three severall Kingdomes by their carefull Father to be trained up:

the

the one in Rome to the warlike Romanes, another unto Wittenberg to the learned Germans, the third unto Britain to the valiant Engliſh. But now being grown to ſome ripeneſſe of age, and agility of ſtrength, they deſired much to viſit their Parents, whom they had not ſeen from their infancies, lying in their Cradles: and to crave at his hands the honour of true Knighthood, and to weare the golden Spurre of Chriſtendome.

This earneſt and Princely requeſt ſo highly pleaſed their Tutors, that they furniſhed them with a ſtately traine of Knights, and ſent them honourably into England, where they arrived all three at one time in the famous City of London, where their entertainments were moſt Princely, and their welcomes ſo honourable, that I want Art to deſcribe, and memory to expreſſe.

I omit what ſumptuous Pageants and delightfull ſhowes the Citizens provided, and how the Streets of London were beautified with Tapeſtry, the ſolemne Bels that rung them joyfull welcomes, and the Silver trained Inſtruments that gave them pleaſant entertainment. Alſo I paſſe over their Fathers joy, who prized their ſights more precious in his eyes than if hee had beene made ſole Monarch of the golden mines of rich America: or that every hayre that grew upon his head had beene equalled with a Kingdome, and hee to give as many golden Diadems in his Armes. Alſo the Mothers welcomes to her Sonnes, who gave them more kiſſes than ſhe breathed forth groanes at their deliveries from her painefull wombe in the Wilderneſſe.

The other Champions courteſies were not the leaſt nor of the ſmalleſt in account to theſe three young Gentlemen: but to bee ſhort, Saint George (whoſe love was deare unto his Children) in his owne perſon conducted them unto their Lodgings, whereas they ſpent that Day and the Night following in Royall banqueting amongſt their Princely Friends.

But no sooner appeared the mornings Sunne upon the Mountaine tops, and the cleere countenance of the Elements made mention of some insuing pastime, but Saint George commanded a solemne Hunting for the welcome of his Sonnes.

Then began his Knights to arme themselves in troopes, and to mount upon their Jennets, and some with well armed Boare-speares in their hands prepared for the Game on foot: but Saint George with his Sonnes clad in greene vestiments like Adonis, with silver hornes hanging at their backs in Scarfes of coloured silke, were still the foremost in this exercise. Likewise Sabra (intending to see her Sons valours displayed in the field, whether they were in courage like their Father or no) caused a gentle Palfray to be provided, whereon she mounted her Princely person to be witnesse of these Silvane sports: she was armed with a curious brest-plate wrought like to the scales of a Dolphin, and in her hand shee bare a silver Bow of the Turkish fashion, like an Amazonian Queene, or Diana hunting in the Groves of Arcadie.

Thus in this gallant manner rode forth these Hunters to their Princely Pastimes, where after they had riden some six miles from the City of London, fell from Saint Georges nose three drops of purple blood, whereat hee suddenly started, and therewithall he heard the croaking of a Flight of Night Ravens, that hovered by the Forrests side, all which he judged to be dismall signes of some insuing Stratagem: but having a Princely minde, he was nothing discouraged thereat, nor little mistrusted the woefull accident that after happened, but with a noble resolution entred the Forrest, accounting such forestelling tokens for old Wives Ceremonies, wherein they had not passed the compasse of halfe a mile, but they started a wild and swift Stagge, at whom they uncoupled their Hounds, and gave bridle to their Horses, and followed the Game more swifter than Pyrates pursue the Merchants Ships upon the

Seas.

Seas: But now behold how frowning Fortune changed their pleasant Pastime to a sad and bloody Tragedy: for Sabra prosekering to keep pace with them, delighting to behold the valiant encounters of her young Sonnes, and being careless of her selfe, through the over swiftnesse of her Steed, shee slipped beside her Saddle, and so fell directly upon a Thorny Brake of Brambles, the prickes whereof more sharper than Spikes of Iron, entred to every part of her delicate body: Some peirced the lovely Closets of her Starre bright eyes, whereby (in stead of Christall pearled teares) there issued drops of pureſt blood: her face before that blushed like the Mornings radiant countenance, was now changed into a Crimson red: her milk white hands that lately stained the Ivory Lute, did seeme to weare a bloody Scarlet Glove: and her tender Paps that had often fed her Sonnes with the milke of Nature, were all be-rent and torne with those accursed Brambles: from whose deep wounds there issued such a streame of Purple gore; that it converted the gralle from a lively Greene to a Crimson hue, and the abundance of blood that trickled from her breast, began to inforce her soule to give the World a woefull farewell. Yet notwithstanding, when her beloved Lord, her sorrowfull Sonnes, and all the reſt of the woefull Champions, had washed her wounded body with a spring of teares, and when shee perceived that shee must of force commit her life to the fury of imperious death, she breathed forth this dying Exhortation.

Deare Lord (said shee) in this unhappy Hunting must you lose the trueſt Wife that ever lay by any Princes side: yet mourne not you, nor grieve you my Sonnes, nor you brave Christian Knights, but let your Warlike Drums convey mee royally to my Tombe, that all the World may write in Brazen Bookes, how I have followed my Lord (the Pride of Christendome) through many a bloodie Field, and for his sake have left my Parents, Friends, and Country, and have travelled with him through many

a dangerous Kingdome: but now the cruell Fates have wrought their latest spite, and finished my life, because I am not able to performe what love hee hath deserved of me. And now to you my Sonnes, this blessing do I leave behind: even by the paines that forty Weekes I once indured for your sakes, when as yee lay enclosed in my wombe, and by my travels in the Wildernesse, whereas my gronesupon your birth Day did (in my thinking) cause both trees and stones to drop downe teares, when as the mercilesse Tygers and tamelesse Lyons did stand like gentle Lambes, and mourned to heare my lamentations, and by a Mothers love that ever since I have borne you, imitate and follow your Father in all his Honourable Attempts, harme not the silly Infant, nor the helplesse Widdow, defend the honour of distressed Ladies, and give freely unto wounded Souldiers, seeke not to staine the unspotted Virgins with your lusts, and adventure evermore to redeeme true Knights from captivity: live ever professed enemies to Paganisme, and spend your lives in the quarrell and defence of Christ, that Babes (as yet unborne) in time to come may speake of you, and record you in the Bookes of Fame to be true Christian Champions. This is my blessing, and this is the Testament I leave behind: for now I feele the chilnesse of pale death closing the closets of mine eyes: Farewell vaine World, deare Lord farewell, sweet Sonnes you famous followers of my George, and all true Christian Knights, adiew.

These words were no sooner ended, but with a heavie sigh she yeelded up the Ghost: whereat Saint George (being impatient in his sorrowes) fell upon her lifelesse body, rending his hayre, and tearing his Hunters attire from his back into many peeces: and at last when his griefes were somewhat diminished, he burst out into these bitter lamentations.

Gone is the Starre (said he) that lightned all the Northerne World, withered is the Rose that beautified our

Christian

Christian Fields, dead is the Dame that for her beauty staynes all Christian Women: for whom I le fill the ayre with everlasting moanes: This day henceforth bee fatall to all times, and counted for a dismall day of Death. Let never the Sunne shew forth his Beames thereon againe, but Clouds as black as pitch, cover the earth with fearefull darknesse. Let every Tree in this accursed Forrest, henceforth bee blasted with unkindly Winds: Let Brambles, Hearbs, and Flowers consume and wither, let Grasse and blooming buds perish and decay, and all things neere the place where shee was slaine bee turned to a dismall, black, and sober colour, that the earth it selfe in mourning Garments may lament her losse. Let never Bird sing chearefully on tops of Trees, but like the mournfull musick of the Nightingale, fill all the Ayre with fatall tunes: let bubling Rivers murmur for her losse, and silver Swans that swim thereon sing dolefull Melody: let all the Dales belonging to these fatall Woods be covered with greene bellied Serpents, croaking Toads, hissing Snakes, and sight-killing Cockatrices: in blasted Trees, let fearefull Ravens shrike, let Howlets crie, and Crickets sing, that after this it may bee called a place of dead mens wandring Ghosts. But fond Wretch, why do I thus lament in vaine, and bathe her bleeding body with my teares, when griefe by no meanes will recall her life? Yet this shall satisfie her soule, for I will go a Pilgrimage unto Ierusalem, and offer up my teares to Jesus Christ upon his blessed Sepulchre, by which my stayned soule may be washt from this bloody guilt, which was the causer of this sorrowfull dayes mishap.

These sorrowfull words were no sooner ended, but hee took her bleeding limbes betweene his fainting Armes, and gave a hundred kisses upon her dying coloured lips, retayning yet the colour of Alablaster new washt in Purple blood, and in this extasie a while lying, gave way to others to unfold their woes.

But

But his Sonnes whose sorrowes were as great as his, protested never to neglect one day, but dayly to weep some teares upon their Mothers grave, till from the Earth did spring some mournfull flower, to beare remembrance of her death, as did the Violet that sprung from chast Adonis blood, where Venus wept to see him slaine. Likewise the other six Champions (that all the time of their lamentations stood like men drowned in the depth of sorrow) began now a little to recover themselves, and after protested by the honour of true knighthood, and by the Spurre and golden Garter of Saint Georges legge, to accompany him unto the holy Land bare-footed, without either hose or shooe, only clad in russet Gaberdines, like the usuall Pilgrims of the world, and never to returne till they had payed their vowes at that blessed Sepulchre.

Thus in this sorrowfull manner wearied they the time away, filling the woods with ecchoes of their lamentations, and recording their dolours to the whistling Winds: but at last when black Night beganne to approach, and with her sable mantle to overspread the Chrystall Firmament, they retired with her dead body) back to the City of London, where the report of this Tragicall accident, drowned their friends in a Sea of sorrow: for the newes of her timelesse death was no sooner blazed abroad, but the same caused both old and young to lament the losse of so sweet a Lady. The silver headed age, that had wont in Scarlet Gownes to sit in Counsell, sat now at home in discontented griefes: the gallant Youth, and comely Virgins, that had went to beautifie the Streets with costly Garments, went drooping up and downe in Black and mournfull Vestures: and those tender-delicate hearts that seldome were oppressed with sorrow, now constrained their eyes, like Fountaines, to distill a flood of bitterly and pearly teares.

This generall griefe of the Citizens continued for the space of thirty dayes, at the end whereof, Sabin Bodge

with

with his Sonnes, and the other Champions interred her body very honourably, and erected ouer the same a rich and costly Monument (in sumptuous state like the Tombe of Mausolus, which was called one of the Wonders of the World: or like to the Pyramides of Greece, which was a stayne to all Architects) for thereon was portrayed the Queene of Chastity with her Maidens, bathing themselues in a Christall Fountaine, as a witnesse of her wonderous chastity, against the lustfull assaylements of all lacivious attempts.

Thereon was also most lively pictured a Turtle-Dove sitting upon a tree of gold, in signe of the true loue that shee bore to her betrothed husband.

Also a siluer coloured Swan swimming upon a Christal River, as a token of her beauty: for as the Swan excelleth all other fowles in whitnesse, so she excelled all the Ladies in the world for beauty.

I leave to speak of the curious workmanship of the Pinacles that were framed all of the purest Jeat, pammeled with siluer and Jasper stones: Also I omit the Pendants of gold, the Scutcheons of Princes, and the Armes of Countries that beautified her Tombe, the discourse whereof requires an Orators eloquence, or a pen of gold, dipt in the dew of Helicon, flowing from Parnassus hill, whereas the Muses do inhabit. Her statue or picture was carued cunningly in Alablaster, and laid as it were upon a pillow of greene silke, like unto Pigmalions Ivory Image, and directly ouer the same hung a siluer Tablet, whereon in letters of gold was this Epitaph written.

Here lies the wonder of this worldly age,
For beauty, wit, and Princely Majesty,
Whom spitefull death in his imperious rage,
Procur'd to fall through ruthlesse cruelty.

For as ſhe ſported in a fragant Wood,
Vpon a thorny Brake ſhe ſpilt her blood.

Let Ladies faire and Princes of great might,
With ſilver pearled teares bedew this Tombe,
Accuſe the fatall ſiſters of deſpight,
For blaſting thus the pride of natures bloome:
For here ſhe ſleepes within this earthly grave,
Whoſe worth deſerves a golden Tombe to have.

Seven yeeres ſhe kept her pure virginity;
In abſence of her true betrothed Knight,
When many did purſue her chaſtity,
Whilſt he remaind in priſon day and night;
But yet we ſee that things of pureſt prize,
Forſake the earth to dwell above the skies.

Ladies, come mourne with dolefull melody,
And make this Monument your ſetled bower,
Here ſhed your brackiſh teares eternally,
Lament both yeere, month, week, day, houre:
For here ſhe reſts whoſe like can neere be found,
Her beauties pride lies buried in the ground.

Her wounded heart that yet doth freſhly bleed,
Hath cauſ'd ſeven Knights a journey far to take,
To faire *Ieruſalem*, in Pilgrims weed,
The fury of her angry Ghoſt to ſlake:
Becauſe their ſilvane ſports was chiefeſt guilt,
And only cauſe her blood was timeleſſe ſpilt.

Thus

Thus after the Tombe was erected, and the Epitaph ingraven on a silver Table, and all things performed according to S. Georges direction, he left his Sons in the City of London, under the government of the English King: and in company of the other six Champions, he took his journey towards Ierusalem.

They were attyred after the manner of Pilgrims, in russet gaberdines downe to their feet, in their hands they bare staves of Ebon wood tipt at the ends with silver, the pikes whereof were of the strongest Lydian steele, of such a sharpnesse, that they were able to pierce a target of Tortoys shell: upon their breasts hung Crosses of crimson silk, to signifie they were Christian Pilgrims, travelling to the Sepulchre of Christ.

In this manner set they forward from England in the Spring time of the yeere, when Flora had beautified the Earth with natures Tapestry and made their passages as pleasant as the Gardens of Hesperides, adorned with all kind of odoriferous flowers. When as they crossed the Seas, the silver waves seemed to lie as smooth as Chrystall Ice, and the Dolphins to dance above the waters, as a signe of a prosperous journey. In travelling by Land, the wayes seemed so short and easie, and the chirping melody of birds made them such musick as they passed, that in a short season they arrived beyond the border of Christendome, and had entred the confines of Affrica.

There were they forced in stead of downie beds, nightly to rest their wearie limbes upon heapes of Sunne-burnt Nolle: and in stead of silken Curtaines and curious canopies, they had the clouds of heaven to cover them. Now their naked legges and bare feet, that had wont to stride the stately Steeds, and to trample in fields of Pagans blood, were forced to climbe the craggie Mountaines, and to endure the torments of pricking briers, as they travelled

through the desart places and comfortlesse solitary Wilder-nesses.

Many were the dangers that hapned to them in their journey, before they arrived in Iudea, princely their atchieve-ments, and most honourable their adventures: which for this time I passe over, leaving the Champions for a time in their travell towards the Sepulchre of Christ, and speak what hapned to S. Georges three Sons in visiting their Fa-thers Tombe in the City of London.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Of the strange gifts that *S. Georges* Sonnes offered at their Mothers Tombe, and what hapned therupon: how her Ghost appeared to them, and counselled them to the pursute of their Father: also, how the King of *England* installed them with the honour of Knighthood, and furnished them with habiliments of warre.



The swift foot steeds of Titans fiery Carre had almost finished a yeare, since Sabraes Funerall was solemnized: in which time Saint Georges three Sonnes had visited their Mothers Tombe oftner than were dayes in the yeare, and had shed more sorrowfull teares thereon in remembrance of her love, than stars in the glittering horizon: but at last these three yong Princes fell at a civil discord and mortall strife, which of them should beare the truest love unto their Mothers dead body, and which of them should be held in greatest estéeme. For before many dayes were expired, they concluded to offer up their severall devotions at her Tombe: and he that devised a gift of the rarest prize and of the strangest quality, should bee held of the

greatest honour and accounted the noblest of them all. This determination was spèdily perfozmed, and in so shozt a time accomplished, that it is wonderfull to discourse.

The first thinking to excèd his bzothers in the strangenesse of his Gift, made repayze unto a cunning Inchantresse, which had her abiding in a secret Cave adjoyning to the City, whom he pzocured (though many rich Gifts and large pzomises) by Art to devise a meane to get the honour from his Bzethzen, and to give a Gift of that strange nature, that all the wozld might wonder at the repozt thereof.

The Inchantresse (being won with his pzomises) by Art and Magick spels, devised a Garland containing all the diversity of flowers that ever grew in earthly Gardens: and though it were then in the dead time of winter, when as the silver Icickles had disrobed both hearbe and flower of their beauties, and the nozthen snow lay freezing on the Mountaine tops, yet was this Garland contrived after the fashion of a rich Imperiall Crowne, with as many severall flowers as ever Flora placed upon the Downes of rich Arcadia: in diversity of colours like the glistring Rainebow, when it shineth in greatest pzide: and casting such an odoziferous sent and savour, as though the heavens had rained down showers of Camphære, Bisse, oz swèet smelling Ambergrèece.

This rare and excèding Garland was no sooner framed by Inchantment, and delivered into his hands, but hee left the Inchantresse sitting in her Ebon Chaire upon a block of steele (pzactising her fatall Arts,) with her haire hanging about her shoulders, like wzeathes of Snakes oz invenomed Serpents: and so returned to his Mothers Tombe, where he hung it upon a pillar of silver that was placed in the middle of the Monument.

The second Bzot her also repaired to his Mothers Tombe, and bzought in his hand an Ivozy Lute, wheron he plaid

plaid such inspiring melody, that it seemed like the harmony of Angels, or the celestiall musick of Apollo when hee descended heaven for the love of Daphne, whom hee turned into a Baytree. The musick being finished, hee tied his Lute in a Damaske scarfe, and with great humility hee hung it at the west end of the Tombe upon a knob of Jasper stone.

Lastly, the third Brother likewise repaired with no outward devotion or worldly gift: but clad in a vesture of white silke, bearing in his hand an instrument of death, like an innocent Lambe going to sacrifice, or one ready to be offered up for the love of his Mothers soule.

This strange manner of repayre, caused his other Brothers to stand attentively, and with diligent eyes, to behold his purpose.

First, after hee had (submissively and with great humility) let fall a shower of silver teares from the cesternes of his eyes, in remembrance of his Mothers timelesse tragedy, hee prickt his naked breast with a silver Bodkin, the which he brought in his hand, from whence there trickled downe some thirty drops of blood, which he after offered up to his Mothers Tombe in a silver Bason, as an evident signe that there could bee nothing more deere, nor of more precious price, than to offer up his owne blood for her love. This ceremonious gift caused his two other Brothers to swell in hatred like two chased Lyons, and ranne with fury upon him, intending to catch him by the hayre of the head, and to dragge him round about their Mothers Tombe, till his braynes were dasht against the marble pavement, and his blood sprinkled upon her Grave: but this wicked enterprize so moved the Majesty of heaven, that ere they could accomplish their intents, or staine their hands with his blood, they heard (as it were) the noyse of dead mens bones ratling in the ground, whereupon (looking fearefully about) the Tombe seemed of it selfe to open, and thereout to appeare a most terrible and gastly shape,

pale,

pale, like unto ashes, in countenance resembling their Mother with her breast besmeared in blood, and her body wounded with a number of scarres: and so with a dismall and rufull look she spake unto her desperate Sonnes in this manner.

Oh you degenerate from natures kind, why do you seeke to make a murther of your selves? can you indure to see my body rent in twaine, my heart split in sunder, and my wombe dismembred? Abate this fury, stayne not your hands with your owne bloods, nor make my Tombe a spectacle of more death. Unite your selves in concord, that my discontented soule may sleep in peace, and never more bee troubled with your unbridled humor. Make haste I say, Arme your selves in steeled Corslets, and follow your valiant Father to Ierusalem, he is there in danger and distresse of life. Away I say, or else my angry Ghost shall never leave this world, but haunt you up and downe with gastly visions.

This being said, she banished from their sight, into the brittle ayre, whereat for a time they stood amazed, and almost distraught of wits, through the terrors of her words, but at last recovering their former senses, they all vowed a continuall unity, and never to proffer the like injurie againe, but to live in brotherly concord till the dissolution of their earthly bodies.

So in haste they went unto the King: and certified him of all things that had happened: and falling upon their knees before his Majesty, requested at his hands the honour of Knighthood, with leave to depart in the pursute of their Father and the other Champions, that were fallen into great distresse.

The King purposing to accomplish their desires, and to fulfill their requests, presently condescended, and not only gave them the honour of Knighthood, but furnished them with rich habiliments of warre, answerable to their magnanimous minds. First, hee frankly bestowed upon

on them three ſtately Palfreyes, bred upon the bright Mountaines of Sardinia: in colour of an Iron Gray, beautified with ſilver haires, and in pace ſwifter than the Spaniſh Genets (which are a kind of Horſe ingendred by the winds upon the Alpes, certaine cragged Mountaines that divide the Kingdomes of Italy and Spaine) for boldneſſe, and courage like to Bucephalus the Horſe of Alexander, the Macedonian, or Cæſars Steeds that never danted in the field, and they were trapped with rich trappings of Gold after the Morocco faſhion, with ſaddles framed like unto Iron chaires with backs of ſteele, and their fore-heads were beautified with ſpangled plumes of purple Feathers, whereon hung many golden Pendants: the King likewiſe beſtowed upon them three coſtly ſwords wrought of pureſt Lidian ſteele, with ſcabberds bound about with plates of braſſe, at the tops whereof hung ſilken Streamers beautified with the Engliſh Croſſe, being the Crimſon badge of Knighthood, and honour of adventurous Champions: Thus in this Royall manner rode theſe three young Knights from the City of London in company of the King with a traine of Knights and gallant Gentlemen conducting them to the Sea ſide, where they left the young Knights to their future fortunes, and returned backe to the Engliſh Court.

Now are S. Georges Sons floating on the Seas, making their firſt adventures in the World, that after ages might applaud their atchievements, and inrole their fames in the Records of Honour. Fate proſper them ſucceſſefully, and gentle fortune ſmile upon their travels, for three braver Knights did never croſſe the Seas, nor make their adventures into ſtrange Countries.

Chap. III.

How *S. Georges* Sons after they were Knighted by the English King, travelled towards *Barbary*, and how they redeemed the Dukes Daughter of *Normandy* from raviſhment, that was aſſayled in a Wood by three tawny *Negroes*: and alſo of the Tragicall tale of the Virgins ſtrange miſeries, with other accidents that hapned.

MAny dayes had not theſe three magnanimous Knights indured the danger of the ſwelling waves, but with a proſperous and ſucceſſefull Winde, they arrived upon the Territories of France: where being no ſooner ſafely ſet on ſhore, but they bountifully rewarded their Mariners, and betook themſelves fully to their intended travels.

Now beganne their coſtly trapped Steeds to pace it like the ſcudding Winds, and with their Warlike hooves to thunder on the beaten paſſages: now began true honour to flouriſh in their Princely breaſts, and the renown of their Fathers Atchievements to incourage their deſires. Although tender youth ſate but budding on their cheekes, yet portly manhood triumpht in their hearts: and although their childiſh

childiſh armes as yet never tried the painfull adventures of Knighthood: yet boꝛe they high and Pꝛincely cogitations in as great eſtæme as when their Father ſlue the burning Dꝛagon in Egypt, foꝛ pꝛeſervation of their Mothers life.

Thus travelled they to the further parts of the Kingdome of France (guided only by the direction of Foꝛtune) without any adventure woꝛthy the noting, till at laſt riding thoꝛow a mighty Foꝛreſt ſtanding on the boꝛders of Lucſinia, they heard (afar off as it were) the rufull cries of a diſtreſſed woman: which in this manner filled the ayꝛe with the Ecchoo of her moanes.

Oh Heavens (ſaid ſhe) be kind and pittifull unto a Maiden in diſtreſſe, and ſend ſome happy paſſengers that may deliver me from theſe inhumane Monſters.

This wofull and unexpected noyſe, cauſed the Knights to alight from their Hoꝛſes, and to ſée the event of this accident. So after they had tied their Stæds to the body of a Pine Tꝛée by the reines of their bꝛidles, they walked on foot into the thickeſt of the Foꝛreſt with their Weapons dꝛawne, ready to withſtand any aſſailement whatſoever: and as they dꝛew neꝛe to the diſtreſſed Virgin, they heard her bꝛeath foꝛth this pitty-moving Lamentation, the ſecond time.

Come, come, ſome courteous Knight, oꝛ elſe I muſt foꝛgo that pꝛecious Jewell, which all the Woꝛld can never again recover.

Theſe woꝛds cauſed them to make the moꝛe ſpæd, and to runne the neareſt way foꝛ the Maidens ſuccour. Where appꝛoching her pꝛeſence, they found her tied by the lockes of her owne hayꝛe to the trunke of an Dꝛange tꝛæ, and thꝛæ cruell and inhumane Negroes ſtanding ready to diſpoile her of her pure and undefiled chaſtity, and with their luſts to blaſt the bloſming bud of her deare unſpotted Virginity.

But when Saint Georges Sonnes beheld her lovely

countenance besmeared in dust, that before seemed to bee as beautifull as Roses in milke, and her Chrystall eyes the perfect patternes of bashfulnesse imbrued in floods of teares, at one instant they ranne upon the Negroes, and sheathed their angry weapons in their loathsome bowels: the Leachers being slaine, their bloods sprinkled about the Forrest, and their bodies cast out as a prey for ravenous beasts to feed on, they unbound the Mayden, and like courteous Knights demanded the cause of her Captivity, and by what meanes shee came into that solitary Forrest: Most Noble Knights (quoth shee,) and true renowned men at Armes, to tell the cause of my passed misery, were a prick unto my soule, for the discourse thereof will burst my heart with griefe, but considering your Nobilities, the which I do perceive by your Princely behaviour, and your kind courtesies extended towards me, being a Virgin in distresse, under the hands of these lustfull Negroes whom you have justly murthered, shall so much imbolden mee, though unto my hearts great griefe, to discourse the first cause of my miserable fortune.

My Father (quoth shee) whilst gentle Fortune smiled upon him was a Duke, and sole Commander of the State of Normandy, a Countrey now situated in the Kingdome of France, whose lands and revenewes in his prosperity was so great, that he continually kept as stately a traine, both of Knights and gallant Gentlemen as any Prince in Europe, whereat the King of France greatly envied, and by bloody Warres deposed my Father from his Princely dignity, who for safegard of his life, in company of mee his only Heire and Daughter, betooke us to these solitary Woods, where ever since wee have secretly remayned in a poore Cell or Hermitage, the which by our industrious paines hath beene builded with plants of Vines and Oaken bowes, and covered over head with clods of Earth, and turffes of grasse: seven yeares we have continued in great extremities, sustayning our hungers with the fruits of trees,

and

and quenching of our thirsts with the dew of Heaven, falling nightly upon fragrant Flowers: and here in stead of Princely attire, Imbroydered garments and Damask Vestures, wee have beene constrained to cloath our selves with Flowers, the which we have painfully woven up together.

Here in stead of Musicke, that had wont each morning to delight our eares, wee have the whistling Winds resounding in the Woods: our Clockes to tell the minutes of the wandring nights, are Snakes, and Toads that slæp in roots of rotten Trées: our Canopies to cover us, are not wrought of Median Silke, the which Indian Virgins weave upon their silver Loombes, but the Sable Clouds of Heaven, when as the chærefull day hath closed her Chrystall windowes up.

Thus in this manner continued wee in this solitary Wilderneſſe, making both birds and beasts our chiefe companions, till these merciless Moores (whose hatefull breasts you have made to water the parched earth with streams of blood) who as you see came into our Cell, or simple Cabinet, thinking to have found some store of treasure: But casting their gazing eyes upon my beauty, they were presently inchanted with lustfull desires, only to crop the sweet bud of my Virginity. Then with a furious and dismall countenance, more black than the Sable garments of sad Melpomine, when she mournfully writes of bloody Tragedies: and with hearts more cruell, than was Neroes the tyrannous Roman Emperour, when he beheld the entrailes of his naturall Mother laid open by his inhumane and merciless Commandement, or when hee stood upon the highest top of a mighty Mountaine to see that famous and Imperiall City of Rome set on fire by the remorceleſſe hand of his unrelenting Ministers, that added unhallowed flames of his unholy furies.

In this kinde I say these merciless and wicked minded Negroes with violent hands tooke my aged Father, and

most cruelly bound him to the blasted body of a withe-Oake, standing before the entry of his Cell: where, neyther the reverent honour of his silver haires, glittering like the frozen Icicles upon the Northerne Mountaines, nor the strained sighes of his breast, wherein the pledge of wisdome was inthronized, nor all my teares or exclamations could any whit abate their cruelties, but grim Dogs of Barbary, they left my Father fast bound unto the tree, and like egregious Vipers took me by the trammels of my golden haire, dragging me like a silly Lambe unto this slaughtering place, intending to satisfie their lusts with the flower of my chastity.

Being used thus, I made my humble supplication to the highest Majesty to be revenged upon their cruelties: I reported to them the rewards of bloody ravishments by the example of Tereus sometime King of Thrace, and his furious wife, that in revenge of her sisters ravishment, caused her Husband to eat the flesh of his owne Sonne. Likewise (to preserve my undefiled honour) I told them that for the Rape of Lucrece the Roman Matron, Tarquinius and his whole name was for ever banished out of Rome: with many other examples: thus like the Nightingale, recorded I nothing but Rape and Murther.

Yet neither the feares of Heaven, nor the terrible threats of Hell, could mollifie their bloody minds: but they protested to persevere in that wickednesse, and vowed that if all the leaves of the Trées that grew within the Wood were turned into Indian Pearle, and that place made as wealthy as the golden streames of Pactolus, where Midas washt his golden Wish away, yet should they not redeeme my chastity from the staine of their insatiable and lustfull desires.

This being said, they bound mee with the trammels of mine owne haire to this Orange Trée, and at the very instant they proffered to defile my unspotted body, you happily approached, and not only redeemed mee from their tyran-

nous

nous desires, but quit the World from three of the wickedest creatures that ever Nature framed. For which (most noble and invincible Knights) if ever Virgins Prayers may prevaile, humbly will I make my supplications to the Deities that you may prove as valiant Champions as ever put on Helmet, and that your fames may ring to every Princes eare, as farre as bright Hyperion doth shew his golden face.

This tragicall tale was no sooner ended, but the three Knights (with remorsefull hearts sobbing with sighes) imbraced the sorrowfull Mayden betwixt their armes, and earnestly requested her to conduct them unto the place, whereas she left her Father bound unto the withered Oake. To which shee willingly consented, and thanked them highly for their kindnesse: but before they approached to the old mans presence, what for the griefe of his banishment and the violent usage of his Daughter, hee was forced to yeeld up his miserable life to the mercy of unavoydable death.

When Saint Georges valiant Sonnes (in company of this sorrowfull Mayden) came to the tree, and (contrary to their expectations) found her Father cold and stiffe, devoid of sense and feeling, also his hands and face covered with greene Mosse, which they supposed to bee done by the Robin Red-breast, and other little Birds, who do use naturally to cover the bare parts of any body that they finde dead in the field, they all fell into a new confused extremity of griefe.

But especially his Daughter, having lost all joy and comfort in this World, made both heaven and earth resound with her exceeding lamentations, and mourned without comfort, like weeping Niobe, that was turned into a Rock of stone, lamenting for the losse of her Children: thus when the three young Knights perceived the comfortlesse sorrow of the Virgin, and how shee had vowed never to depart from those solitary Groves, but to spend the remnant of her

dayes

dayes in company of her Fathers dead body, they courteously assisted her to bury him under a Chesnut tree, where they left her behind them bathing his senseless Graue with her teares, and returned backe to their Horses, where they left them at the entry of the Forrest tied to a lofty Pine, and so departed on their journey.

Where we will leave them for a time and speak of the seuen Champions of Christendome, that were gone on Pilgrimage to the City of Ierusalem, and what strange aduentures hapned to them in their travels.

CHAP.

CHAP. IIII.

Of the adventure of the golden Fountaine in *Damaſco*: How ſix of the Chriſtian Champions were taken priſoners by a mighty Gyant, and how after they were delivered by *S. George*: and alſo how he redeemed fourteene Iewes out of priſon: with divers other ſtrange accidents that hapned.

LET us now ſpeak of the favourable clemency that ſmiling Fortune ſhewed to the Chriſtian Champions in their travels to Ieruſalem. For after they were departed from England, and had journeyed in their Pilgrims attyre through many ſtrange Countries, at laſt they arrived upon the confines of Damaſco, which is a Countrey not only beautified with ſumptuous and coſtly buildings, framed by the curious Architecture of mans device, but alſo furniſhed with all the precious gifts that nature in her greateſt liberality could beſtow.

In this fruitfull Dominion long time the Chriſtian Champions reſted their weary ſteps, and made their abode in the houſe of a rich and courteous Iew, a man that ſpent his wealth chiefely for the ſuccour and comfort of travellers

Sellers, and wandring Pilgrims, his house was not curiously erected up of carued timber-worke, but framed with quarries of blew stones, and supported by many stately Pillers of the purest Marble: the gates and entry of his house were continually kept open, in signe of his bountifull minde, over the Portall thereof did hang a brazen Table, whereon was most curiously ingraven the picture of Ceres the Goddesse of plenty, dect with Garlands of Wheat, Wreathes of Olives, bunches of Vines, and with all manner of fruitfull things, the Chamber wherein these Champions took their nightly reposes and golden slæpes, was garnished with as many windowes of Chrystall Glasse, as there were dayes in the yære, and the wals painted with as many stories as were yéres since the Worlds Creation: it was likewise built foure-square, after the manner of Pyramides in Greece, at the East end thereof was most lively portrayed, bright Phœbus rising from Auroraes golden bed, with a glistring countenance distayning the Elements for her departure: At the West side was likewise portrayed how Thetis tripped upon the silver sands when as Hyperions Carre drives to the watry Ocean, and takes his nights repose upon his Lovers boseme: on the North side was painted high Mountaines of Snow, whose tops did sæme to reach the Clouds, and mighty Woods ouer-hung with Silver-Icickles, which is the nature of the Northerne Climate.

Lastly, upon the West-side of the Chamber, sate the God of the Seas, riding upon a Dolphins back, a troop of Mermaides following him, with their Golden trammels floating upon the silver waves, there the Troyans sæmed to dance above the Chrystall streames with a number of other silver scaled Fishes that made it sæme delightfull for pleasure.

Over the roofe of the Chamber was most perfectly portrayed the foure Ages of the World, which sæmed to ouerhang the rest of the curious workes.

First,

First, the Golden age was Pendant over the East: the second being the Silver, a mettle somewhat baser, seemed to over-spread the freezing North. The third which was the Brazen Age, beautified the Westerne Parts: The fourth and last being of Iron, the very basest of them all, seemed to bee fired toward the Southerne Climate.

Thus in this curious Chamber rested these wearie Champions a long season, where their food was not delitious, but wholsome, and their services not curious, but comely: answerable to the brave minds of such Heroycall Champions as they were: the courteous Jew their friendly Hoast, whom Nature had honoured with seven comely Sonnes, daily kept them company, and not only shewed them the curiositie of his Habitation, but also described the pleasant situation of his Country, how the Townes and Cities were adorned with all manner of delights, whereby they seemed like the imperiall Pallaces of love, where are heard most delightfull Harmonies, and the pleasant Fields and flourishing Medowes so beautified with Natures gladsome ornaments, that they seemed for pleasure to exceed the Pallace of the great Turk, or any other Potentate whatsoever in the World.

Some dayes were spent away in this manner to the exceeding great pleasure of the Christian Knights, and evermore when the darke night approached, and the wonted time of sleep summoned them to their silent and quiet rests, the Jewes Children, being seven as brave and comely Boyes as ever Dame Nature framed, filled the seven Christian Champions eares, with such sweet and delicate Melodies, gently strained from their Ivory Lutes, that not Arion (when all the Art of sweet Musicke consented with his tune, voyce, and hand, when hee woone favour of the Dolphin, being forsaken of men) was comparable thereto: whereby the Christian Champions

were Inchanted with such delights that their sléepes séemed to bee as pleasant as was the swéet joyes of Elizium.

But upon a time, after the courteous Jew had intelligence how they were Christian Knights, and such admired martiall Champions, whom fame had canonized to bee the wonders of the World for martiall discipline and Knightly adventures: and finding a fit opportunity as he walked in their companies upon an evening under an arbour of Vine-branches, hee revealed to them the secrets of his Soule, and the cause of his so sad and solitary dwelling.

So standing beare-headed in the middle of the Champions, with his white haire hanging downe to his shoulders, in colour like the Silver Swanne, and softer than the Downe of thistles, or Median silke untwisted, hee beganne with a sober countenance and gallant demeanour to speake as followeth.

I am sure (quoth hee) you invincible Knights, that yée marvell at my solitary course of living, and that you greatly muse wherefore I exempt my selfe from the company of worldlings, except my seven Sonnes, whose sights bee my chiefe comfort, and the only prolongers of my life. Therefore prepare your eares to entertaine the strangest discourse that ever tongue pronounced, or over-wearied old man in the height of his extremity delivered.

I was in my former yeeres (whilst Fortune smilde upon my happinesse) the principall commander and chiefe owner of a certaine Fountaine, of such wonderfull and precious vertue, that it was valued to be worth the Kingdome of India: the water thereof was so strange in operation, that in foure and twenty houres it would convert any mettall, as of Brasse, Copper, Iron, Lead, or Tinne into rich refined Gold: the stonie flint it would turne into pure Silver, and any kind of earth into excellnt mettall,

By

By the vertue whereof I have made the leaves of Trees a flouriſhing Forreſt of riches, and the blades of graſſe valluable to the Jewels that be found in the Country of America.

The vertue whereof was no ſooner bruited through the world, but it cauſed many forraine Knights to trie the adventure, and by force of Armes to bereave me of the honour of this Fountaine.

But at that time nature graced me with one and twenty Sonnes, whereof ſeven bee yet living, and the only comfort of my age: but the other fourteene (whom frowning fortune hath bereaved mee of) many a day by their valiant prowelſe and machleſſe fortitudes defended the Fountaine from many great and furious aſſaylers: for there was no Knight in all the World that was found ſo hardy or of ſuch invincible courage, that if they but once attempted to encounter with any of my valiant Sonnes, they were either taken priſoners, or ſlaine in the combat.

The fame of their valours, and the riches of the Fountine rung through many ſtrange Countries, and laſtly came to the eares of a furiours Gyant, dwelling upon the borders of Arabia: who at the report thereof came armed with his Eely coat, with a mighty bat of Iron on his neck, like to furious Hercules that burſt the brazen gates of Cerberus, and bore the mighty Mountaine Atlas upon his ſhoulders: hee was the Conquerour of my Sonnes, and the firſt cauſer of my ſudden down-fall. But when I thus had intelligence of the over-throw of fourteene of my Sons, and that hee had made conqueſt of my wealthy Fountaine, I with the reſt of my children thinking all hope of recovery to be paſt, betook our ſelves to this ſolitary courſe of life, where ever ſince in this manſion or hermitage we have made our abode and reſidence, ſpending our wealth to the releefe of travelling Knights and wandring Pilgrims: hoping once againe that ſmiling Fortune would

advance us to some better hap: and to be plaine, right worthy Champions, since then my hope was never at the height of full perfection till this present time, wherein your excellent presences almost assure mee that the hideous Monster shall be conquered, my Fountaine restored, and my Sonnes deaths (for dead sure they are) revenged.

The Champions with great admiration gave eare to the strange discourse of this reverend Iew, and intended in requitall of his extraordinary kindnesse to undertake this Adventure. And the more to encourage the other, Saint George began in this manner to utter his minde, speaking both to the Iew their Host, and his valiant fellow-Champions.

I have not without great wonder (most reverend and courteous old man) heard the strange Discourse of thy admirable Fountaine, and do not a little lament that one of so kinde and liberall a disposition should be dispossessed of such exceeding riches, neither am I lesse sorry, that so inhumane a Monster and knowne enemy to all courtesie and kindnesse should have the fruition of so exceeding great Treasure: for to the Wicked, Wealth is the cause of their more wickednesse.

But that which most grieveth mee, is: that having had so many valiant Knights to thy Sonnes, they all were so unfortunate to fall into the hands of that relentlesse Monster: But be comforted kinde old man, for I hope by the power of my Maker, we were directed hither to punish that hatefull Gyant, revenge the injuries offered to thine age, satisfie, with his death, the death of thy Children, if they bee dead, and restore to thy bounteous possession that admirable rich Fountaine againe.

And now to you my valiant Champions I speak, that with mee through many dangers have adventured: let us couragiously attempt this rare Adventure, wherein such honour to our names, such happinesse to our friends, such glory to God consists, in recovering right to the wronged,

and

and punishing rightfully the wrongers of the oppressed. And that there be no contention among us who shall begin this Adventure, for I know all of you thirst after honour, therefore let lots bee made, and to whomsoever the chiefe lot falleth, let him be formost in assayling the Gyant, and so good Fortune be our Guides.

The exceeding joy which the old Jew conceived at the speeches of Saint George, had neere-hand bereft him of the use of sense, for above measure was hee over-joyed. But at length recovering use of speech, hee thus thankfully brake forth.

How infinitely I find my selfe bound unto you, you famous and undoubted Christian Champions, all my ableneſſe is not able to expresse: only thankfulneſſe from the depth of a true heart shall to you be rendred.

The Champions without more words disrobing themselves from their Pilgrims attire, every one selected forth an Armour fitting to their portly bodies, then ready in the Jewes house, and in stead of their Ebon staves tipt with silver, they weilded in their hands steeled blades, and their feet that had wont to indure a painfull pilgrimage upon the bare ground, were now ready prest to mount the lofty stirrop: but as I said, they purposed not generally to assaile the Gyant, but singly every one to trie his owne fortune, thereby to obtain the greater honour, and their deeds to merit the higher fame: therefore the lots being cast among themselves which should begin the Adventure, the lot fell first to Saint Dennis, the noble Champion of France, who greatly rejoyced at his fortune, and so departed for that night to get things in readineſſe: but the next morning no sooner had the golden Sun displaied his beauty in the East, but Saint Dennis arose from his sluggish bed, and attired himselfe in costly Armour, and mounted upon a Steed of Iron gray, with a spangled plume of purple Feathers on his Burgonet, spangled with Stars of Gold, resembling the azure firmament beautified with glistring Stars.

Where after he had taken leave of the other Champions and had demanded of the Jew where the Gyant had his residence, he departed forward on his iourney, and before the Sunne had mounted to the top of Heaven, he approached to the Gyants presence, who as then sat upon a block of Steele directly before the golden Fountaine, satisfying his hunger with raw flesh, and quenching his thirst with the iuyce of ripe grapes.

The first sight of his ugly and deformed proportion almost daunted the valour of the French Champion, that hee stood in a maze, whether it were better to try the adventure, or returne with dishonour back to his other fellow knights. But having a heart furnished with true magnanimity, he chose rather to die in the incounter, than to returne with infamy: so committing his trust to the unconstant Queene of Chance, hee spurred forth his Horse, and assayled the Gyant so furiously, that the strokes of his sword sounded like a weighty blow hammered upon an Anvile.

But so smally regarded the Gyant the puissant force of this single knight, that hee would scarce rise from the place where hee sate: but yet remembring a strange dreame that a little before he had in his sleepe, which revealed unto him, how that a knight would come from the Northern Clymates of the Earth, which should alone end the adventure of the Fountaine, and banquish him by fortitude: therefore not minding to be taken at advantage, he suddenly started up, and with a grim and furious countenance he ran upon Saint Dennis, and tooke him, Horse, Armour, furniture and all, under his left arme, as lightly as a strong man would take a sucking infant from his Cradle, and bore him to a hollow rock of Stone, bound about with barres of Iron, standing neere unto the Fountaine, in a valley betwixt two mighty Mountaines. In which prison he closed the French Champion, amongst fourteen other knights, that were all comes to the courteous Jew,

as

as you heard before discoursed, and being proud of that attempt, hee returned to the block of steele, where wee will leave him sitting, glorying in his owne conceit, and speak of the other Champions remayning in the Iewes house, expecting the French knights fortunate returne: but when the sable Curtaines of darknesse were drawne before the Chrystall windowes of the Day, and Night had taken possession of the Elements, and no newes was heard of the Champions successe, they judged presently that either hee was slaine in the Adventure, or discomfited and taken prisoner.

Therefore they cast Lots againe which of them the next morning should try his Fortune, and revenge the French knights quarrell, so the Lot fell to Saint Iames, the Noble Champion of Spaine, whereat his Princely heart more reioyced than if he had beene made King of the Westerne World.

So in like manner on the nert morning by breake of day hee attired himselfe in rich and costly armour like the other Champion, and mounted upon a Spanish Gennet, in pace most swift and speedy, and in portly state like to Bucephalus the proud Steed of Macedonian Alexander: his Caparison was in colour like to the wades of the Sea, his Burgonet was beautified with a spangled Plume of sable Feathers: and upon his breast hee bore the Armes of Spaine.

Thus in this gallant manner departed he from the Iewes habitation, leaving the other Champions at their Divine contemplations for his happy successe, but his Fortune chanced contrary to his wishes, for at the Gyants first encounter hee was likewise borne to the Rock of stone, to accompany Saint Dennis.

This Gyant was the strongest and hardiest knight at Armes that ever set foot upon the Confines of Damasco, his strength was so invincible, that at one time hee durst encounter with an hundred knights: but now returne we

 againe

againe to the other Champions, whom when night approached, and likewise missing the company of Saint Iames: they cast lots the third time, and it fell to the Noble Champion of Italy, Saint Anthony, whom on the next morning attired himselfe in costly habiliments of Warre, and mounted upon a Barbarian Palfrey, as richly as did the valiant Iason when hee adventured into the Ile of Colcos, for the golden Fléece, and for Medeas love: his Helmet glittered like an Ile Mountaine, deckt with a Plume of Ginger coloured Feathers, and beautified with many silver Pendants. But his shining glory was soone blemished with a cloud of mischance, for although he was as valiant a Knight as ever brandisht weapon in the fields of Mars, yet he found a disability in his fortitude, to withstand the furious blowes of the Gyant, in such sort that hee was forced to yeeld himselfe prisoner like the former Champions.

The next Lot that was cast, chanced to Saint Andrew of Scotland, a Knight as highly honoured for Martiall Discipline as any of the rest: his Steed was clad with a Caparison after the manner of the Grecians, his Armour varnished with greene Oyles, like the colour of the Summer fields, upon his breast he bore a Crosse of purple silke, and on his Burgonet a goodly Plume of Feathers: but yet Fortune so frowned upon his Enterprize, that hee nothing prevailed, but committed his life to the mercy of the Gyant, who likewise imprisoned him with the other Knights.

The fift Lot fell to Saint Patricke of Ireland, as brave a Knight as ever nature created, and as adventurous in his Atchievements: If ever Hector upon his Phrygian Steed pranced up and downe the streets of Troy, and made that age admire his fortitude, this Irish Knight might counterbaile his valour.

For no sooner had the silver Moone forsooke the Azure Firmament, and had committed her charge to the Gal-

den

den burniſht Sunne: but Saint Patrieke approached the light of the Gyant, mounted upon his Iriſh Hobby, clad in a Coſſlet of proofe, beautified with ſilver nayles: his Plume of Feathers of the colour of Virgins hayre, his Horſe covered with a vale of Orenge tawnie ſilk, and his Saddle bound about with plates of Steele, like to an Iron Chaire.

The light of this valiant Champion ſo daunted the courage of the Gyant, that hee thought him to bee the Knight that the Vision had revealed, and by whom the adventure ſhould bee accompliſhed: therefore with no cowardly fortitude hee aſſayled the Iriſh Knight, who with as Princely valour indured the incounter: but the unkind deſtinies not intending to give him the honour of the victory, compelled the Champion to yeeld to the Gyants force, and like a Captive to accompany the other impriſoned Champions.

The next Lot fell to Saint David of Wales, who nothing diſcouraged at the diſcomfiture of the other Chriſtian Knights, but at the Hornings Sunnes uprise into the azure firmament, gliſtered in his ſilver Armour before the Fountaine, with a Golden Griffon ſhining on his breaſt, where hee indured a long and dangerous Combat with the Gyant, making the Skies reſound with Ecchoes of their ſtroakes, but at laſt when the Gyant perceived that Saint David beganne to grow almoſt breathleſſe, in defending the huge and mighty blowes of his Ruſty Batte, and chiefely through his long incounter, the Gyant renewed his ſtrength, and ſo redoubled his ſtroakes, that Saint David was conſtrained like to the other Chriſtian Champions, to yeeld to the Gyants mercy.

But now the Invincible and Heroycall Champion of England Saint George, hee that is Fames true Knight, the map of Honour, and the Worlds wonder,

remaining in the Iewes Pauillion, and pondring in his minde the bad succesſe of the other ſix Champions, and that it was his turne to try his Fortune the next morning in the aduenture: hee fell into great contemplation (quoth hee) I that haue fought for Chriſtian Knights in Fields of Purple blood, and made my enemies to ſwim in ſtreams of Crimſon goare, ſhall I not now confound this bloody and inhumane Monſter, that hath diſcomfited ſix of the braueſt Knights that euer nature framed. I ſlue the burning Dragon in Egypt: I conquered the terrible Gyant that kept the Inchanted Caſtle amongſt the Amazonians, then Fortune let me accompliſh this dangerous aduenture, that all Chriſtians and Chriſtian Knights may applaud thy Name.

In this manner ſpent hee away the night, hoping for the happy ſucceſſe of the next dayes enterprize, whereon hee vowed by the honour of his golden Garter, either to returne a worthy Conqueror, or to die with honour valianty.

And when the day beganne to beautifie the Eaſtern Elements with a faire Purple colour, hee repaired to the Iewes Armory, and clad himſelfe in a black Corſlet, mounting himſelfe vpon a Pitchie coloured Steed, adorned with a blood-red Capariſon, in ſigne of a bloody and Tragicall Aduenture: his Plume of Feathers was like a flame of fire quencht in blood, as a token of ſpeedy reuenge: he armed himſelfe not with a ſturdy Lance, bound about with plates of braſſe, but tooke a Jabelin made of Steele, the one end ſharpened like the point of a Needle, at the other end a Ball of Iron in faſhion of a Mace or Club.

Being thus armed according to his wiſhed deſires, hee tooke leaue of the Iew and his ſeuen Sonnes, ſitting all attired in black and mournfull ornaments, praying for his happy and fortunate ſucceſſe: and ſo departed ſpeedily to

to the golden Fountaine, where he found the Gyant ſléeping carelesly upon his block of Stéele, dreading no inſuing danger.

But when the valiant Champion Saint George was alighted from his Horſe, and ſufficiently beheld the deformed proportion of the Gyant: how the haire of his head ſtood ſtaring upright like to the briſtles of a wilde Boare, his eyes gazing open like two blazing Comets, his téeth long and ſharpe like to ſpikes of Stéele, the nayles of his hands like the tallents of an Eagle, over which was drawne a paire of Iron Gloves: and every other limbe huge and ſtrongly proportioned, like to the body of ſome mighty Oake, the worthy Champion awakened him in this order.

Ariſe (ſaid hee) thou unreaſonable deformed Monſter, and either make delivery of the Captive Knights whom thou wrongfully detaineſt, or prepare thy ugly ſelfe to abide the uttermoſt force of my warlike arme and death-prepared weapon.

At which word the furious Gyant ſtarted up, as one ſodainly amazed or affrighted from his ſléep: and without making any reply at all, took his Iron Mace faſt in both his hands, and with great terrour let drive at the moſt worthy Engliſh Champion, who with exceeding cunning and nimbleneſſe defended himſelfe from that danger, by ſpéedy avoyding the blowes violence, and withall returned on his adverſary a mighty thruſt with the pointed or ſharp end of his Javelin, which rebounded from the Gyants body, as if it had béene run againſt an Adamantine Pillar.

The which the invincible Knight S. George perceiving, turned his heavie round Ball end of his Waſſie Javelin, and ſo mightily aſſayled the Gyant, redoubling his heavie blowes with ſuch couragious fortitude, that at laſt he beat his braines out of his deformed head: whereby the Gyant was conſtrained to yéeld up the Ghoſt, and to give

such a hideous roare, as though the whole frame of the Earth had beene shaken with the violence of some clap of Thunder.

This being done, Saint George cast his loathsome carkasse as a prey for the Fowles and ravenous Beasts to seize upon: and after very diligently searched up and downe, till hee found the Rock wherein all the Knights and Champions were imprisoned: the which with his steely Javelin hee burst in sunder, and delivered them presently from their servitudes, and after returned most triumphantly back to the Jewes Pavillion, in as great Majesty and Royalty of Vespasian with his Romane Nobles and Peares returned into the confines of flourishing Italy, from the admired and glorious conquest of Jerusalem and Judea.

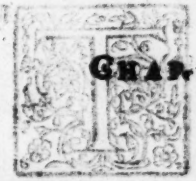
But when the reverend old Jew saw the English Champion returne with victory, together with his other six fellow Champions, and likewise beheld his fourteene Sonnes safely delivered, his joy so mightily exceeded the bounds of reason, that hee sodainly sounded, and lay for a time in a dead trance, with the great exceeding pleasure he conceived.

But having a little recovered his decayed senses, hee gladly conducted them into their severall Lodgings, and there they were presently unarmed, and their wounds washed in white Wine and new Milke, and after banqueted them in the best manner hee could devise. At which Banquet there wanted not all the excellency of Musicke that the Jewes seven younger Sonnes could devise, extolling in their sweet Sonnets the excellent fortitude of the English Champion, that had not only delivered their captived Brethren, but restored, by that ugly Gyants deserved death, their aged Father to the repossession of his golden Fountaine.

Thus after Saint George with the other six Champions had sojourned there for the space of thirty dayes, having

bing placed the Jew with his Sonnes in their former desired dignities, that is, in the government of the Golden Fountaine, they cloathed themselves againe in their Pilgrime attire, and so departed forward on their intended journey to visit the holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem.

All whose noble Adventures you shall heare more in the Chapter following.



Chap. V.

Of the Champions returne to *Ierusalem*, and after how they were almost famished in a Wood: and how *Saint George* obtained them food by his valour in a Gyants House, with other things that hapned.

THe Champions after this battell of the golden Fountain never rested travelling till they arrived at the holy Hill of Sion, & had visited the Sepulchre, the which they found most richly built of the purest Marble, garnished curiously by cunning Architecture, with many Carbuncles of Jasper, and Pillars of Jeat. The Temple wherein it was erected, stood seven degrées of staires downe within the ground, the gates whereof were of burnisht gold, and the portals of refined silver, cut as it did seeme, out of a most excellent beautified Alablaster Rock.

But in it continually burned a sweet smelling Taper, alwayes maytained by twelve of the Noblest Virgins dwelling in all Iudea, attending still upon the Sepulchre, clad in silken ornaments, in colour like to Lillies in the flourishing pride of Summer: the which costly Attyre, they con-

continually wore as an evident signe of their pure and unspotted virginities: many dayes offered up these worthy Champions these Ceremonious devotions, to that sacred Tombe, washing the Marble pavement with their true and unfained Teares, and witnessing their true and hearty zeales, with their continuall volleys of discharged sighes.

But at last upon an Evening, when Titans golden beames began to descend the Westerne Element, as those Princely minded Champions, in company of these twelve admired Maydens, kneeled before the Sepulchre, offering up their Evening Orizons, an unseene voyce (to the amazement of them all) from a hollow vault in the Temple uttered these words.

You magnanimous Knights of Christendome, whose true Nobilities hath circled the earth with reports of fame, whose bare feet for the love of our sweet Saviour, have set more weary steps upon the parched Earth, than there bee Starres within the golden Canopy of Heaven: returne, returne into the bloody fields of Warre, and spend not the honours of your time in this ceremonious manner: for great things by you must bee accomplished, such as shall cause babes to comes to fill large Chronicles, and babes as yet unborne to speak of your honourable atchievements.

And you chaste Maydens that spend your time in the service of your God, even by the plighted promise yee have made to true Virginity, I charge you to furnish forth these warlike Champions with such approved furniture as hath beene offered to this royall Sepulchre, by those travelling Knights, which have fought under the Banner of Christendome. This is the pleasure of the high fates, and this for the redresse of all wronged Innocents in Earth, must bee with all immediate dispatch forthwith accomplished.

This unexpected voyce was no sooner ended, but the

Temple (in their conceits) seemed strangely to resound, like the melody of Celestiall Angels, or the holy harmony of Cherubins, as a signe that the Gods were pleased at their proceedings: whereupon the twelve Virgins arose from their divine Contemplations, and conducted the seven Champions to the further side of mount Sion, and there bestowed frankly upon them, seven of the bravest Steeds that they ever beheld, with Martiall furniture answerable thereunto, befitting Knights of such estéeme: Thus the Christian Champions being proud of their good fortunes, attiredthemselves in rich and sumptuous Corslets, and after mounted upon their warlike Coursers, kindly bidding the Ladies adiew, betooke them to the Worlds wide journey. This travell began at that time of the yéere, when the Summers Quéene began to spread her beauteous mantles amongst the gréen and fresh boughes of the high and mighty Cedars, when as all kinde of small Birds flew round about, recreating themselves in the beauty of the day, and with their well-tuned notes making a sweet and heavenly melody: at which time I say, these mighty and well-estéemed Knights, the seven Champions of Christendome, tooke the way from Ierusalem, which they thought to be most used: in which they had not many dayes travelled through the Desarts, and over many a Mountaine top, but they were marvaitously féeble for lack of their accustomed and daily victuals, and could not hide nor dissemble their great hunger, so that the warre which they sustained with hunger, was farre greater than the battels that they had fought against their enemies, as you heard discoursed in the first part of this History.

So upon a Summers evening, when they had spent the day in great extremity, and night grew on, they happened into a Thicket of mighty trées, whereas the silver Moone with her bright beames glistred most cléerely, yet to them it séemed to bee as darke as pitch, for they were very sore

sore troubled for lack of that which should sustaine them, and their faces did shew and declare the perplexities of their stomackes.

So they sate them downe upon the greene and freshy hearbes, very pensive of their extreme necessity, providing to take their rests that night: but all was in vaine, for that their corporall necessities would not consent thereunto: but without sleeping they walked up and downe for that night, till the next day in the morning that they turned to their accustomed travell and journey, thinking to finde some food for the cherishing of the stomackes, and had their eyes alwayes gazing about, to spie some village or house, wherein they might satisfie their hunger and take their rests.

Thus in this helplesse manner spent they away the next day, till the closing of the evenings light, by which time they grew so faint, that they fell to the ground with feblenesse: Oh what a sorrow was it to Saint George, not only for himselfe, but to see the rest of the Champions in such a miserable case, being not able to helpe themselves: and so parting a little from them, hee lamented in this manner following:

Thou that hast given mee many victories: thou that hast made mee conquerour of Kings and Kingdomes: and thou by whose invincible power I have tamed the black faced furies of dark Cocitus, that maskt abroad the world in humane shapes: looke downe sweet Queene of Chance I say, from thy Imperiall seat: shew me some favour, and do not consent that I and my company perish for hunger and want of victuals: make no delay to remedy our great necessity: let us not bee meat for Birds hovering in the ayre, nor our bodies cast as a prey for ravenous beasts ranging in these woods: but rather, if we must needs perish, let us die by the hands of the strongest warriers in the universall world, and not basely here lose our lives with cowardly hunger:

These and such like lamentations uttered this valiant Champion of England, till such time as the day appeared, and the sable curtaines of coale black night were withdrawne. Then turned hee to the rest of his Company, where hee found them very weak and feeble: but hee encouraged them in the best manner he could devise, to take their Horses and trie the chance of their utmost unkinde fortune.

Although Saint George as they travelled was ready to die by the way, and in great trouble of minde for want of food: yet rode hee first to one, then to another, comforting them, and making them ride apace: which they might very well do, for that their Horses were not so unprovided as their Masters, by reason of the goodly grasse that grew in those Woods, wherwith at pleasure they filled them every night.

By this time the golden Sunne had almost mounted to the top of Heaven, and the glorious prime of the day began to approach, when they came into a great field very plaine, where in the midst of it was a little Mountaine, out of the which there appeared a great smoake, which gave them to understand that there should bee some habitation in that place.

Then the Princely minded Saint George said to the other Champions: take comfort with your selves, and by little and little come forward with an easie pace: for I will ride before to see who shall bee our Host this ensuing night. And of this, brave Knights and Champions, bee all assured: whether hee bee pleased or no, hee shall give us Lodging and entertainment like travelling Knights, and therewithall he set spurres to his Horse, and swiftly scowred away, like to a Ship with swelling sailes upon the Marble coloured Ocean: his hast was so speedy, that in a short time he approached the Mountaine, where at the noyse and rushing of his Horse in running, there arose from the ground a mighty and terrible Gyant, of so great

height,

height, that hee seemed to bee a big growne Tree, and for hugenesse like to a Rock of stone: but when he cast his staring eyes upon the English Knight, which seemed to him like two brazen plates, or two Torches ever flaming, hee layd his hand upon a mighty club of Iron which lay by him, and came with great lightnesse to meet S. George, but when hee approached his presence, he thinking him to bee a Knight but of small valour and fortitude, he threw away his Iron bat, and came towards the Champion, intending with his fists to buffet and beat out his braines, but the courage of the English Champion so exceeded, that hee forgot the extremity of hunger, and like a couragious Knight raysed himselfe in his stirrops, otherwise hee could not reach his head, and gave him such a blow upon the forehead with his keene edged Fauchion, that he cut his head halfe in sunder, and his braines in great abundance ranne downe his deformed body: so that amazed hee fell to the ground and presently died. His fall seemed to make the ground to shake, as though a stony Tower had beene overturned, for as hee lay upon the earth, hee seemed to bee a great Oake blowne up by the roots with a tempestuous whirle-winde.

At that instant the rest of the Champions came to that place, with as much joy at that present, as before they were sad and sorrowfull.

And so when Saint Dennis with the other Knights did see the greatnesse of the Gyant, and the deformity of his body, they advanced his valour beyond imagination, and deemed S. George the fortunatest Champion that ever nature framed, holding that adventure in as high honour, as the Grecians held Iasons prize, when he returned from Colchos with Medeas holden Fleece: and with as great danger accomplished as the twelve fearefull labours of Hercules: but after some few speeches passed, S. George desired the rest of the Champions to go and see what store of victuals the Gyant had prepared for them.

Whereunto they concluded, and so generally entred the Gyants house, which was in the manner of a great Barne cut out of hard stone, and wrought out of a Rocke: therein they found a very large Copper Cauldron standing upon a Trevet of Steele, the feet and supporters thereof were as bigge as great Iron Pillars: under the same burned such a huge flaming fire, that it sparkled like the fiery furnace in burning Acharon.

Within the Cauldron were boyling the flesh of two fat Bullockes, prepared only for the Gyants dinner: the sight of this ensuing banquet gave them such comfort, that every one fell to worke, hoping for their travell to eat part of the meat: one turned the Weefe in the Cauldron: another increased the fire, and others pulled out the coales so that there was not any idle in hope of the benefit to come.

The hunger they had, and their desire to eat caused them to fall to their meat before it was halfe ready, as though that it had beene over-sodden, but the two Knights of Wales and Ireland, not intending to dine without bread and drink, searched in a secret hollow Cave, whereas they found two great loaves of bread, as bigge in compasse as the circle of a Well, and two great Flagons full of as good Wine as ever they tasted, the which with great joy and pleasure they brought from the Cave, to the great and exceeding contentment of the other Champions.

In stead of knives to cut their victuals, Saint George used his Curtleare, which lately had beene stained with the hatefull Gyants detested blood, and imbrewed with his loathsome braines.

Thus, and after this manner qualified they the pinching paines and torments of hunger, whereof they took as joyfull a repast as if they had banquetted in the richest Kings Pallace in the world.

So being joyfull for their good and happy fortunes,

Saint

Saint George requeſted the Champions to take Horſe and mounted himſelfe upon his Palfrey, and ſo travelled from thence thorow a narrow path, which ſæmed to bee uſed by the Gyant, and ſo with great delight they travelled all the reſt of that day, till night cloſed in the beauty of the Heavens: at which time they had got to the top of a high Mountaine, from whence a little before night they did diſcover marvellous and great Playnes, the which were inhabited with faire Cities and Townes, at which ſight theſe Chriſtian Champions received great contentment and joy, and ſo without any ſtaying, they made haſte onward on their journey till ſuch time as they come to a low Valley lying betwixt two running Rivers: where in the middeſt of the way they found an Image of fine Chryſtall, the picture and lively forme of a beautifull Virgin, which ſæmed to bee wrought by the hands of ſome moſt excellent Work-man, all to beſpotted with blood.

And it appeared by the wounds that were cunningly formed in the ſame picture, that it was the Image of ſome Lady that had ſuffered torments, as well with terrible cuttings of Irons, as with cruell whippings: the Ladies legs and armes did ſæme as though they had bæne martyred, and wrung with Cords, and about the neck, as though ſhee had bæne forcibly ſtrangled with a Napken or Towell. The Chryſtall picture lay upon a rich adorned Bed of black cloathes, under an Arbor of purple Roſes: by the curious fayre formed Image, ſate a goodly aged man in a chaire of Cypreſſe wood, his attyre was after the manner of the Arcadian Shepheards, not curious but comely, yet of a black and ſable colour, as a ſure ſigne of ſome deadly diſcontent, his haire hung downe below his ſhoulders, like untwiſted ſilke, in whiteneſſe like downe of Thiſtles, his beard over-grown, dangling downe, as it were frozen Iſicles upon a Hawthorn tree, his face wrinckled and over-worne with age, and his eyes almoſt blinde in bewailing.

wailing the grieſes and ſorrowes of his heart.

Which ſtrange and wofull ſpectacle, when the Chriſtian Champions earneſtly beheld, they could not by any manner of meanes refrain from ſhedding ſome few ſorrowfull teares, in ſeeing before them the picture of a woman of ſuch excellent beauty, which had beene oppreſſed with cruelty. But the pittifull Engliſh Knight had the greateſt compaſſion, when hee beheld the counterfeit of this tormented creature, who taking truce with his ſorrowfull heart, hee courteouſly deſired the old Father, ſitting by this wofull ſpectacle, to tell the cauſe of his ſorrow, and the diſcourſe of that Ladyes paſſed fortunes, for whoſe ſake hee ſeemed to ſpend his dayes in that ſolitary Order: to whom the old man with a number of ſighes thus kindly replyed: Brave Knights, for ſo you ſeeme by your courteſies and behaviours, to tell the ſtorie of my bitter woes, and the cauſes of my endleſſe ſorrowes, will conſtraine a ſpring of Teares to trickle from the Conduits of my aged eyes, and make the manſion of my heart rive in twaine, in remembring of my undeſerved miſeries: as many drops of blood hath fallen from my heart, as there be ſilver Hayres upon my Head, and as many ſighes have I ſtrained from my breaſt, as there be minutes in a yeare, for thrice ſeven hundred times the mornings dew hath wet my ſilver Hayres, and thrice ſeven hundred times the winters froſts hath nipt the Mountaine tops ſince firſt I made theſe rufull lamentations, during all which time I have ſat before this Chryſtall Image, hourely praying that ſome courteous Knight would bee ſo kinde as to aide me in my vowed revenge, and now fortune I ſee hath ſmiled upon me, in ſending you hither to worke a juſt revenge for the inhumane murther of my daughter, whoſe perfect Image lieth here carved in fine Chryſtall, as the continuall object of my griefe and becauſe you ſhall underſtand the true diſcourſe of her timeleſſe Tragedy, I have written it downe in a paper booke with mine owne blood, the which my ſorrowfull

tongue

tongue is not able to reveale, and therenpon he pulled from his boſome a golden covered Book with ſilver claſpes, and requeſted Saint George to read it to the reſt of the knights, to which he willingly condeſcended, ſo ſitting down amongſt the other Champions upon the greene graſſe, he opened the bloody written Book and red over the contents, which contained theſe ſorrowfull words following.

Chap. VI.

What happened to the Champions, after they had found an Image of fine Chryſtall, in the forme of a murthered Mayden: where *Saint George* had a golden Booke given him, wherein was written in blood, the true Tragedies of two Siſters: and likewiſe how the Champions intended a ſpeedy revenge upon the Knight of the black Caſtle, for the deaths of the two Ladies.

IN former times whileſt Fortune ſmiled upon mée, I was a wealthy Shepheard, dwelling in this unhappy Countrey, not only held in great eſtimation for my wealth, but alſo for two faire Daughters which Nature had made moſt excellent in beauty: in whom I took ſuch exceeding joy and delight, that I accounted them my chiefeſt happineſſe: but yet in the end, that which I thought ſhould moſt content mee, was the occaſion of theſe my endleſſe ſorrows.

My two Daughters (as I ſaid before) were endued with wonderfull beauty, and accompanied with no leſſe honeſty:

honesty: the fame of whose vertues was much blazed into many parts of the World: by reason whereof there repaired to my Shepheards Cottage, divers strange and worthy Knights, with great desire to marry with my Daughters. But above them all, there was one named Leoger a Knight of a black Castle (wherein he now remaineth) being in distance from this place two hundred leagues, in an Iland incompassed with the Sea.

This Leoger I say, was so intangled with the beauty of my Daughters, that hee desired mee to give him one of them in Marriage: when I little mistrusting the Treason and cruelty that after followed, but rather considering the great honour that might redound thereof, for that he was a worthy Knight, as I thought, and of much fortitude, I quickly fulfilled his desire, and granted to him my eldest Daughter in Marriage, where after Hymens holy rites were solemnized in great pomp and state, she was conducted in company of her new wedded Lord to the black Castle, more like a Princesse in state, than a Shepheards Daughter of such low degree.

But still I retayned in my company the youngest, being of farre more beauty than her elder Sister: of which this trayterous and unnaturall Knight was informed, and her surpassing beauty so excelled, that in a small time he forgot his new married Wife and sweet companion, and wholly gave himselfe over to my other Daughters love, without consideration that he had married her Sister. So this inordinate and lustfull love kindled and increased in him every day more and more, and hee was so troubled with this new desire, that he daily devised with himselfe by what meanes hee might obtaine her, and keep her in despight of all the World: in the end hee used this policy and deceit to get her home into his Castle: When the time grew on, that my eldest Daughter his Wife should bee delivered, he came in great pomp, with a stately traine of followers to my Cottage, and certified me that his Wife

was delivered of a goodly Boy, and thereupon requested mee with very faire and loving words, that I would let my Daughter go unto her Sister, to give her that contentment which shee desired, for shee did love her more dearely than her owne soule: Thus his crafty and subtill perswasions so much prevailed, that I could not frame and excuse to the contrary, but must needs consent to his demand: so straight way when hee had in his power that which his soule so much desired, hee presently departed, giving mee to understand that hee would carry her to his Wife, for whose sight shee had so much desired, and at whose comming shee would receive so great joy and contentment, her sudden departure bred such sorrow in my heart (being the only stay and comfort of my declining age) that the Fountaines of my Eyes rained downe a shower of Salt Teares upon my aged breast, so deare is the love of a Father unto his child: but to bee short, when this lustfull minded Caitiffe with his pompous traine came in sight of his Castle, hee commanded his Followers to ride forwards, that with my Daughter he might secretly confer of serious matters, and so staid lingring behind, till he saw his company almost out of sight, and they two alone together, then he found opportunity to accomplish his lustfull desires, and so rode into a little Grove, which was hard at hand, close by a Rivers side, where without any more tarrying hee carried her into the thickest part thereof, where he thought it most convenient to performe so wicked a deed.

When hee beheld the branches of the thick Trees to withhold the light of Heaven from them, and that it seemed a place as it were over-spread with the sable mantles of night, he alighted from his Horse, and willed my welbeloved Daughter that she would likewise alight: she in whose heart raigned no kind of suspition, presently alighted, and sate her down by the Rivers side, and washed her faire white hands in the streames, and refreshed her mouth with Chrystall waters.

Then

Then this dissembling Traitour could no longer refraine, but with a countenance like the lustfull king of Thrace when he intended the ravishment of Progne, or like Tarquinius of Rome when he defloured Lucrecia, hee let her understand by some outward shewes, and dark sentences, the kindled fire of love that burned in his heart, and in the end he did wholly declare his devilish pretence and determined purpose.

So my unmarried Daughter being troubled in minde with his lustfull assailements beganne in this manner to reprehend him: will you (said she) defile my Sisters bed, and staine the honour of your house with lust? Will you bereave mee of that precious Jewell, the which I hold more deere than my life, and blot my true Virginity with your false desires? Brought you me from the comfortable sight of my Father to bee a joy unto my Sister, and will you flourish in the spoyle of my true chastity? Look, look, immoderate Knight, (I will not call thee Brother) look I say how the Skies blush at thy attempts, and see how chast Diana sits upon the winged Firmaments, and threatens vengeance for her Virgins sake: wash from thy heart these lustfull thoughts with showers of repentant Teares, and seeke not in this sort to wrong thy Marriage Bed, the which thou oughtest not to violate for all the Kingdomes in the World.

Thus this accursed Knight, seeing the chast and vertuous Mayden to stand so boldly in the defence of her Virginity with his rigorous hee hand took fast hold by her necke, and with a wrathfull countenance he delivered these words: do not think stubborne Damsell to preserve thy honour from the purpose of my desires, for I sweare by the Chrystall Tower of Iupiter, either to accomplish my intent, or put thee to the cruellest death that ever was devised for any Damsell or Mayd: at which words the most sorrowfull and distressed Virgin, with a showre of Pearled Teares trickling downe her seemely blushing

chækes, replyed in this order. Thinke not false Traitour (quoth she) that feare of death shall cause me to yeeld to thy filthy desires: no, no, I will account that stroak ten times more happy, and welcome to my soule than the joyes of wedlock: then might I walk in the Elizian fields amongst those Dames that died true Virgins, and not live to beholde the bud of my Maydens glory withered with the nipping frosts of thy unnaturall desires.

Those words being well understood by the lustfull knight, who with a countenance more furious than the savage Lyons in the Desarts of Lybia, tooke her by the slender waste, and rigorously dasht her body against the ground, and therewithall spake these words: Understand sayd hee, and bee well perswaded, thou unrelenting Damsell, that either living or dead, I will performe my will and pretended purpose: for in my heart there burnes a fire that all the water in the Seas can never quench, nor all the drilling clouds of raine, if they should drop eternall showers: but it is the water of thy sweet Virginity that must quench my furious burning love: and thereupon in a madnesse hee cut off a great part of the traine of her gowne, and bound it very fast to the hayre of her head, which glistered like to golden wyers, and dragd her up and downe the Grove, till the græne grasse turned to a purple colour with the blood that issued from her body: by which cruelty hee thought to inforce her to his pleasure, but she respecting not his wicked cruelty, and the more he procured to torment her, the more earnestly shee defended her honour.

When this cruell and inhumane Monster saw that neither his flattering speeches, nor his cruell threats were of sufficiency to prevaile, hee beganne to forget all faith and loyalty hee ought unto the honour of knighthood, and the respect hee should beare unto woman-kinde, and blasphemed against heaven, tearing her cloathes all to pieces, hee stripped her starke naked, and with the raines

of

of the bridle of his Horſe, hee cruelly whipped and ſcourged her white and tender back, that it was full of blew ſpots, and horrible circles of black and ſetled blood, with ſuch extreame cruelty, that it was a very grievous and ſorrowfull ſight to behold. And yet this did profit him nothing at all, for ſhee continued in her former reſolution.

Hee ſeeing that ſhee ſtill perſevered in the defence of her honour, hee ſtraight wayes, like a bloody Monſter, heaped cruelty upon cruelty: and ſo tooke and bound her well-proportioned legs, and Chriſtaline armes, ſtraightly unto a withered Tree, ſaying: Oh cruell, and more cruell than any Woman in the World hath ever beene: why doſt thou ſuffer thy ſelfe to be thus tormented, and not give conſent to procure thy eaſe? Doſt thou thinke it better to indure this torment, than to live a moſt loving, ſweet, and contented life? and therewithall his anger ſo increaſed, that hee ſtood ſtaring on her face with his accurſed eyes, fixed in ſuch ſort that hee could not withdraw them back.

The which being perceived by this diſtreſſed Virgin, as one ſayre more deſirous of death than of life, with a furious voyce ſhee ſaid: Oh thou Traytor, thou wicked Monſter, thou utter enemy to all humanity, thou ſhameleſſe creature, more cruell than the Lyons in the Deſarts of Hircania: thou ſtaine of Knighthood, and the bloodieſt Wretch that ever Nature framed in the World, wherein doſt thou contemplate thus thy ſelfe? thou fleſhly Butcher, thou unmercifull Tyger, thou Lecherous Hogge, and diſhonourer of thy Progeny: make an end (I ſay) of theſe my torments, for now it is too late to repent thee, gore my unſpotted breaſt with thy bloody weapon, and ſend my ſoule into the boſome of Diana, whom I behold ſitting in her Celeſtiall Pallace, accompanied with numberleſſe troopes of Veſtall Virgins, ready to entertaine my bleeding ghoſt into her pleaſant Manſion.

This

This mercileſſe knight ſeing the ſtedfaſtneſſe that ſhee had in the defence of her honour, with a cruell and infernall heart took a ſilken Scarfe which the Damſell had girded at her waſte, and with a brutall anger doubled it about her neck and pinched it ſo ſtrait, that her ſoule departed from her terreſtriall body.

O you Valiant Knights that by your Proweſſe come to the reading of this diſmall Tragedy, and come to the hearing of theſe bloody lines contained in this golden Book: conſider the great conſtancy and chaſtity of this unfortunate Mayden, and let the griefe thereof move you to take vengeance of this cruelty ſhewed without any deſert.

So when this infernall minded knight ſaw that ſhee was dead, hee tooke his Horſe and rode after his Fellowes, and in a ſhort time he overtooke them, and looked with ſo furious and irefull a countenance, that there was none durſt bee ſo hardy to aſke him where my Daughter was, but only one of his Squires that bore mee great affection for the kindneſſe and courteſie I offered to him at his Ladies and my Daughters Nuptials, who having a ſuſpition by the great alteration that appeared in his Maſter, and being very deſirous to know what was become of the Damſell, for that hee came alone without bringing the Damſell with him, neither could hee have any ſight of her: hee then preſently withdrew himſelfe backe, and followed the footings of the Horſe, and ceaſed not untill he came to the place where this cruelty was wrought: whereas hee found the Mayden dead, at the view whereof

he

hee remained almost beside himselfe, in such sort that hee had well nere fallen to the ground: The sorowfull Squire remained thus a good while before hee could speak, but at last when hee came againe to himselfe, hee began with a dolorous complaint to crie out against Fortune, because she had suffered so great a cruelty to bee committed upon this Damsell.

And making this sorowfull lamentation, he unlooseth her from the Tree, and laid her naked body upon part of her apparrell, the which hee found lying by all besmeared in blood, and afterwards complained in this pittifull sort.

O cruell Knight (quoth hee) what infernall heart remayned in thy breast, or what hellish fury did beare thee company, that thy hands have committed this inhumane sacrifice: Was it not possible that this her surmounting beauty might have moved thee to pitty, when it is of power to move the bloody Caniball to remorse, and constraine when savage monsters to relent: so with these, and other like sorowfull words that the woefull Squire spake unto the dead corpes, he cut downe branches from the trees, and gathered grasse from the ground for to cover the body, and left it lying so, that it seemed to bee a Mountaine of greene grasse, or a Thicket of springing trees, and then determined with himselfe in the best manner that he could, to dissemble the knowledge of the bloody fact: so hee took his horse and rode the next way towards the Castle, in which hee rode so fast that hee over-tooke the Knight and his company at the entring of the gates, whereas the lustfull Tyrant alighted, and without speaking to any person, entred into his Closet, by reason whereof this kinde and courteous Squire had time to declare all things hee had seene to the new married Lady, and the dolorous end of the constant Damsell her Sister. This sodaine and unlooked for sorrow mixed with anger and wrath, was such in the Lady, that shee caused the Squire not to depart from

the Castle, untill such time as more occasion serued, and to keep all things in secret that he had seene, and she her selfe remained sorrowfull, making marvellous and great lamentations to her selfe all in secret, for that she would not bee perceiued, yet with a soft voyce she said:

Oh unfortunate Lady, borne in a sorrowfull houre, when some blazing and unlucky Comet raigned: Oh unhappy Destinies that made me wife unto so cruell a Knight, whose foule misdœds have made the very elements to blush, but yet I know that Fortune will not be so far unkind, but that shee will procure a strange revenge upon his purple-stayned soule: Oh you immortall Powers, revenge me on this wicked Homicide: if not, I sweare that I will with mine owne hands put in practise such an enterprise, and so staine my unspotted heart with wilfull murther, that all the Fates above, and all the bright Celestiall Planets shall sit and look from their immortall Pallace, and tremble at the terror of my hate.

This being said, shee tooke in her hand a Dagger of the Knights, and in her armes her young sonne, being but of the age of forty dayes, saying: Now do I wish so much evill unto the world, that I will not leave a sonne of so wicked a father alive: for I will wash my hands in their accursed bloods, were they in number as many as King Priams Children: and so in this irefull order entred she the Chamber where the Knight her Husband was, and finding him tumbling upon his bed from one side to the other, without taking any rest, but in his fury rending and tearing the silken ornaments, where with a sorrowfull, weeping, and terrible voyce she called him Traitor: and like a fierce Tigresse, with the Dagger that shee brought in her hand, before his face shee cut the throat of the innocent Babe, and threw it to him on the bed, and therewithall said: Take there (thou cruell Traitor) the fruit that thy wicked seed created in my body, and then threw shee the Dagger at him also, in hope to have killed him, but Fortune would

not

not that it should take effect, for it struck against the testerne of the bed, and rebounded backe unto her hands, which when the Lady saw that it nothing prevailed, shee returned upon her selfe her outragious fury: so taking the bloody Dagger, shee thrust it to her heart in such sort, that it parted it in two peices, and so she fell downe dead betwixt his armes that was the occasion of all this bloody cruelty.

The great sorrow hereat that this false and unhappy Knight received, was so strange, that hee knew not what counsell to take: but thinking upon a severe vengeance that might succeed these cruell acts, hee straight-wayes devised that the body of the Lady should be secretly buried, which being done by himselfe, in the saddest time of the night, in a solitary Garden under his Castle wall, hee heard a hollow voyce breathe from the deep vaults of the earth, these manner of speeches following:

That for the bloody fact which he so lately had committed, his life drew neere to a shamefull end: and that his Castle, with all his treasure therein, should be destroyed, or fall into the hands of him whose Daughters he had so cruelly murthered.

Upon this hee determined to use a secret policy: which was, to set watch and ward in every passage neere unto his Castle, and to arrest all such travellers, as by adventure landed upon that Iland, not suffering them to passe until such time as they had promised by oath to aid and assist him, even unto death, against all his enemies.

In the meane time, the afore-named Squire which had seene and heard all the tragicall dealings that have beene heere declared, in the best wise he could, returned again unto my Cottage, and told me all that you have heard, which was unto me very sorrowfull and heavie newes: judge here then gentle Knights and ye beholders of this woefull Tragedy, what sorrow I unfortunate wretch sustained, and what anguish I received; for at the hearing thereof, I fell into a

senseleſſe ſwoon, and being come againe to my ſelfe, I all to beſmeared my milk-white hayres in duſt, that before were as cleare as tried Siluer, and with my teares, being the true ſignes of ſorrow, I bathed the boſome of my mother Earth, and my ſighes paſſed with ſuch abundance from my tormented heart, that they ſtaid the paſſage of my ſpeech, and my tongue could not reueale the griefe that my woefull thoughts conceiued.

In this dumbe ſilence and ſorrow of minde I remained three dayes, and three nights, numbring my ſilent paſſions with the minutes of the day, and my nightly griefes with the Starres when frosty bearded Winter hath clad the Elements with ſparkling Diamonds: but at laſt when my amazed griefes were ſomething abated, my eyes (almoſt blinde with weeping) requiring ſome ſleep, thereby to mittigate the ſorrowes of my heart, I made my repayre into a certaine meddow adioyning neere vnto my Cottage, where amongſt the greene ſpringing Downes, I purpoſed to take ſome reſt, and to lock vp the cloſets of my fearefull eyes with golden ſlumbers, thinking it to be the greateſt content my ſobbing heart required: But before I could ſettle my ſenſes to a quiet ſleep, I was conſtrayned to breathe this woefull lamentation from my oppreſſed ſoule: Oh vnhappy Chance (quoth I) Oh cruell and moſt ſpightfull Fortune: Why diddeſt thou not make mee loſe this bitter and ſorrowfull life in my childhood: or why didſt thou not permit and ſuffer mee to bee ſtrangled in my Mothers wombe, or to haue periſhed in my cradle, or at my Nurſes pap: then had my heart neuer felt this ſorrow, my eares neuer heard the murther of my children, nor mine eyes had neuer wept ſo many helpleſſe teares.

Oh you Mountaines, you vntamed Beaſts, Oh you deep Seas, and you infernall Powers of reuengefull Hell: come all I ſay and willingly aſſiſt me in this mortall Tragedy, that theſe my aged hands, which neuer yet

practiſed

practiſed any haynous crime, may now bee ſtayned in his accurſed blood that hath bereaued mee of the prop and ſtay of declined age, my Daughters (I meane) whoſe bleeding ghoſts will never bee appeaſed, nor never ſleep in quiet upon the joyfull Fankes of the Elyzian fields, but wander up and downe the World, filling each corner of the Earth with fearefull and doleſull clamours of murther and reuenge, nor euer ſhall the furies of my angry ſoule bee pacified, untill mine eyes behold a ſtreame of purple goze runne trickling from the deteſtable breaſt of that accurſed raviſher, and that the blood may iſſue from his guilty heart like a Fountaine with a number of ſprings, whereby the pauements of his Caſtle may bee ſprinkled with the ſame, and the wals of his Turrets coloured with a crimſon hue, like to the ſtreets of Troy, when as her Channels ranne with blood: at the end of this ſorrowfull lamentation, what for griefe, and what for want of naturall reſt, my eyes cloſed together, and my ſenſes fell into a heavie ſleep.

But as I lay ſlumbring in the greene meddowes, I dreamed that there was a great and fierce wild-man, which ſtood before me with a ſharp Fauchion in his hand, making as though he would kill me, whereat mee thought I was ſo frighted, that I gave (in my troubleſome dreame) many terrible ſhrikes, calling for ſuccour to the empty Ayre. Then me thought there appeared before my face a company of courteous Knights, which ſaid unto mee, feare not old man, for wee bee come from the ſoules of thy daughters to ayde and ſuccour thee: but yet for all this the wild-man vaniſhed not away, but ſtruck with his Fauchion upon my breaſt, whereat it ſeemed to open, and then the wild Centaure put his hand into the gaping wound, and pulled out my bleeding heart: where, at the ſame inſtant, mee thought that one of the Knights likewiſe laid hold upon my heart, and they ſtrove together with much contention, who ſhould pull it from the others hands.

but in the end, each of them remained with a piece in his hand, and my heart parted in two.

When the piece which remained in the wild mans keeping, turned into a hard stone, and the piece which remained in the power of the Knight, converted into red blood, and so they vanished away.

Then straight after this, there appeared before mine eyes the Image of my murthered Daughter, in the selfe-same manner and forme as you behold her here portrayed, who with a naked body all besmeared in blood, reported unto mee the true discourse of her unhappy fortunes, and told mee in what place, and where her body lay in the Woods, dishonoured for want of buriall: Also desiring me not of my selfe to attempt the revengement, for it was impossible, but to intombe her corpes by her Mother, and cause the picure of her body to be most lively portrayed and wrought of fine Chrystall, in the same manner that I found it in the Woods, and after erect it neere unto a common passage, where adventurous Knights do usually travell. And assuring mee that thither would come certaine Christian Champions that should revenge this injury and inhumane murther.

Which words being finished, mee thought shee vanished away with a grievous and heavie groane, leaving behind her certaine drops of blood sprinkled upon the grasse: Whereat with great perplexity and more sorrow, I awaked out of my dreame, bearing it in my grievous minde, not telling it, not so much as to the bast Ayre, but with all expedition performed her bleeding soules request.

Where ever since, most courteous and noble Knights, I have here lamented her untimely death, and my unhappy fortune, spending the time in writing her dolefull Tragedy in blood-red lines, the which I see with great griefe you have read in this Book of gold.

Therefore most courteous Knights, if ever honour incouraged

couraged you to fight in noble adventures, I now moſt earneſtly intreat you with your magnanimous fortitudes to aſſiſt me to take revengement, for the great cruelty that hath bene uſed againſt my unfortunate Daughter.

At the reading of this ſorrowfull hiſtory, Saint George with the other Champions, ſhed many teares, wherewith there did increaſe in them a further deſire of revengement, and being moved with great compaſſion, they proteſted by their promiſes made to the honour of Knighthood, to perſevere ſpedily on their vowed revenge and determined purpoſe: ſo ſealing up a promiſe to their plighted oaths, proteſting that ſooner ſhould the lives of all the famous Romanes bee raiſed from death, from the time of Romulus to Cæſar, and all the reſt unto this time, than to be perſwaded to returne from their promiſes, and never to travell back into Chriſtendome till they had performed their vowes, and thus burning with deſire to ſee the end of this ſorrowfull adventure, Saint George claſped up the bloody written Book, and gave it againe to the Shepheard, and ſo they proceeded forwards toward the Iland where the Knight of the blacke Caſtle had his reſidence, guided only by the direction of the old man, whoſe aged limbs ſeemed ſo lucky in travelling, that it prognoſticated a lucky event: in which journey wee will leave the Champions for a time, with the wonderfull proviſion that the Knight of the black Caſtle made in his defence, the ſucceſſe whereof will be the ſtrangeſt that ever was reported, and returne and ſpeak of Saint Georges three Sonnes in the purſuit of their Father, where wee left them (as you heard before) travelling from the Confines of Barbary, where they redeemed the Normane Lady from the tawny Moores.

Chap. VII.

A wonderfull and strange adventure that hapned to *S. George* his Sons, in the pursuit of their Father, by finding certaine drops of blood, with Virgins haire scattered in the fields, and how they were certified of the injurious dealing of the Knight of the black Castle against the Queene of *Armenia*.

MAny and dangerous were the adventures of the three yong valiant Princes in the pursuit of their Father Saint George, and many were the Countries, Ilands, and Princes Courts, that they searched to obtaine a wished sight of his martiall countenance, but all to small purpose, for Fortune neither cast them happily upon that Coast where he with his famous Champions had their residence, nor luckily sounded in their eares the places of their arrivals.

In which pursuit I omit and passe over many Noble adventures that these three Princes atchieved, as well upon the raging Ocean, as upon the firme Land, and only discourse upon an accident that hapned to them in an Iland

Iland bordering upon the Confines of Armenia, neere unto the Iland where the Knight of the Black Castle remained, as you heard in the last Chapter; upon which Coast after they were arrived, they travelled in a broad and straight path, untill such time as they came to a very faire and delectable Forrest, whereas sundry chirping Birds had gathered themselves together, to refresh and shrowd themselves from the parching heat of the golden Sunne, filling the eare with the pleasures of their shrill tuned notes.

In this Forrest they travelled almost two houres, and then they went up to a small Mountaine which was at hand, from the which they discovered very faire and well towred Townes, with Princely Pallaces very sumptuous to behold: likewise they discovered from the Hill a faire Fountaine wrought all of Marble like unto a Pillar, out of which did proceed foure Spouts running with water, which fell into a great Cesterne, and comming to it, they washed their hands, and refreshed their faces, and so departed.

After they looked round about them on every side, and toward their right hand they espied amongst a company of greene Trees, a small Tent of black cloth, towards which these young Princes directed their courses, with an easie pace, but when they had entred the Tent, and saw no body therein, they remained silent a while, harkning if they could heare any stirring, but they could neither see nor heare any thing, but only they found the print of certaine little feet upon the same, which caused them more earnestly to desire to know whose foot-steps they were, for that they seemed to bee some Ladies or Damsels: following the trace, they followed them, and the more the Knights followed, the more the Ladies seemed to haste: so long they pursued after the trace, that at the end they approached a little Mountaine, whereas they found scattered about certaine lockes of yellow haire, which seemed like threads of

gold, and stooping to gather them up, they perceiued that some of them were wet with drops of blood, whereby they well understood, that in great anger they were pulled from some Ladies head: likewise they saw in diuers places how the Earth was spotted with drops of Crimson blood: then with a more desire than they had before, they went up to the top of that little Mountaine, and hauing lost the footsteps, they recouered it againe by gathering up the haire, where they had not trauelled far up the Mountaine, but towards the Waters side they heard a grieuous complaint, which seemed to be the voice of a Woman in great distresse, and the words which the Knights did vnderstand, were these: O loue, now shalt thou no more reioyce, nor haue any longer dominion ouer me, for death I see is ready to cut my thread of life, and finish these my sorrowfull lamentations: how often haue I askt reuengement at the hands of Fortune against that wicked wretch that hath beene the causer of my banishment, but yet thee will not heare my request: How oft haue I made my sad complaints to Hell? yet haue the fatall Furies stopt their eares against my wofull cries. And with this she held her peace, giuing a sorrowfull sigh: which being done, the three Christian Knights turned their eyes to the place from whence they heard this complaint, and discouered among certaine greene trees, a Lady who was endued with singular beauty, being so excellent, that it almost depriued them of their hearts, and captiuated their senses in the snares of loue, which liberty as yet they neuer lost: she had her haire about her eares, which hung confusedly downe her comely shoulders, through the violence she vsed against her selfe, and leaning her cheeke upon her delicate white hand that was all to bespotted with blood, which was constrained by the scratching of her nayles upon her Rosie coloured face: by her stood another Damsell which they conjectured to be her Daughter, for she was clad in Virgin coloured silke as white as the Lillies of the fields: and as pleasant to behold, as the glittering Moone in a

cleare

cleare Winters freezing night: notwithstanding all this detestable sight, the three Princely Knights would not discover themselves, but stood closely behinde the Pine-trees which grew neere unto the Mountaine, to heare the event of this accident: where, as they stood cloaked in silence, they heard her thus to conferre with her beautifull Daughter: Oh my Rosana (quoth she) the unhappy figure of him, that without pittie hath wounded my heart, and left mee comfortlesse with the greatest cruelty that ever Knight or Gentleman, left Lady: how hath it beene possible that I have had the force to bring up thee the child of such a father which hath bereaved me of my liberty? O you Soveraigne Powers, grant that I may establish in my minde the remembrance of the love of thy adulterous Father: oh Girle, borne to a further griefe, here do I desire the guiders of thy Fortunes, that thy glistring beauty may have such force and power, whereby the shining beames thereof may take revengement of the dishonour of thy Mother: give eare deare Child, I say, unto thy dying Mother, thou that art borne in the dishonour of thy generation, by the losse of my Virginity, here do I charge thee upon my blessing even at my houre of death, and sweare thee by the bands of Nature, never to suffer thy beauty to bee enjoyed by any one, untill thy disloyall Fathers head be offered up in sacrifice unto my grave, thereby somewhat to appease the fury of my discontented soule, and recover part of my former honour.

These and such like words spake the afflicted Queene, to the wonderfull amazement of the three young Knights, which as yet entended not to discover themselves, but still to marke the event, for they conjectured that her woefull complaints were the induction of some strange accident: Thus as they stood obscurely behinde the Trees, they saw the young and beautifull Damsell give unto her dying Mother, Paper, Pen, and Inke, the which she pulled from her faire bosome, with which the grieved Queene subscribed certaine sorrowfull lines unto him that was

the ranker of her banishment, and making amends of her writing, they heard her (with a dying breath) speak unto her Daughter these sorrowfull words following.

Come Daughter (quoth she) behold thy Mother at her latest gaspe, and imprint my dying request in thy heart, as a table of brasse, that it never may be forgotten: time will not give me longer respit, that with words I might shew unto thee my deep affections, for I feele my death approaching, and the fatall Sisters ready to cut my threed of life asunder betweene the edges of their Sheares, insomuch that I most miserable creature do feele my soule trembling in my flesh, and my heart quivering at this my last and fatall houre, but one thing (my sweet and tender Child) do I desire of thee before I die: which is, that thou wouldst procure that this Letter may be given to that cruell Knight thy disloyall Father, giving him to understand of this my troublesome death the occasion wherof was his unreasonable cruelty: and making an end of saying this, the miserable Queene fell down, not having any more strength to sit up, but let the Letter fall out of her hand, the which her sorrowfull Daughter presently took up, and falling upon her Mothers breast, she replyed in this sorrowfull manner.

Oh my sweet Mother, tell me not that you will die, for it addes a torment more grievous unto my soule than the punishments which Danaus Daughters feele in Hell: I had rather be torne in pieces by the fury of some mercilesse Monster, or to have my heart parted in twaine by the hands of him that is my greatest enemy, than to remaine without your company. Sweet Mother, let these my Youthfull Yeares, and this my greene budding beauty incourage you still to revive, and not to leave mee comfortlesse, like an Exile in the World: but if the gloomy Fates do triumph in your death, and abridge your breathing trunk of life, and that your Soule must needs go wander in the Elizian shades, with Trusas shadow, and with Didoes Ghost, here do I protest by the great and tender love I beare you,

and

and by the due obedience that I owe unto your age, either to deliver this your Letter into the hands of my unkind Father, or with these my pitifull fingers to rent my heart in sunder: and before I will forget my vow, the silver streamed Tygris shall forsake her course, the Sea her Tydes, and the glittring Queene of Night her usuall changes, neither shall any forgetfulnesse bee an occasion to withdraw my minde from performing your dying requests: Then this weake Queen whose power and strength was wholly decayed, and that her houre of death drew neere at hand, with a feeble voyce she said, O you sacred and immortall Gods, and all your bright Celestiall Powers of happinesse, into your divine bosomes now do I commend my dying soule, asking no other revengement against the causes of my death, but that hee may dye like me for want of love.

After this the dead Queene never spake word more, for at that instant the cruell Destinies gave end unto her life: but when Rosana perceived her to bee dead, and shee left to the World devoid of comfort, shee began to teare the golden trammels from her head, and most furiously to beat her white and ivory breast, filling the empty ayre with clamors of her moanes, making the Skies like an Eccho to resound her lamentations, and at last taking her Mothers Letter in her hands, washing it with floods of teares, and putting it nere unto her naked breast, thee said: Here lie thou; nere adorning to my bleeding heart, never to bee removed untill I have performed my dying Mothers Testament. Oh worke, and the last worke of those her dying hands, here do I sweare by the honour of true Virgins, not to part it from my grieved bosome untill such time as love hath rent the disloyall heart of my unkind Father, and in speaking this shee kissed it a thousand times breathing forth millions of sighes, and so with a blushing countenance, as radiant as Auroras glittring beames, shee rose and said to her selfe: What is this Rosana, dost thou think to recall thy Mothers life with ceremonious complaints, and not performe that

which by her was commanded thee: arise, arise, I say gather unto thy selfe strength and courage, and wander up and downe the World, till thou hast found thy disloyall Father, as thy true heart hath promised to do. These words were no sooner finished, but Saint Georges Sonnes like men whose hearts were almost overcome with griefe, came from the Pine trees, and discovered themselves to the Damsell, and courteously requested her to discourse the story of all her passed miseries, and as they were true Christian Knights, they promised her (if it lay in their powers) to release her sorrowes, and to give end unto her miseries. This Rosana when shee beheld these courteous and well demeaned Knights, which in her conceit carried relenting mindes, and considering how kindly they desired to bee partners in her griefes, she took not upon curious termes, nor upon daine exceptions, but most willingly condescended to their requests: so when they had prepared their eares to entertaine her sad and sorrowfull discourse, with a sober countenance, she beganne in this manner: Lately I was (quoth she, whilst Fortune smiled on mee) the only Child and Daughter of this liveleese Queene that you behold here lying dead, and shee before my birth whilst Fortune granted her prosperitie, was the Mayden Queene of a Country called Armenia, adjoyning neere unto this unhappy Iland: whom in her young yeares when her beauty began to flourish, and her high renowne to mount upon the wings of Fame, she was so intrapped with the golden batt of blind Cupid, and so intangled with the love of a disloyall Knight called the Knight of the black Castle, who after he had flourisht in the spoyle of her Virginity, and had left his fruitfull seed springing in her wombe, grew weary of her love, and most discourteously left her as a shame unto her Country, and a staine unto her kindred, and after gave himselfe to such lustfull and lacivious manner of life, that hee unlawfully married a Shepheards Daughter in a forraine Land, and likewise ravished her owne Sister, and after com-

committed her most inhumane slaughter in a Desart Wood: this being done, hee fortified himselfe in his black Castle, only consorted with a cunning Negromancer, whose skill in Magick is now growne so excellent, that all the Knights in the World can never conquer the Castle, where ever since he hath remained in despight of the whole earth.

But now speak I of the tragicall story of my unhappy Mother. When as I her unfortunate Babe began first to struggle in her wombe, wherein I wish I had beene strangled: she heard newes of her Knights ill demeanour, and how he had wholy given himselfe to the spoyle of Virginity, and had for ever left her love, never intending to returne again, the griefe whereof so troubled her minde, that she could not in any wise dissemble it, and so upon a time being amongst her Ladies, calling to remembrance her spotted Virginity, and the seed of dishonour planted in her wombe, she fell into a wonderfull and strange trance, as though shee had beene oppressed with suddaine death, which when her Ladies and Damsels beheld, they presently determined to unbrace her rich ornaments, and to carry her unto her bed, but she made signes with her hands that they should depart and leave her alone, whose commandement was straightway obeyed, not without great sorrow of them all, for their loves were deare unto her. This afflicted Queene, when she saw that she was alone, began to exclaime against her Fortune, reviling the Fates with bitter Exclamations: Oh unconstant Queene of Chance (said shee) thou that hast wrapped such strange webs in my Kingdome, thou that gavest my honour to that Tyrants lust, which without all remorse hath left me comfortlesse, it is thou that dost constraine me to set my life to sale, and to sell my honor as it were with the Cryer, compelling mee to do that which hath spotted my Princely estate, and stained my bright honor with black infamy: woe is me for my Virginity: that which my Parents gave mee charge to have respect unto, but I have carelesly kept it, and small regarded it: I will therefore so chastise my body, for

thus

thus forgetting of my selfe, and be so revenged for the little regard that I have made of my honour, that it shall be an example to all noble Ladies and Princes of high estate in the whole World.

Oh miserable Queene, oh fond and unhappy Lady: thy speeches be too foolish, for although thy desperate hand should pull out thy despised heart from thy bleeding breast, yet can it not make satisfaction for thy dishonour.

Oh you Clouds, why do you not cast some fiery thunder-bolt downe upon my head? or why doth not the Earth gape and swallow my infamous body? Oh false and deceiving Lord, I would thy loving and amorous words had never beene spoken, nor thy quick-sighted Eyes never gazed upon my beauty, then had I flourisht still with glory and renowne, and lived a happie Virgin of chaste Dianaes Traine.

With these and other like lamentations this grieved Queene passed away the time from day to day, till at last she felt her wombe to grow big with child: at the which she received double paine, for that it was impossible to cover or hide it, and seeing her selfe in this case like a woman hated and abhorred, she determined to discover her selfe publiquely unto her Subjects, and deliver her body unto them to be sacrificed unto their Gods: and with this determination, one day shee caused certaine of her Nobles to bee sent for, who straight-way came, according to her commandement, but when shee perceived her Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen of honour were come thither before her, she covered her selfe with a rich Robe, and sate upon her bed in her private chamber, being so pale and leane, that all they that saw her had great compassion upon her sorrow: being all set round about her bed, and keeping silence, shee revealed to them the cause of her griefe in this manner:

My Lords (quoth shee) I shame to entitle my selfe your Queene and Soveraigne, in that I have defamed the honour of my Country, and little regarded the welfare of our

Com-

Common-wealth: my glittring Crowne meethinkes, is shaded with a cloud of black disgrace, and my Princely attyre converted into unchaste habiliments: in which I have both lost the liberty of my heart, and withall my wonted joy, and now am constrained to indure perpetuall paine, and an ever-pining death: for I have lost my honour, and reaped nothing but shame and infamy.

To conclude, I have forgone the liberty of a Queene, and sold my selfe to a slavish sinne, only mine owne is the fault, and mine owne shall be the punishment. Therefore without making any excuse, I heare surrender up my body into your powers, that you may (as an evill Queene) sacrifice mee unto our Gods: also within my accursed wombe, for now my Lords you shall understand, that I am dishonoured by the Knight of the black Castle, hee hath planted a Mine within my fruitfull Garden, and sowne a seed that hath made Armenia infamous: hee it is that hath committed horrely evills in the world: he it is that delights in Virgins spoiles, and he it is that hath bereaved mee of my honour, but with my consent I must needs confesse, and left me for a testimony of this my evill deed, big with child, by which my Virgins glory is converted to a monstrous scandall: and with this shee made an end of her lamentable speech; And being grievously oppressed with the paine of her burthenous wombe, she sate her downe upon her rich bed, and attended their wils.

But when those Earles, Lords, and honourable personages that were present, had understood all that the Queene had said unto them, like men greatly amazed, they changed their colours from red to white, and from white to red, in signe of anger, and looking one upon another, without speaking any word, but pointing in their hearts the fault done by their Queene, to the great disgrace of their Country, they without any further consideration, deprived her from all Princely dignity, both of Crowne and regiment; and pronounced her perpetuall banishment from Armenia,

like subiects not to bee gouerned by such a vnkinde Prince, that hath grafted the fruit of such a wicked tree within her wombe.

So at the time appointed, like a woman forlorne and hated of all companies, she stored her selfe with sufficient treasure, and betook her selfe to her appointed banishment. After whose departure, the Armenians elected themselues another Prince, and left their lustfull Queene wandring in vnknowne Ilands, big with child, deuoid of succour and reliefe, where in stead of her Princely bedcouered with Canopies of silke, shee took her nightly repasses upon the greene grasse, hanged with the sable Curtaines of the skies, and the Nimphes that were prohibited against her perswasions, were Symphes and Fayries dancing in the night by Proserpines commandement. Thus in great griefe continued shee many dayes contenting her selfe with her appointed banishment: making her lamentations to the whispering windes, which seemed in her conceit to rehearse her complaints. At length the glistring Moone had tenne times borrowed light of golden Phebus, and the nights cleere candle was now almost extinguished, by which time approached the houre of her laboursome trauell; where without help of woman, she was deliuered of me her vnhappy Daughter, where ouer sure I haue beene nourished in these vnfrequented Groues, and many times when I came to yeares of discretion, my wofull Mother would discourse vnto me this lamentable storie of both our miseries, the which I haue most truly declared vnto you.

Likewise shee told me, that many times in my infancy, when she wanted milke to her breasts to nourish me, there would come a Lyonesse, and sometimes a Shee Beare, and gently giue me sucke, and contrary to the nature of wild beasts, they would many times sport with me, whereby she conjectured that the immortall powers had preserued mee for some strange fortune: likewise of my birth, nature had

pictured

pictured upon my breast, directly betwixt my two Paps, the lively forme of a purple Rose, which as yet doth beautifie my bosome with a vermilion colour: and this was the cause that my mother named me Rosana, answerable to my natures mark.

After this we lived many a yeare in great distresse, penury, and want, intreating time to redresse our woes, more often than we had lived houres: the abundance of our teares might suffice to make a watry Sea, and our sighes counterbaile the Stars. But at last the fatall Sisters listning to my mothers mones and to my great sorrowes, depriued her of her life, where now I am left a comfortlesse Orphant to the world, attending the time untill I finde some courteous Knight that may conduct me to the black Castle, where my disloyall Father hath his residence, that I may there performe my Mothers dying.

These words being finished, Rosana stood silent, for that her extreme griefe hindred the passage of her tongue, and her eyes rained such a shower of pearled teares upon the lifelesse body of her Mother, that it constrained Saint Georges Squires to expresse the like sorrow: where after they had let fall a few salt teares downe from their sad eyes, and had taken truce for a time with griefe, they took Rosana by the hand, (which before that time never touched the hand of any man) and protested never to depart from her company till they had safely conducted her to the blacke Castle.

Thus after this, when the Christian Knights had pitifully bewailed the misery and untimely death of her Mother, they took their Daggers and digged a deep grave under a Bay tree, and buried her body therein, that hungry Ravens might not seize upon it, nor furious beasts teare it in pieces, nor ravenous Harpies devoure it, and after with the point of their Daggers, they ingraved this Epitaph in the rinde of the Bay tree, which words were these that follow.

The Epitaph over the grave of the unfortunate Queene of ARMENIA.

Here lies the body of a helpleſſe Queene,
Whoſe great good will to her ſmall joy did bring:
Her willing minde requited was with teene:
Though ſhe deſeru'd for love a regall King,
And as her corps incloſed here doth lie,
Her luckleſſe fate, and fame ſhall never die.

So when they had made this Epitaph and covered her grave with greene turves, they departed forward on their journey towards the black Caſtle, where wee will leave them in their travels, and returne to the diſloyall Leoger, and how he fortified his Caſtle by Magick Art, according to the learned ſkill of a cunning Negromancer, and of the adventures that happed to Saint George with the other Chriſtian Champions in the ſame Caſtle, therefore grand yeu immortall powers of invention, that my Pen may bee dipt in the water of that learned fountaine, where the nine Sifters do inhabit, that by the help of that ſweet liquor my Muſe may have a delightfull vaine, ſo that mixing the ſpeech of Mercury, with the proweſſe of Mars, I may diſcourſe the ſtrangeſt accident that ever happed to wandring knights.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the preparation that the Knight of the black Castle made by Magick Art, to withstand his enemies, and how the seven Champions entred the same Castle, where they were inchanted into a dead sleep, so long as seven Lamps burned, which could not be quenched but by the water of an inchanted fountaine.



THe wicked Leoger as you have read of before, being the Knight of the black Castle, and one that for wealth and treasure surpassed most of the potentates, when he grew detested and abhorred in every company, as well by noble Knights as gallant Ladies, for the spoile and murther of those three virgin dames, whose pittifull stories you heard in the two passed chapters, & fearing sodain vengeance to fall upon his head, he fortified himselfe strongly in his Castle, and with his treasure hired many furious Gyants to defend it: wherin if they failed, and should chance to be overcome, he comforted with a wicked Negromancer, that he with

charmes and ſpels ſhould worke wonders in his Caſtle; which Magicall accompliſhments we will paſſe over till a more conuenient time, becauſe I purpoſe to explaine the hiſtory in good order to the Reader.

Firſt, ſpeak wee of Saint George with the other Chriſtian Knights that came in reuenge of the Shepheard and his vnfortunate Daughter, who with good ſucceſſe arriued vpon the ſhoare of the Iland, where this wicked Leoger and the Magician had fortified their black Caſtle: In which Country the Chriſtian Champions like the inuincible followers of Mars, fearing no danger, nor the frownes of inconſtant Fortune, betook themſelues to the readieſt way towards the Caſtle, in which journey they were almoſt rauiſhed with the pleaſures of the Iland: for entring into a narrow and ſtraight lane, garniſhed on both ſides with trees of diuers ſorts, they heard how the Summer Birds recorded their pleaſant melodies, and made their ſweet accuſtomed ſongs without feare of any man to moleſt them. In which row of pleaſant trees that delighted them on both ſides, there wanted not the greene Laurell ſo much eſteemed of learned ſcholers: nor the ſweet Myrtle tree, loued by Ladies: nor the high Cipreſſe, ſo much regarded of Louers: nor the ſtately Pine, which for his flouriſhing height is called the Prince of trees: whereby they iudged it to bee rather an habitation for Goddeſſes, than any terreſtriall country, for that the golden Sunne with his glittring beames did paſſe through thoſe greene and pleaſant trees without any hinderance of black clouds: for the ſkies were as cleare as tried ſiluer, likewiſe the weſterne winde did ſoftly ſhake the thiuering leaues, whereby it made as ſweet a harmony as if they had beene Celeſtiall Cherubins: a thouſand little ſtreamed brooks ran vpon the inameled ground, making ſundry fine workes by their crooked turnings, and ioyning one water with another, with a very gentle meeting, making ſuch ſilent muſick, that the Champions with the pleaſure thereof were almoſt rauiſhed and ſmally regarded whether their horſes went right or no,

and

And travelling in this sort, they rode forward till they came into a marvellous great and wide Meadow, being of such exceeding fairenesse, that I am not able with Pen to paint out the excellency thereof: whereas were feeding both wild and tame Harts, adorned with great and cragged hornes: likewise the furious wild Boare, the fierce Lyon, and the simple Lambes were all together, feeding with so great friendship, as on the contrary, by nature, they were enemies.

Whereat the noble Champions were almost overcome in their owne conceits, and amazed in their imaginations, to see so strange love cleane contrary unto nature, and that there was no difference betwixt the love of wild beasts and tame: in this manner they travelled along, till upon a sodaine they arrived before the buildings of the black Castle: and casting their eyes toward the same, they beheld right unto the principall Gate, right over the Castle, twelve Marble Pinacles, of such an exceeding height, that the Pyramides of Egypt were very low in comparison of them: in such sort that whosoever would look upon them, was scant able with his sight to comprehend the height thereof, and they were all painted most gorgeously with severall colours.

Downe below under the Castle there was an Arch with a Gate, which seemed to be of Diamonds, and all was compassed about with a great Moat or Ditch, being of so great a depth, that they thought it to reach to the midst of the earth, and it was almost two hundred paces broad, and every Gate had his draw-Bridge, all made of red boords, which seemed as though they had beene bathed all in blood.

After this the Champions rode to the other five of this goodly Castle, wondring at the curious & sumptuous worke-manship, where they espied a Pillar of beautifull Jasper-stone, all wrought full of precious stones of strange workes, the which Pillar was of great value, and was garnished

with

with chaines of gold, that were made fast unto it by Magicke Art, at which Pillar likewise hung a very costly Siluer Trumpet, with certaine letters carued about the same, the which contained these words following:

If any dare attempt this place to see,
By sounding this, the Gate shall opened be;
A Trumpet here inchain'd by Magicke Art,
To daunt with feare the proudest Champions heart:
Looke thou for blowes that entrest in this Gate,
Returne in time; repentance comes too late.

The which when Saint George beheld, and had vnderstood the meaning of those mysticall letters, without any more tarrying, he set the Siluer Trumpet to his mouth, and sounded such a vehement blast, that it seemed to eccho in the foundation of the Castle: whereat the principall Gate presently opened, and the draw-Bridge was let downe, without the helpe of any visible hand, which made the Champions to wonder, and to stand amazed at the strange accident, but yet intending not to returne, like cowards daunted with a puffe of wind, they alighted from their warlike Steeds, and delivered them into the old Shepheards hands, to bee fed upon the fragant and greene grasse, till they had performed the aduenture of the Castle, the which they vowed either to accomplish, or never to returne: so locking downe their Beavers, and drawing forth their keene-edged Fauchions, they entred the Gates, and being safe within, the Champions looked round about them to see if they could espye any body, but they saw nothing but a payre of winding stayres, whereat they ascended, but they had not gone many steps therein, when as there was so great a darknesse, that scarse they could see any light, so that it rather seemed the similitude of hell, than any other worldly place, yet groping by the walls, they kept their going downe those narrow and turning stayres, which were very dark, and

of

of such length, that they thought they descended into the mids dest of the earth.

They spent a great time in descending those staires, but in the end they came into a very faire and large Court all compassed with Iron Gates like unto a Prison, or a place provided to keep untamed Lyons, wherein casting their eyes up to the top of the Castle, they beheld the wicked Knight walking with the Negromancer upon a large Gallery supported with huge Pillars of Brasse: likewise there were attending upon them seven Gyants clothed in mighty Iron coats, holding in their hands Bats of Steele: to whom the bold and venturous Champion of England spake with an undaunted courage and lowd voice in this manner, saying:

Come downe thou wicked Knight, thou spoyle of Virginity, that hast art inthroned with these monstrous Gyants, thou the wondring wonder of Nature, whose darting looks seeme to scale the Clouds, much like unto the pride of Nimrod, when he offered to build up Babels confused Towers.

Come downe I say, from thy Brazen Gallery, and take to thy Armour, thou that hast a heart to commit a Virgins Rape, for whose revenge we come, now likewise have a courage in the defence: for we vow never to depart out of thy Castle, till we have confounded thee, or by thy force bee dismembred.

At which words he held his peace, expecting an answere. Whereat the wicked Knight when he heard these heroycall speeches of Saint George, began to fret and fume like to the starved Lyon, famished with hunger, or the fell Lyoger thirsting for humane blood, with a great desire to satisfie his thirst: or like the wrath of dogged Cerberus when as hee fealed with Alcides fleshy, even so raged Leoger the Knight of the black Castle, threatning forth fury from his sparkling eyes: and in this vile manner he reasoned the noble Champion of England: Proud Knight (said hee) or

Peasant, whatsoeuer thou art. I passe not the smallest haire of my head, for thy vpbraiding me with thy vnruly tongue. I will returne thy speches on thy selfe, for the pauements of my Castle shall be sprinkled with thy accursed blood, and the bones of those thy vnhappy followers shall be buried in the sinkes of my channels. If thou hadst brought the Army of inuincible Cæsar, that made all lands to tremble where he came, yet were they but as a blast of wind vnto my forces. Seest thou not my Gyants which stand like Dukes vpon our brazen Gallery? they at my Commaundement shall take you from the places where you stand: and throw you ouer the wals of this my Castle, in such sort, that they shall make you flee into the ayre, maze thay tenne fathomes high. And for that thou hast vpbraided me with the disgrace done vnto a Virgin, I tell thee, if I had thy mother here, of whom thou tookest first the ayre of life, my hand should split her wombe, that thou mightest see the bed of thy conception, as Nero did in Rome: or if thy wife and children were here present before thy face, I would abridge their liues, that thy accursed eyes might bee witnesses of their bloody murthers: so much wrath and hate now rageth in my heart, that all the blood in thy body cannot wash it thence.

At which words the Gyants which he had hyred to defend him from his foes, came vnto him very strongly armed with sturdy weapons in their hands, and requested him to be quiet, and to abate his so incensed anger, and they would fetch vnto his presence, all those braving Knights that were the occasion of his disquietnesse and anger: and so without tarrying for any answere, they departed downe into the Court, and left the Knight of the Castle with the Magician, standing still vpon the Gallery to behold the following encounters.

But when the Gyants approached the Champions presence, and saw them so well proportioned and furnished, and Knights of so gallant features, they flourished about their

their knottie clubs, and purposed not to spend the time in vaine long in blowes.

Then out of the fiercest and cruellest Giants of them all (which was called Brandamond) seeing Saint George to be the foremost in the enterprize, and judging him to be the Knight that had so braved his Lord, he began with a sterne countenance to speake unto him in this manner: Art thou that bold Knight (said the Giant) that with thy wittelesse words hast so angred the mighty Leoger the Lord of this Castle: If thou be, I advise thee by submission to seeke to appease his furious wrath before revengement be taken upon thy person.

Also I doe charge thee (that if thou wilt remaine with thy life) that thou vaile thine Armour, and yeeld thy selfe, with all these thy Followers, with their handes tide bound behind them, and goe and fall prostrate at his feet: To which Saint George with a smiling countenance answered: Giant (said he) thy counsell I do not like, nor thy advice will I receive, but rather doe thou hope to send thee and all thy followers, without tongues, to the infernall King of fiery Phlegeton: and for that you shall not have any more time to speake such folly and foolishnesse, either returne your wages from whence you came, and repent you of this which you have said, or else prepare your selves to mortall battell.

The Giants when they heard the Champions resolutions, and how slightly they regarded their proffers, without any longer tarrying they straight-way fell upon Saint George and his company, intending with their knottie Batts of Steele to beat them as small as flesh unto the pot, but the Queene of chance so smiled upon the Christian Champions, that the Giants finally prevailed, for betwixt them was fought a long and terrible Battell, in such danger that the victory hung wavering on both sides, not knowing to whom it would fall: the Batts and Faulchions made such a noyse upon one anothers armour, that

they sounded like to the blowes of the Cyclops working upon their Anviles: and at every blow they gaue, fire flew from their Steeled Corslets, like sparkles from the flaming Furnaces in Hell, the skies resounded backe the echoes of their strokes, and the ground shook as though it had bene oppressed with an Earth-quake: the pauement of the Court was ouer-spread with an enermured colour of blood and sweat, and the Walls of the Castle were mightily battered with the Gyants Clubs: by the time that glistering Sol the Dayes bright Candle, began to decline from the top of Heauen, the Gyants (wearied in fight) began to faint: whereat the Christian Knight with more courage, began to increase in strength, and with such rigour assailed the Gyants, that before the golden flame had tired in the Occidentall Wold, all the Gyants were quite discomfited and slaine, some lay with their heads dismembred from their bodies, wallring in Purple gore: some had their braines dasht against the Marble stones: lay in Channels with their intrailes trailing: some in streames of blood: and some quite lesse, with their bodies cut in pieces: in that there was not one left aliue to withstand the Christian champions.

Whereat Saint George with the other fiue knights fell upon their knees, and thanked the Almighty of all good chances for their victory.

But when the Knight of the black Castle which stood upon the Gallery viewing all the time of the Encounter, and saw how all the Gyants were slaine by the prowesse of those strange knights, he raged in great wrath, wishing that the ground might gape and swallow him, before he were deliuered into the hands of his Enemies, and presently would haue cast himselfe head-long from the top of the Gallery, thereby to haue dasht out his braines against the pauement, had not the Negromanter, who likewise beheld the event of the encounter, intercepted him in his intended drift, promising to performe by Art, what the Gyants could not do by force.

So

by the Negromancer fell to his Magick Spels and Charmes, by which the Christian Champions were mightily troubled and molested, and brought in danger of their lives, by a fearefull and strange manner, as shall bee hereafter shewne.

For as they stood after their long encounters, unbuckling their Armors to take the fresh ayre, and to coole their bloody wounds received in their last combat: the Magician caused by his Art a Spirit in the likenesse of a Lady of a marvellous and faire beauty, to looke through an Iron Gate, who seemed to leane her faire face upon her white hand very pensively, and distilled from her Christall eyes great abundance of teares. When the Champions saw this beautifull creature, they remained in great admiration, thinking with themselves, that by some hard fate or misfortune she was imprisoned in those Iron Gates: at which time this Lady did seeme to open her faire and Christalline eyes, looking earnestly upon Saint George, and giving a grievous and sorrowfull sigh, she withdrew her selfe from the Gate, which sodaine departure caused the Christian Knights to have a great desire to know what it should bee, suspecting that by the force of some inchantment, they should be overthrowne: but casting up their eyes againe to see if they could see her, they could not, but they saw in the very same place, a Woman of a great and Princely stature, who was all armed in Silver Plates, with a Sword girded at her waste, sheathed in a golden scabbard, and had hanging at her neck an Ivory bow and a gilt Quiver: this Lady was of so great beauty, that shee seemed almost to excell the other, but in the same sort as the other did, upon a sodaine she vanished away, leaving the Champions no lesse troubled in their thoughts than before they were.

The Christian Knights had not long time bewailed the absence of the two Ladies, but that without seeing any body they were stricken with such furious blowes upon their backs, that they were constrained to stoop with one knee

upon the ground, yet with a trice they rose againe, and looking upon them to see who they were that strucke them, they perswaded themselues to be the likenesse of certaine Knights which in great hast seemed to runne in at a doore that was at one of the corners of the Court, and with the great anger that the Champions receiued, seeing themselues so hardly intreated, they followed with their accustomed lightnesse after the Knights, in at the same doore: where in they had not entred two steps, but that they fell downe into a deepe Caue which was couered ouer in such subtill sort, that whosoeuer did tread ouer it, straight-way fell into the Caue, except he were aduertized thereof before. Within the Caue it was as darke as the Plent night, and no light at all appeared: but when the Champions saw themselues so treacherously betraped in the trap, they greatly feared some further mischiefe would follow, to their vtter ouerthrowes, so with their swords drawne, they stood ready charged to make their defence, against whatsoeuer should after happen, but by reason of the great darkenesse that they could not see any thing, neither discouer wherein they were fallen, they determined to settle themselues against some thing, either post, piller, or wall: and groping about the Caue, they searched in every place for some other doore that might bring them forth out of the perilsome den, which they compared to the pit of Hell.

And as they went groping and feeling up and downe, They found that they trod upon no other things but dead mens bones, which caused them to stand still: and not long after, they espyed a secret window, at the which entred a little clearnesse, and gaue some light into the Denne where they were, by which they espyed a Bed most richly furnished with curtaines of silke, and golden pendants which stood in a secret roome of a Caue, behung with rich Tapestry of a sable colour: which Bed when the Champions beheld, and being somewhat weary of their long fight which they had with the Giants in the Court of the Castle, they required

some

some rest, and desired to sleepe upon the Bed: but not all at one instant: for they feared some danger to be at hand, and therefore Saint George as one most willing to be their Watch-man, and keepe Sentinell in so dangerous a place, caused the other Champions to take their repose upon the Bed, and he would be as wakefull as the Cocke against all dangerous accidents: so the five Christian Knights repayred to the Bed, whereon they were no sooner laid but presently they fell into a heavie and inchanted sleepe, in such sort that they could not be awaked by any manner of violence, not all the Martike Drumes in Europe if they were sounded in their eares, nor the rating thunder-claps of Ordenen were sufficient to recall them from their sleepe: for indeed the Bed was inchanted by the Necromancers charmes in such manner that whatsoever but sate upon the sides, or but toucht the furniture of the Bed, were presently cast into as heavie a sleepe, as if they had drunke the juyce of Mwalle or the seed of Poppy: where we will leave them for a time like men cast into a trance, and speake of the terrible Adventure that hapned to Saint George in the Cave, who little misdoubting of their Inchantments, stood like a carefull guard, keeping the furious Wolfe from the spoile of the silly sheepe: but upon a sodaine his heart began to throb, and his haire to stand upright upon his head, yet having a heart fraught with invincible courage, he proposed not to awake the other Knights, but of himselfe to withstand whatsoever happed: so being in this Princely cogitation, there appeared to him, as he thought, the shape of a Magician with a visage leane, pale, and full of wrinckles, with locks of black haire hanging downe to his shoulders, like to wreathes of invenomed Snakes, and his body seemed to have nothing upon it but skin and bones, who spake unto Saint George in this despightfull manner: In an evill houre (saith the Magician) camest thou hither, and so shall thy lodging be, and thy entertainment worse: for now thou art in a place where as thou shalt looke for nother thing but to be meat unto

some

sore furious Beast, and thy surmounting strength shall not be able to make any defence.

The English Champion whose heart was oppressed with extreme ingratitude, answered, O false and accursed Charmer (said hee) whom Mahomet confounde for thy condemned Arts, and for whom the fiends have digged an everlasting Tombe in hell, what fury hath incensed thee, that with thy false and Devillish Charmes thou dost practise so much evill against travelling and adventurous knights? I hope to obtaine my libertie in despight of all thy mischiefe, and with the strength of this arme to breake all thy bonds in sunder.

All that thou hast and wilt doe will I suffer at thy hands replyed the Sorceresse, onely for the revengement that I will take of thee, for the slaughter of my Masters Gyants, which as yet lie unburied in the Court, and that very quickly: and therewithall hee went invisibly out of the Cave. So not long after at his backe hee heard a sodaine noyse, and beheld as it were a window opening by little and little, whereas there appeared a cleere light, by the which Saint George plainely perceived that the walls of the Cave were bathed with blood, and likewise saw that the bones whereon they did tread at their first entry into the Den were of humane bodies, which appeared not to be verie long since their flesh was torne off with hard and cruell teeth. But this consideration could not long indure with him, for that he heard a great rushing, and looking what it should be, he saw coming forth of another Den, a mighty Serpent with wings, as great in body as an Elephant, he had onely two feet which appeared out of that monstrous body but of a span length, and each foot had three clawes of three spans in length, she came with her mouth open, of so monstrous and huge a bignesse, and so deformed, that a whole armed knight, horse and all, might enter in there: she had upon her Jawes two Tuskes, which seemed to be as sharpe as Needles, and all her body was coveres with

sharpe

hard scales of divers colours, and with great fury shé came with her wings all abroad. Saint George although he had a valiant and an undaunted minde, yet could he not chuse but be troubled at the sight of so monstrous a beast.

But considering with himselfe, that it was then time and great need to have courage, and to be expert and valiant for to make his defence, hé tooke his good cutting Sword in his hand, and shrouded himselfe under his hard and strong shield, and tarried the comming of that ugly monster.

But when the furious beast saw that there was a prey whereon shé might imploy her sharp teeth, shé strucke with her inbenemous wings, and with her piercing clawes she griped, and laid fast hold upon Saint Georges hard shield, pretending to have swallowed whole this coragious Warriour; and stirring her sharp tuskes upon his Helmet, which she found so hard, that she let go her hold, and furiously pulled at his Target with such a strength that she drew it from his arme. With that the English knight strucke at her head a most mighty and strong blow with his Sword, but in no wise it could hurt her, by reason of the hard scales wherewith it was covered, and though he gave her no wound, yet for all that shé felt the blow in such sort, that it made her to recoyle to the ground, and to fall upon her long and hideous taile: then this valiant knight made great hast to redouble his forces to strike her another blow, but all was in vaine, for that upon a disdaine, she stretched her selfe so high, that he could not reach her head: but yet unto Fortune so favored his hand, that he strucke her upon the belly, whereas she had no defence with scales, nor any other thing but fethers, whereout issued such abundance of black blood, that it overflowed all the Den about.

This terrible and furious Serpent, when she felt her selfe so sore wounded, strucke at Saint George such a terrible blow with her taile, that if he had not séene it comming it had béene sufficient to have parted his body in pieces.

The Knight to cleare himselfe from the blow, fell flat upon the ground, for he had no time to make any other defence. But that terrible blow was no sooner passed over him, but streight-wayes he recovered his feet, at such time as the furious Serpent came towards him. Here Saint George having a great confidence in his strength, performed such a valiant exployt, that all former adventures that have bene ever done by any Knight, may be put in oblivion, and this kept in perpetuall memory: for that he threw his sword out of his hand, and ran unto the Serpent, and imbraced her betwixt his armes, and did so squeze her, that the furious beast could not help her selfe with her sharp clawes, but only with her wings she beat him on every side. This valiant Champion and noble Warriour would never let her loose, but still remained holding her betwixt his armes continuing this perilous and dangerous fight, till all his bright armour was imbrued with her bestiall blood, by which occasion she lost a great part of her strength, and was not able long to continue.

Long indured this great and dangerous encounter, and the infernall Serpent remained fast unto the noble and valiant breast of the English Knight, till such time as he plainely perceived that the Monster began to wax faint, and to lose her strength. Likewise it could not be otherwise, but Saint George waxed somewhat weary, considering the former fight he had so lately with the Gyants. Notwithstanding, when he felt the great weakneſſe of the Serpent, hee did animate himselfe with courage, and having opportunity by reason of the quantitie of blood that issued from her wounds, he take his trusty sword & thrust it into her heart with such violence, that he clove it in two pieces: so this infernall Monster fell downe dead to the ground, and carryed the Christian Champion with her, for that they were fast closed together, but by reason that the Serpent lacked strength, he quickly cleared himselfe out of her clawes and recovered his sword. But when he saw her

certainly that hée was cléere from the Monster, and that shée had raised up her detested breath into the brittle ayre, he kneeled downe and gave thankes to the happy Queene of Chance for his delivery. The venome was so great that the Serpent threw out to infect the Knight, that if his armour had not béene of a precious vertue, he had béene impoysoned to death.

After the Victory was obtained and the Monster dead, hée grew very weary and unquiet, and was constrained to sit and cole himselfe by a Well which was full of water, standing by in a corner of the Cave, from whence the monstrous Serpent first appeared and came forth. And when hée found himselfe refreshed, hée repaires to the inchanted Bed whereupon the other five Champions lay sléeping, and dreamed of no such strange accident that had happened to him: to whome hée purposed to reveale the true discourse of all the dangers that had befalne him in that accident.

But no sooner approached he unto that inchanted Bed, and had set himselfe downe upon the one end thereof, and thinking to begin his discourse, but hée presently fell into a heavy and dead slumber.

Where will wee leave them sléeping and dreaming upon the inchanted Bed, not to be wakened by any meanes, and returne to the Negromancer, that was busied all the time of the Serpents encounter, with Leoger in burying of the dead Gyants, but now hée knew by his Art, that the Serpent was slaine, and likewise Saint George oppressed with a charmed sléepe in company of the other Champions upon the inchanted Bed, from whence he purposed that they never more should awake, but spend the rest of their fortunes in eternall sléeps.

Whereupon by his devilish Arts he caused seaven lamps to burne continually before the entry of the Cave, the properties whereof were so strange that so long as the Lamps continued burning, the Champions should never be wakes,

and the fires should never be quenched but by the water of an inchanted Fountaine, the which he likewise by Magicke Art had erected in the middle of the Court, gaurded moste strongly with fearefull Spyghts: and the water should never be obtained but by a Virgin which at her birth should have the forme of a Rose lively pictured upon her breast.

These things being performed by the secrets of the Magicians skill, added such a pleasure to Leogers heart, that he thought himselfe elevated higher than the powres of his dwelling: for he accounted no joy so pleasing unto his soule, as to see his mortall enemies captivated in his power, and that the Magician had done more by his Art, than all the Knights in Asia could performe by prowesse. But will not now onely leave the Champions in their sleepes, dreaming of no mishap, but also the Magician with Leoger in the blacke Castle, spending their time securely, carelesse of all insuing danger, and speake now of the old Shepherd whom the Champions at their first entring in at the gates of the Castle, left to looke unto their warlike Palfries, as they fed upon the greene grasse: which old man, when he could heare no newes of the Champions returne, he greatly mistrusted their confusion, and that by some treachery they were intercepted in their vowed revengement, therefore he protested secretly with his owne soule, in that case, his sonne so many brave Champions had lost their lives, never to depart out of those Fields, but to spend his dayes in such sorrowfull sort that hapelesse King of Babylon, that for seven parching Summers, and as many freezing Winters was constrained to feed upon the flowers of the fields, and to drinke the dew of Heaven, till the haires of his head grew as stiffe as Eagles feathers, and the nailes of his fingers like unto birds clawes, the like extremitie he vowed to endure untill he either retayned a wished sight of those invincible knights (the flowers of Chivalry) or else were constrained by course of Nature to yeeld up his loathed life to the fury of these fatall fitters: In this deepe affliction will my weary Muse likewise leave

this

this old Shepheard mourning for the long absence of the English Champion, and the other Christian Knights, and turne unto Saint Georges valiant Sonnes, whom we left travelling from the Queene of Armenias grave with her unhappy Daughter Rosana, to take revengement of her disloyall Lord being the knight of this blacke Castle, of whose villanies you have heard so much before.

CHAP. IX.

How Saint *Georges* three Sonnes after their departure from the Queene of Armenias Sepulchre, in company of her Daughter Rosana, met with a wilde man, with whom there hapened a strange Adventure, and after how they entred the black Castle, whereas they quenched the Lampes, and awaked the seven Champions of Christendome, after they had slept seven dayes upon an inchanted Bed, with other things that chanced in the same Castle.

THe budding flowers of Chivalrie the valiant Sonnes of Saint George to performe their Knightly promises, and to accomplish what they had protested to Rosana, at the Queene her Mothers Grave, which was to bring her safely unto the Blacke Castle, where her unkinde Father had his residence. First, they provided her a Palfrey, or Jennet, bred upon the borders

of Spaine, which was furnished with blacke Capari-sons, in signe of her heavie and discontented minde: and his fore-head beautified with a spangled plume of feathers.

Wherewith in her company travelled they day and night from the Confines of Armenia, with successefull fortune, till they happily arrived upon the Iland of the Blacke Castle: where they were constrained to rest themselves many nights under the shadows of græne leaved trées, where the melodie of silver-tuned Birds brought to them swæt sleeps: and in stead of delicate fare, they were forced to satisfie their hungers with swæt Oranges and ripe Pomegranets, that grew very plentifully in that Iland.

But at last, upon a morning, when the skies appeared in their sights very cleare and pleasant, and at such time as when the Sunne began to spread his glittring beames upon the lofty Mountaines and stately Cedars, they set forward on their journey, hoping before the closing in of the dayes bright countenance, to arrive at the blacke Castle, being their long wisht for Haven and desired Port. But entring into an unknowne way and narrow path not much used, they were intercepted by a strange and wonderfull adventure.

For as they travelled in those untrodden passages, spending the time in pleasant conference without mistrusting of any thing that should happen to them in that pleasant Iland: upon a sudden (not knowing the occasion) their horses started and rose up with their fore-feet, and turned backward into the Ayre in such sort, that they had almost unsadled their Masters: whereat the valiant knights upon a sudden looked round about them to see who or what it was that caused so much feare: but when they perceived nothing, nor could conjecture what should be the occasion of such terrour, they grew wonderfully troubled in minde. Then one began to incourage the rest, saying: Beléeve mée Brethren, I muse

what

what should be the cause of this alteration in our horses: hath some spirit glided by us? or remayneth some Devill among these bushes? Whatsoever it be, let us by the power and favour of all good lucke attempt to know, and with our warlike weapons revenge the frighting of our horses, for our minds are not danted by the prowesse of men, nor are we afraid of the fury of Devils.

These words being spoken with great courage and Maiestie, caused Rosana to smile with a chearefull countenance, and to imbolden her heart against all ensuing accidents: so presently they came unto a River which was both cleare and deepe, the which they judged to run quite thorow the middle of the Iland: and so travelling along by the River side, where within a little while their Horses beganne agains to startle, and to be wonderfully afraid: whereupon the Knights casting about their vigilant eyes, to see if they could perceive what it should be that made their Horses so timerous, they espyed a terrible Monster in the shape and forme of a Satyre or a wilde man, which did crosse overthwart the Iland, of a wonderfull great and strange making, who was as bigge and broad as any Gyant, for he was almost foure square: his face was three foot in length, and had but one eye, and that was in his fore-head, which glistred like unto a blazing Comet or a fiery Planet: his body was covered all over with long and shagged haire, and in his breast there was as though it had beene glasse, out of the which there seemed a great shining light to proceed.

This Monster directed his way towards certaine Rocks of stone which stood in the Iland, and by reason of the straggling and great noyse that the horses made, he cast his head aside, and espyed the three Knights travelling in company of the Lady: upon whom he had no sooner cast his blazing eye, but with a devilish fury he ran towards them, and in stead of a Club, he bare in his hand a great and knotted Maple tree.

These

These valiant Knights never dismayd at the sight of this deformed Creature, but against his comming, they cheared up their horses, and pricked their sides with their golden spurs, giving a great shout, as a signe of incouragement, and withall drawing forth their sharpe cutting swords, they stood attending the fury of the Monster, who came roaring like a Bull, and discharged his knotted Tree amongst the magnanimous Knights, who with light leapes cleared themselves from his violent blowes, so that his club fell downe to the ground with a terrible fall: as though with the violence it would have overthrowne a Castle.

With that the Knights presently alighted from their horses thinking thereby more nimbly to defend themselves, and with more courage to assaile the Satyre. Many were the blows on both sides, and dangerous the encounter, without signe of victory inclining to either party.

During the battell, Rosana (through the griefe and feare that she received) swounded upon her Palfrey, and had fallen beside his backe, if she had not first closed her hands about the pummell of the Saddle: and being come a little unto her selfe, she made her humble supplication unto Lady Chance, soliciting her that shee might rather be buried in the Monsters bowels, thereby to satisfie his wrath, than to see such noble Knights lose the least drop of blood, or to have the smallest haire upon their heads diminished: such was the love and true zeale she bore unto those three Knights.

But Saint Georges Sonnes so manfully behaved themselves in the encounter, bearing the prowesse of their Fathers minde, that they made very deepe wounds in the Monsters flesh, and such terrible gashes in his body, that all the greene grasse was covered with his blacke blood, and the ground all to besmeared and strewed with his mangled flesh.

When the Devillish Monster felt himselfe wounded, and saw how his blood stood upon the earth like congealed gore,

he

hee fled from them more swifter than a whirle-winde, or like to an Arrow forced from a musket, and ran in great haste to the Rockes that stood there by, where presently hee drew himselfe into a Cave, pulling downe after him a Rocke of stone, which did close up the entry, the which was done with so great lightnesse, that the Knights had no time to stricke him, but after a while wondring with themselves to see such a strange and sudden thing, they assayed by strength to remove the stone, and to cleere the mouth of the Cave, the which they did, not without great difficulty.

Yet for all that they could not finde which way they might enter in thereat, but like unto Lyons fraught with anger, fretting and chafing, they went searching round about the Rocke to see if they could espie any entry, and at last they found a great cliffe on the one side of the Rocke, and looking in thereat, spyed the Monster, lying upon the floore licking of his bleeding wounds with his purple tongue.

And seeing him, one of the Knights said, O thou traitor and destroyer by the high wayes, O thou infernall Devill and enemie unto the Worlde: thou that art the devourer of humane flesh, and drinker of mans blood, thinke not that this thy strong and fast closing up of thy selfe in this Rocke of Stone shall availe thee, or that thy divelish body shall escape our slaughtred out of our hands: No, no, our bloodie weapons shall be sheathed in thy detested bowels, and rive thy damned heart asunder, and therewithall they thrust their Weapons through the cliff of the Rocke, and pearced his throat in such sort that the Monster presently dyed, the which being done, they returned in triumph like conquerors to Rosana, where they found her halfe dead lying upon her Palfrey.

But when she saw them returne in safety, with a joyfull and lowd voyce she said, O sweet Queene of Thanes, how hath it pleased thy divine Majesty, to furnish these Knights with more strength and prowesse than any other,

in all the world, else could they not have chosen but have beene ouercome by this remorcelesse monster, which seemed to be of force to destroy kingdomes, there withall she alighter in good state from her Palfrey, and sate her down under the shadow of a Pine-tree, where the three knights likewise sate downe, and laid their weary heads upon her soft lap to sleepe, upon whose faces she fanned a cole breathing ayre, and wiped their sweaty browes with her handkercher, using all meanes she could to procure them contentment.

Long had they not reposed themselues upon Rosanaes lap, refreshing their weary bodies with a golden slumber, but they awaked and mounted upon their steedes, and the next morning by break of day, they approached the sight of the blathe Castle: before whose walls they found seaven poore soules, fasting within a greene pasture: and by them an ancient man, bearing in his face the true picture of sorrow, and carving in the barkes of trees the true subiect of all his passed griefs: this man was the old shepherd which the seven Champions of Christendome (before their enchanted sleepe in the Castle) left without the Gates to ouersee their horses, as you heard before in the last Chapter.

But Saint Georges sonnes (after they had a while beheld the maniere of the shepheards silent lamentations) demanded the cause of his griefe, and wherefore he remayned so neere the danger of the Castle: to whose demands, the courteous old man answered in this manner.

Brave knights (said hee) for you seeme to be no lesse, by your princely demeanors, within this Castle remayneth a bloody Tyrant and a wicked homicide, called Deoger, whose tyranny and lust hath not only ravished but murthered two of my Daughters, with whom I was honored in my young yeares, in whose revenge there came with mee seaven Christian knights of seaven seuerall countries, that entred this accursed Castle about seaven dayes since, appointing mee to stay without the Gates, and to have a vigilant

 care

care of their horses, till I heard the true news of the Tyrants confusion, or their overthrow: but never since by any meanes could I learne whether good or bad were befallen them.

These words stroke such terror to their hearts, that for a time they stood still amazed, imagining that those seven Knights were the Seven Champions of Christendome, in whose pursuits they had travelled so many Countries. But at last, when Spirit (conquering Feare) had recovered their former strength, they (thinking not to returne to repeate what they in vaine) sought out the old Shepheard: that likewise they came to be revenged upon that accursed Knight, for the spoyle of a beauteous and worthy Virgin Maene, done by the same inst-inchanted Tyrant.

Then the Lady and the three Knights alighted from their horses and likewise committed them to the keeping of the old Shepheard: who courteously received them, and earnestly prayed for their prosperous proceedings. So the three Knights buckled close their armours, laced on their Helmets, and put their shields upon their armes, and in company of Rosana they went to the Castle-gate, the which glittered against the Sunne like burnisht Gold: whereat hung a mighty Copper Ring, wherewith they beat so vehemently against the Gate that it seemed to rattle like a violent tempestuous storme of thunder in the Element.

Then presently there appeared (looking out of a Marble pillared window) the Magician, newly risen from his bed, in a wrought shirt with black silke, covered with a night-gowne of damaske velvet: and seeing the Knights with the Lady standing before the gate, hee thus discourteously greeted them.

You Knights of strange Countries, said hee, for so doth it appeare by your strange demeanours, if you desire to have the Gates opened, and your bones buried in the vaults of our Castle, turne backe unto the Jasper pillar behind you, and sound the silver Trumpet that hangs upon it, so shall

your entry be easie, but your comming forth miraculous, And thereupon the Magician left the window.

Whereupon one of the knights went unto the Jasper Pillar, and with a vehement breath sounded the inchanted Trumpet, as S. George in bed∂ had appointed the Gates flew open in like manner: wherevnto (without disturbance) they entred: and comming into the same Court where the Champions had fought with the Giants, they espied the inchanted Lamps, which hung burning before the entry of the Cave where the Champions lay upon the Inchanted Bed, under the Lamps hung a faire tablet to an Iron chaine, in it was written these words following.

These fatall Lamps with their inchanted lights,
In deaths sad sleep have cast seven Christian Knights,
Within this Cave they lie with sloth confounded,
Whose fame but late in every place resounded.
Except these flaming Lamps extinguisht be,
Their golden thoughts shall sleep eternally.

A Fountaine fram'd by furies raisd from hell,
About whose spring doth feare and terrour dwell:
No earthly water may suffice but this,
To quench the Lamps where Art commander is,
No wight alive this water may procure,
But shee that is a Virgin chast and pure,
And Nature at her birth did so dispose,
Vpon her Breast to print a purple Rose.

These verses being perused by the three knights, and finding them as it were contrived in the manner of a mysticall Oracle, they could not imagine what they should signifie: but Rosana being singular well conceited, and of a quicke understanding, presently knew that by her the Aventures should be finished, & therefore thee incouraged them to a forwardnesse, and to seeke out the Inchanted Fountaine, that

that by the water thereof the lamps might bee quencheb, and the seaven Champions beliuered out of Captiuitie.

This importunate desire of Rosana, caused the three yong Knights not to lose any time, but to search in every corner of the Castle, till they had found the place wherein the Fountaine was: for as they went towards the North side of the Court, they espyed another little doore standing in the wall, and when they came to it, they saw that it was made all of very strong Iron, with a portall of steele, and in the key-hole thereof there was a brazen key, with the which they did open it, whereat presently (unto their wonderfull amazements) they heard a very sad and sorowfull voyce breath forth these words following.

Let no man bee so foolish hardy, as to enter here, for it is a place of terrour and confusion.

Yet for all this they entred in thereat, and would not bee danted with any ceremonious feare, but like Knights of an Heroicall estimation they went forward: wherein they where no sooner entred, but they saw that it was wonderfull darke, and it seemed unto them that it should bee a very large Hall, and therein they heard very fearefull howlings, as though there had beene a Legion of Hel-hounds, or that Plutoes Dogge had beene viceregerent of that place. Yet for all this these valiant Knights did not lose any of their accustomed courage, nor would the Lady leave their companies for any danger at all: but they entred in further, and tooke off their Gauntlets from their left hands, whereon they wore marbellous great and fine Diamonds, which were set in Rings, that gave so much light, that they might plainly see all things that were in the Hall, the which was very great and wide, and upon the Wals were painted the figures of many furious fiends, and devils, with other strange visions framed by Magick Art, onely to terrifie the beholders. But looking very circumspectly about

them on every side, they espyed the inchaunted fountaine standing directly in the middle of the Hall, towards which they went with their shields hanged on their left armes, and their good swords charged in their right hands, ready to fight and any dangerous accident whatsoeuer should happen.

But comming to the fountaine and offering to fill their Helmets with water, there appeared before them a strange and terrible Gryphon, of high stature, with fierce and flaming fire, who seeing the three knights so hardy as to approach so nigh, that they were forced to retyre backe a great way; yet notwithstanding with great courage they kept themselues vpright, and with a wonderfull lightnesse, accompanied with no lesse anger, they threw their shields at their backes, and taking their swords in both their hands, they began most fiercely to assayle the Gryphon with mortall and strong blowes. Then presently there appeared before them a whole legion of Diuels with flesh hookes in their hands, spitting forth flames of fire, and breathing from their nostrils smoking sulphur and brimstone. In this terrible sort fomented they these three valiant knights whose peares although they were but young, yet with great wrath and redoubled force inuentures they themselues amongst this hellish crew, striking such terrible blowes, that in spight of them they came vnto the Fountaine, and proffered to take of the water: but all in vaine, for they were not only put from it by this deuillish company, but the water it selfe glided from their hands.

Oh in what great trauell and perplexitie these knights remained amongst this wicked and deuillish generation, for to defend themselues that they might attaine to the finishing of this Aduenture, according to their knightly promise.

But during the time of all these dangerous encounters, Rosana stood like one bereft of sense, though the terrour of the same: but at last remembring her selfe of the superstition

tion written in the silver tablet, the which the Knights perused by the inchanted Lamps: the signification of which was that the quenching of the lights should be accomplished by a pure Virgin that had the lively forme of a Rose naturally pictured upon her breast, all the which Rolana knew most certainely to be comprehended in her selfe. therefore whilest they continued in their dangerous fight, thæ tooke up a helmet that was pulled from one of the Knights heads by the furious force of the Gryphon, and ran unto the Fountaine, and filled it with water, wherewith thæ quenched the inchanted Lamps, with as much ease as though one had dipped a waxen Torch in a mighty river of water.

This was no sooner done and finished, to Rolanaes chiefest contentment, but then the skies began to wax darke, and immediately to bee overspred with a blacke and thicke Cloud, and it came with great thunderings and lightnings, and such a terrible noyse as though the earth would have sunke: and the longer it endured, the more was the fury thereof, in such sort that the Gryphon with all that deluding generation of spirits vanished away, and the knights forsooke their encounters, and fell upon their knees: and with great humilitie they desired in their hearts to be delivered from the fury of that exceeding and terrible tempest.

By this sudden alteration of the Heavens, the knight of the Castle knew that the Lamps were extinguished, the Champions resumed from their inchanted shapes, the Castle yælded to the pleasure of the thræ Knights, and his owne life to the fury of their Swords, except hæ preserved it by sudden flight, so presently hæ departed the Castle and secretly fled out of the Iland unsuspected by any one: of whose after fortunes, miseries and death, you shall heare more hereafter in the course of the History following.

The Negromancer by his Art likewise knew that the Castle was yælded unto his enemies power, and that his charmes and magick spels nothing prevailed: therefore hee caused two ayrie spirits in the likenesse of two Dragons to

carry him swiftly through the ayre in an Ebon chariot.

Here we likewise will leave him in his wicked and diabolish attempts, and damned enterprises, which shall be discoursed hereafter more at large: because it appertaineth to our History now to speak of the seaven renowned Champions of Christendome, that by the quenching of the Lamps were awakened from their Inchantments, wherein they had laine in obscuritie for the space of seaven dayes. For when they were risen from their sleepe, and had rowsed up their drowsie spirits, like men newly recovered from a trance, being ashamed of that dishonourable enterprize, they long time gazed on each others face, being not able to expresse their minds, but by blushing lookes, being the silent speakers of their extreame sorrowes. Yet at last Saint George began to expresse the extremitie of his griefe in this manner.

What is become of you brave Europes Champions (said hee) where is now your wonted valours, of late so much renowned through the world? what is become of your surmounting strengths, that hath burnished inchanted Helmets, and quailed the power of mighty multitudes? what is become of your terrible blowes, that have subdued mountaines, hewed in sunder Diamond armours, and brought whole Kingdomes under your subjections? Now I see that all is forgotten and nothing worth, for that we have buried all our honours, dignities, and fames, in slothfull slumbers, upon a silken Bed.

And thereupon hee fell upon his knees, and said: thou that art the guider of all our fortunes, to thee I invocate and call, and desire thee to help us, and doe not permit us to have our fames taken away for this dishonour, and let us merit dignities by our victories, and that our bright renownes may ride upon the glorious wings of fame, whereby the Babes as yet unborne may speake of us, & in time to come fill whole Volumes with our princely atchivements.

These and such like speaches pronounced this discontented

ten Champion, till such time as the elements cleared, and that golden-faced Phœbus glistred with splendant brightnes into the cave through a secret hole, which seemed in their excesse to dance about the halle of heaven, and to rejoyce at their happy deliveries.

In this joyfull manner returned they up into the Court of the Castle, with their Armours buckled fast unto their bodies, which had not bene unbraced in seaven dayes before, where they met with the three Knights comming to salute them, and to give them the courtesies of Knighthood.

But when Saint George saw his sonnes, whom hee had not seene in twice two yeeres before, he was so ravished with joy, that he swounded in their bosomes, being not able to give them his blessing, so great was the pleasure hee tooke in their sights.

Here I leave the joyfull greeting betwixt the Father and his Sonnes, to those that knowes the secret love of Parents to their Children, and what neare affection long absence breedeth.

For when they had sufficiently opened the integritie of their soules each to other, and had at large explained how many dangers every Knight and Champion had passed since their departure from England, when as they begun first their intended pilgrimage to Jerusalem as you heard in the beginning of this booke, they determined to search the Castle, and to finde out Ledger with his associate the wicked inchanter, that they might receive due punishments for their committed offences, but they like wilie foxes were fled from the hunters traps, and had left the empty Castle to the spoyle of the Christian Champions: but when Rosamira saw her selfe misse from her purpose, and that she could not perform her mothers will against her disloyall Father, she protested by her mothers name, never to close up her carefull eyes with quiet slumbers nor never rest her wearie limbs in bed of downe, but travell up and downe the circled earth, till she injoyed a sight of her disloyall Father,

whom as yet her eyes did neuer see. Wherefore she conjured the Champions by the loue and honour that knights ought for to beare vnto poore distressed Ladys, to grant her libertie to depart, and not to hinder her from her intended trauell.

The knights considered with themselues that shee was a Lady of a diuine inspiration, borne vnto some strange fortune, and one by the heauens appointment which had redeemed them from a wonderfull miserie,

Therefore they condescended to her desires, and not only gaue her leaue to depart, but furnished her with all things belonging to a Lady of so braue a minde.

First they found within the Castle armour fit for a woman, the which the inchanter had caused to be made by magicke Art, of such a singular nature, that no weapon could peerce it, and so light in wearing, that it bayed no heauier than a Tigers skin: it was contriued after the Amazonian fashion, plated before with siluer plates, like the scales of a Dolphin, and riueted together with golden nailes: so that when she had it vpon her back, she seemed like to Diana, hunting in the Forrests of transformed Acteon.

Likewise they found standing in a stable at the East side of the Castle, a lustie limbed Steed, big of stature, and of a very good hayre, for the halfe parts forwards was of the colour of a Wolfe, and the other halfe was all blacke, saying that here and there it was spotted with little white spots: his feet were clouen, so that hee needed not at any time to be shod: his neck was somewhat long, hauing a little head, with great eares hanging downe like a hound: his pace was with great maiestie, and hee so doubled his necke, that his mouth touched his breast: there came out of his mouth two great tuskes like vnto an Elephant, and hee did exceed all horses in the world in lightnesse, and did runne with an exceeding good grace. This likewise bestowed they vpon the Lady, the which did most content her mind, than any thing that euer her eye had seene before that time. Also the

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ten Christian Knights gave her at her departure ten Diamond Rings, continually to weare upon her fingers, in perpetuall remembrance of their courtesies.

This done, without any longer tarryance, but only thanking them for their great kindnesse shewed unto her in distresse, she leapt into the saddle without helpe of stirrop or any other thing, and so rode speedily away from their sights as a shower of raine driven by a violent tempest.

After her departure, the Champions remembred the old Shepheard, whom they had almost forgotten, through the joy that they tooke in their happy meetings: hee as yet remaining without the Castle gates, carefully keeping their horses, whom now they caused to come in, and not only gave him the honour due unto his age, but bestowed frankly upon him the state and government of the Castle, with store of Jewels, pearls, and treasure, only to be maintained and kept for reliefe of poore Travellers.

This being performed with their generall consents, they spent the remnant of the day in banqueting and other pleasant conference of their passed Adventures: And when the Night with her sable clouds had over-spread the dayes delightfull countenance, they betooke them to their rests: the seaven Champions in a chamber that had as many windowes as there were dayes in the yeare, the old Shepheard by himselfe in a rich furnished Parlor, and S. Georges three Sonnes in the greatest Hall in the Castle.

CHAP. X.

How after the Christian Knights were gone to bed in the blacke Castle: Saint *George* was awaked from his sleepe in the dead time of the night, after a most fearefull manner, and likewise how hee found a Knight lying upon a Tombe that stood over a flaming fire, with other things of note that happened upon the same.

MOst sweet were the sleepes that these princely minded companions tooke in the Castle all the first part of the night without molestation either by disquiet dreames or disturbing motions of their minds, till they saw us the glistering Queene of night had runne halfe her weary Journey; and had spent the better part of the night, for betwixt twelve and one, being the chiefest time of feare terrour in and the night, such a strange alteration did worke in S. Georges thought, that he could not enjoy the benefit of sweet sleepe, but was forced to lie broad waking, like one disquieted by some sudden feare: but as he lay with wakefull eyes thinking upon his passed fortunes, and numbring the minutes of the night with his cogitations, he heard as it were a cry of night Ravens, which flew beating their fatall wings against the windowes of his lodging, by which he imagined that some direfull accident was neere at hand: yet being not frighted with this sorrowfull noyse; nor danted with the croaking of these Ravens, hee lay still silently, not revealing it to any of the other Champions that lay in the five severall beds in the same Chamber: but at last being betweene sleeping and waking, hee heard as it were the voyce of a sorrowfull Knight that complayned these bitter passions from his tormented soule, and they contained these words following.

O thou invincible knight of England, thou that art not frighted with this sorrowfull dwelling, wherein thou canst see nothing but torments, rise up I say, from thy sluggish bed, and with thy undanted courage and strong arme, brake the charme of my inchantment.

And therewithall he seemed to give a most terrible groane and so ceased. This unexpected noyse caused Saint George (without the knowledge of any of the other Champions) to arise from his bed, and to buckle on his armour, and to search about the Castle to see if he might finde the place that harboured

harboured the Knight that made such sorrowfull lamentation.

So going up and downe by-corners in the Castle, all the latter part of the night, without finding the adventure of this strange voyce, or disturbance by any other meanes but that he was hindred from his naturall and quiet slepes, by the break of day, when the darke night began to withdraw her sable curtaines, and to give Aurora liberty to explaine her purple brightnesse, he entred into a faire square Parlor, hung round about with blacke cloth, and other mournfull habiliments, wherein on the one side of the same he saw a Tombe all covered likewise with blacke, and upon it there lay a man with a pale colour, who at certaine times, gave most marvellous and grievous sighes, caused by the burning flames that proceeded from under the Tombe, being such that it seemed that his body there with should be converted to to Coales: the flame thereof was so stinking, that it made Saint George somewhat to retire himselfe from the place where he did see that most horrible and fearefull spectacle.

He which lay upon the Tombe, casting his eyes aside, espied Saint George, and knowing him to be a humane creature, with an affrighted voyce he said, who art thou faire knight that art come into this place of sorrow, where nothing is heard but clamours of feare and terrour?

Nay, tell me said Saint George, who thou art, that with so much griefe doth demand of me, that which I stand in doubt to reveale to thee?

I am the King of Babylon (answered he) which without all consyderation, with my cruell hand did pierce through the white and delicate breast of my beloved Daughter: woe be to me, and woe unto my soule therefore: for that at once did pay her offence by death, but I a most miserable wretch with many Torments do die living.

When this worthy Champion Saint George was about to answere him, he saw come forth from under the Tombe a Damsell who had her hayre of a yellow and wan colour,

hanging downe about her shoulders, and by her face shee seemed that shee should bee very strangely afflicted with torments, and with a sorrowfull voyce shee said.

O unfortunate knight, what dost thou seeke in this infernall lodging, where cannot be given thee any other pleasure, but mortall torment, there is but one thing that can cleare thee from them, and this cannot bee told thee by any other but by mee: yet I will not expresse it except thou wilt grant mee one thing which I will aske of thee.

The English Champion that with a sad countenance stood beholding of the sorrowfull damsell, and being greatly amazed at the sight which he had seene, answered and said: The powers which were governours of my libertie, will doe their pleasures, but touching the grant of thy request I neber denyed any lawfull thing to eyther Lady or Gentlewoman, but with all my power and strength I was made to fulfill the same, therefore demand what thy pleasure is, for I am ready to doe any thing that may worke thy remedy.

And with that the damsell threw her selfe into the sepulchre, and with a grievous voyce shee said: Now most courteous knight performe thy promise: strike but three strokes upon this fatall Tombe, and thou shalt deliver us from a world of miseries, and likewise make an end of our continuall torments.

Then the invincible knight replyed in this order, whether you be humane creatures said he, placed in this sepulchre by inchantment, or furies raised from fiery Acheron, to worke my confusion or no, I know not, and there is so little truth in this infernall Castle, that I stand in doubt whether I may beleeve thy words or not: but yet discourse unto me the truth of all your passed fortunes, and by what meanes you were brought into this place, and as I am a true knight and one that fights in the quarrell of Christendome, I vow to accomplish whatsoever lieth in my power.

Then the Damsell began with a grievous and sorrowfull

full lamentation to declare as strange a tragedy as ever was told: And lying in the fatall Sepulchre, unseen of Saint George, that stood leaning his backe against the wall to heare her discourse and lamentable Storie: with a hallow voyce like a murthered Lady, whose bleeding soule as yet did feele the terrible stroke of her death, she repeated this pittifull tale following.

Chap. XI.

Of a Tragicall discourse pronounced by a Lady in a Tombe, and how her inchantment was finished by Saint *George*, with other strange accidents that happned to the other six Champions of Christendome.

IN famous Babylon sometimes reigned a King, although a Heathen, yet adorned with noble & vertuous customes, and had only one Daughter that was very faire, whose name was Angelica, humble, wise, and chast: who was beloved of a mighty Duke and a man wonderfull cunning in the Black Art. This Magician had a sage and grave countenance, and one that for wisdome better deserved the government than any other in the Kingdome, and was very well esteemed throughout all Babylon, almost equally with the King: for the which there ingendred in the Kings heart a secret rancour and hatred towards him. This Magician cast his love upon the young princesse Angelica, and it was ordained by destinie that shee should repay him with the same affection, so that both their hearts being wounded with love the one to the other, they indured sundry great passions.

Then love which continually seeketh occasions, did on a time set before this Magician, a waiting maid of Angelicaes

lieges, named Fidela: the which thing seemed to be wrought by the immortall power of the goddesse Venus: Oh in what feare the Magician was to discover unto her all his heart and to betray the secrets of his love-sicke soule: but in the end, by the great industry and diligence of the waiting Maid (whose name was answerable unto her minde) there was order given that these two Lovers should meet together.

This faire Angelica for that she could not at her ease enjoy her true Lover, she did determine to leave her owne naturall Country and Father: and with this intention being one night with her Love, she cast her armes about his necke and said.

O my sweet and welbeloved friend, seeing that my destinies have been so kinde to me, as to have my heart linked in thybrest I see no cause to finde in thee ingratitude, for that I cannot live, except continually I enjoy thy sight: and do not muse (my Lord) at these my words, for the entire love that I beare to you, constraineth me to make it manifest. And this believe of a certainty, that if thy sight be abiect from me, it will be an occasion that my heart will lack his vitall recreation, and my soule forsake her earthly habitation. You know (my Lord) how that the King my Father doth beare you no good will, but doth hate you from his soule, which will be an occasion that we cannot enjoy our hearts contentments: for the which I have determined (if you thinke well thereof) to leave both my Father and my native Country, and to goe and live with you in a strange Land. And if you deny me this, you shall very quickly see your loving Lady without life: but I know you will not denie me, for thereon consisteth the benefit of my welfare, and my chiefest prosperity. And therewithall shedding a few teares from her Christall eyes, she held her peace.

The Magician (as one late ravished with her earnest desires) answered and said:

My Love and sweet Mistresse, wherefore have you any

doubt

doubt that I will not fulfill and accomplish your desire in all things: therefore put of hand put all things in a readinesse that your pleasure is to have done: for what more benefit or contentment can I receive, than to enjoy your sight continually, in such sort that neither of us may depart from the others company, till the fatall destinies give end to our lives. Or if it so fall out that fortune frowne upon us, that we be espyed and taken in our enterprise, and suffer death together, what more glory can there happen unto me, than to die with thee, and to end my life betwixt thy armes: therefore do not trouble your self here Lady and Mistris, but give me leave for to depart your presence, that I may provide all things in readinesse for our departures: and so with this conclusion they tooke leave one of the other, and departed away with as great secrecie as might possibly be devised.

After this, within a few dayes, the Magician by his Inchantment caused a Chariot to be made, that was drawne by two flying Dragons, into the which without being espyed of any one, they put themselves, together with their trusty waiting Maid, and in great secrecie they departed out of the Kings Pallace, and tooke their journey towards the Countrey of Armenia: in the which Countrey in a short time they arrived, and came without any misfortune unto a place whereas deepe Rivers did continually strike upon a Rocke, upon the which stood an old and ancient building, wherein they intended to inhabite, as a most convenient place for their dwelling, whereas they might without all feare of being found, live peacefully, enjoying each others love.

Not farre from that place there was a small village, from whence they might have necessary provision for the maintayning of their bodies. Great joy and pleasure these two lovers received when they found themselves in such a place whereas they might take their full of each others loves.

The Magician delighted in no other thing but to goe a

hunting with certaine Country dwellers, that inhabited in the next Village, leaving his sweet Angelica accompanied with her trusty Fidelia in that strong house, so in this order they lived together foure yeeres, spending their daies in great pleasure: but in the end, Time (who never resteth in one degree) did take from them their rest, and repayed them with sorrow and extreme miserie. For when the King her Father found her missing, the sorrow and griefe was so much that he received, that he kept his Chamber a long time, and would not be comforted of any body.

Foure yeares he passed away in great heavinesse, filling the Court with Ecchoes of his beloved Daughter, and making the Skies to resound his Lamentations: sorrow was his food, salt Teares his Drinke, and Griefe his chiefe companion.

But at last, upon a time as he sate in his chaire, lamenting her absence with great heavinesse, and being overcharged with griefe, he chanc't to fall into a troublesome dreame, for after quiet sleepe had closed up the closets of his eyes, he dreamed that he saw his daughter standing upon a Rock by the Sea side, offering to cast her body into the waves before she would returne to Babylon, and that he beheld her Lover with an Army of Satyres, and wild men ready furnished with habiliments of warre to pull him from his Throne, and to deprive him of his Kingdome.

Out of this Action he presently started from his chaire as though it had beene one frighted with a legion of Spirits, and caused foure of the chiefest Peeres of his Land to be sent for, to whom he committed the government of his Country: certifying them that he intended a Voyage to the Sepulchre at Memphis, thereby to qualifie the fury of his Daughters ghost, whom he dreamed to be drowned in the Seas, and that except hee sought by true submission to appease the angry Fates, whom he had offended, he should be deposed from his Kingdome.

None could withdraw him from his determination, though

though it was to the prejudice of his whole land: therefore within twentie dayes he furnished himselfe with all necessaries, as well of Armour and Martiall furniture, as of gold and treasure, and so departed from Babylon privately and alone, not suffring any other (though many desired it humbly and very earnestly) to beare him company.

But he travelled not as he told his Lords, after any ceremonious Order, but like a blow-hound searching Country after Country, Nation by Nation, and Kingdome by Kingdome, that after a barbarous manner hee might be revenged upon his Daughter for her disobedience. And as he travelled, there was no Cave, Den, Wood, or Wilderness, but he furiously entred, roitingly searched for his Angelica.

At last by strange fortune hee happened into Armenia, neere unto the place where as his daughter had her residence, where after he had intelligence by the commons of the country, that she remained in an old ruinated building on the top of a Rocke neere at hand, without any more delay he travelled unto that place, at such a time as the Magician her Husband was gone about his accustomed hunting: where coming to the gate and finding it lockt, he knockt thereat so furiously that he made the house to resound all the house over with the redoubling Eccho.

When Angelica heard one knocke, shee came unto the gate, and with all speed did open it, where when shee thought to imbrace him, thinking it to be her Lover, shee saw that it was her Father, and with a sudden alteration shee gave a great shrike, and ran with all the speed shee could backe into the house.

Her Father being angry, like a furious Lion followed her, saying: It doth little availe thee Angelica to run away, for that thou shalt die by this revengefull hand, paying me with thy death, the dishonour that my Crowne hath received by thy slight.

So hee followed her till he came to the Chamber where

her waiting Maid Fidelia was, who likewise presently knew the King: upon whose wrathfull countenance appeared the Image of pale Death, and fearing the harme that might happen unto her Lady, she put her selfe over her Ladies body, and gave most terrible, lowd, and lamentable shrikes.

The King, as one kindled in wrath, and forgetting the naturall love of a Father towards his child, he laid hands upon his Sword, and said: It doth not profit thee Angelica to flie from thy death, for thy desert is such, that thou canst not escape from it: for here mine owne Arme shall be the Killer of mine owne flesh, and I unnaturally hate that, which Nature it selfe commandeth me especially to love.

Then Angelica with a countenance more red than fearfull, answered and said: Ah my Lord and Father, will you bee now as cruell unto me, as you have wont to be kinde and pitifull? Appease your wrath, and withdraw your unmercifull Sword, and hearken unto this which I say in discharging my selfe of that you charge me withall. You shall understand, my Lord and Father, that I was overcome and constrained by love for to love, forgetting all fatherly love and duty towards your Majestie: yet for all that, having power to accomplish the same, it was not to your dishonour in that I live honorably with my Husband: then the King (with a visage fraught with terrible ire) more like a Dragon in the Woods of Hercania, than a man by nature, answered and said.

Thou viperous Brat, degenerate from Natures kinde, thou wicked Traytor to thy generation: wh treason hast thou to make this false excuse, when as thou hast committed a crime that deserves more punishment than humane nature can inflict: And in saying these words, hee lift up his Sword, intending to strike her into the heart, and to bath his weapon in his owne daughters blood: wherewt Fidelia being present, gave a terrible shrike, and threw her selfe upon the body of unhappy Angelica, offering her tender breast to the

fury

fury of his sharpe cutting Sword, only to set at liberty her deare Lady and Mistresse.

But when the furious King saw her in this sort make her defence, he pulled her off by the haire of the head, offering to trample her delicate body under his feet, thereby to make a way that he might execute his determined purpose without resistance of any.

Fidelia, when shee saw the King determined to kill his Daughter, like unto a Lionesse, shee hung about his necke, and said: Thou monstrous Murtherer, more cruell than the madde Dogges in Egypt, why doest thou determine to slaughter the most chaste and loyallest Lady in the World, even she within whose lap untamed Lions will come and sleepe?

Thou art thy selfe (I say) the occasion of all this evill, and thine only is the fault, for that thy selfe wert so malicious and so full of mischiefe, that shee durst not let thee understand of her love.

These words and teares of Fidelia did little prevaile to mollifie the Kings heart, who rather like a furious Boare in the Wildernesse being compassed about with a company of Dogges, most irefully shooke his limbes, and threw Fidelia from him, in such sort, that he had almost dashed her braines against the Chamber wals, and with double wrath hee did proceed to execute his fury. Yet for all this, Fidelia with terrible shrikes sought to hinder him, till such time as with his cruell hand hee thrust his Sword into her Ladies breast, so that it appeared forth at her backe, whereby her soule was forced to leave her terrestriall habitation, and flie into the wide ayre, after those which died for true loves sake.

Thus this unhappy Angelica, when she was most at quiet, and content with her meane kind of life, then fortune turned her inconstant wheele, and cast her from a glorious delight to a sudden death.

The irefull King, when he beheld his daughters blood

sprinckled about the Chamber and that by his owne hands it was committed, he repented himselfe of the deed, and accursed the houre wherein the first motion of such a crime entred into his minde, wishing the hand that did it ever after might bee lame, and the heart that did contrive it, to be plagued with more extremities than was miserable Oedipus, or to be terrified with her ghastly spirit, as was the Macedonian Alexander with Clitus shadow, whom her cavselly murthered.

In this manner the unfortunate King repented his Daughters bloody Tragedy, with this determination not to stay till the Magician returned from his hunting exercise, but to exclude himselfe from the company of all men, and to spend the remnant of his loathsome life among untamed beasts in some wilde Wildernesse. Upon this resolution he departed the Chamber, and withall said: Farewell thou lifelesse body of my Angelica, and may thy blood which I have spilt, crave vengeance of the fates against my guiltie soule, for my earthly body shall indure a miserable punishment. Likewise at his departure he writ upon the Chamber walls these Verses following with his Daughters blood.

Now unto Hils, to Dales, to Rocks, to Caves I goe,
To spend my dayes in shame, in sorrow, griefe, and woe.

Fidelia (after the departure of the King) used such violent fury against her selfe, both by rending the golden trammels of her hairs, and tearing her Rosie-coloured face with her furious nayles, that she rather seemed an infernall Fury, subject to Wrath, than any earthly creature furnished with clemency: she sate over Angelicaes body, wiping her bleeding bosome with a Damaske Scarfe, which she pulled from her waste, and bathing her dead body in lukewarme Teares, which forcibly ranne downe from her eyes like an overflowing Fountaine.

In this wofull manner spent the sorrowfull Fidelia that unhappy day, till bright Phœbus went into the Westerne parts:

parts: at which time the Magician returned from his accustomed hunting, and finding the doore open, he entred into Angelicaes Chamber, where when hee found her body weltring in congealed blood, and beheld how Fidelia sate weeping over her bleeding wounds, hee cursed himselfe, for that hee accounted his negligence the occasion of her death, in that hee had not left her in more safety. But when Fidelia had certified him, how that by the hands of her owne Father she was slaughtered, he began like a franticke tyrant to rage against blacke destiny, and to fill the ayre with terrible exclamations.

Oh cruell murtherer (said hee) crept from the wombe of some untamed Tyger: I will bee so revenged upon thee, O unnaturall King, that all ages shall wonder at thy misery.

And likewise thou unhappy Virgin shalt indure like punishment, in that thy accursed tongue hath bruited this fatall deed unto my eares: the one for committing the crime, and the other for reporting it. For I will call such deserved vengeance upon your heads, and place your bodies in such continuall torments, that you shall lament my Ladies death, leaving alive the fame of her with your lamentations.

And in saying these words, hee drew a Booke out of his bosome, & in reading certaine charmes, and inchantments that were therein contained, he made a great and very black cloud appeare in the skies, which was brought by terrible and hastie winds, in the which he tooke them up both, and brought them into the inchanted Castle, where ever since they have remained in this Tombe cruelly tormented with unquenchable fire, and must for ever continue in the same extremitie, except some courteous knight will vouchsafe to give but three blowes upon the Tombe, and breake the inchantment.

Thus have you heard, you magnanimous knight, the true discourse of my unhappy fortunes. And the Virgin which for the true love she bore unto her Lady was committed to this torment is my selfe, and this pale bodying

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ing upon the Tomb, is the unhappy Babylonian King which unnaturally murthered his owne Daughter: and the Magician which committed all these villanies, is that accursed wretch, which by his charmes and divellish Inchantments hath so strongly withstood your encounters.

These words were no sooner finished, but S. George drew out his sharpe cutting sword and gave three blowes upon the inchanted Tombe, whereat presently appeared the Babylonian King standing before him, attyred in rich robes, with an imperiall Diadem upon his head: and the Lady standing by him, with a countenance more beautifull than the damaske Rose.

When Saint George beheld them, he was not able to speake for joy, nor to utter his mind, so exceeding was the pleasure that he took in their sights. So without any long circumstance he tooke them betwixt both his hands, and led them into the Chamber, whereas he found the other Knights newly risen from their beds. To whom he revealed the true discourse of the passed Adventure, and by what meanes he redeemed the King and the Lady from their inchantments, which to them was as great joy as before it was to Saint George.

So, after they had for some five dayes refreshed themselves in the Castle, they generally intended to accompany the Babylonian King into his Country, and to place him againe in his Regiment.

In which travell we will leave the Christian Knights to the Conduct of Fortune, and return againe to Rosana, whom (as you heard before) departed from the Castle in the pursuite of her disloyall Father: of whose strange accidents shall be spoken in this following Chapter.

Chap. XII

How the Knight of the blacke Castle after conquest of the same by the Christian Champions, wandred

dred up and down the world in great terrour of conscience, and after how he was found in a wood by his own daughter, in whose presence he desperately slew himselfe, with other accidents that after hapned.

YOu do well remember when that the Christian Champions had slaine the seven Giants in the inchanted Castle and had made conquest therof, Bilsoy all Leager being Lord of the same, secretly fled: not for any anger of the losse, but for the preservation of his life. So in great griefe and terrour of conscience he wandred like a fugitive up and down the world; sometimes remembring of his passed prosperity, other times thinking upon the rapes he had committed, how disloyally in former time he had left the Queen of Armenia big with childe, bearing in her womb the staine of her honour, and the confusion of her reputation. Sometime his guilty minde imagined that the bleeding ghosts of the two Sisters (whom hee both ravished and murthered) followed him up and down, haunting his ghost with fearfull exclamations, and filling each corner of the earth with clamours of revengement.

Such fear and terrour raged in his soule, that he thought all places where he travelled, were filled with multitudes of Knights, and that the strength of Countries pursued him, to heap vengeance upon his guilty head for those wronged Ladies.

Whereby he cursed the houre of his birth, and blamed the cause of his creation, wishing the Fates to consume his body with a flash of fire, or that the earth would gape and swallow him. In this manner he travelled up and downe, filling all places with Ecchoes of his sorrowes and griefe, which brought him into such a perplexity, that many times

hee would haue slayne himselfe, and haue rid his wretched soule from a world of miseries.

But it hapned that one morning very early, by the first light of Titans golden Torch, he entred into a narrow and straight path which conducted him into a very thick and solitary Forrest, wherein with much sorrow he travelled till such time as glistring Phœbus had passed the halfe part of his journey.

And being weary with the long way and the great waight of his Armour, hee was forced to take some rest and ease under certayne fresh and greene Myrtle trees, whose large leaues did shadow a very fayre and cleere fountaine, whose streame made a bubbling murmur on the pibbles.

Being set, he began anew to haue in remembrance his former committed cruelty, and complayning of Fortune, he thus published his great griefe: and although he was weary of complayning, yet seeing himselfe without all remedy, he resolued like vnto the Swan to sing a while before his death: and so thinking to giue some ease vnto his tormented heart, he warbled forth these verses following.

MOurnfull *Melpomene* approach with speed,
And shew thy sacred face with teares besprent:
Let all thy Sisters hearts with sorrow bleed,
To heare my plaints and rufull discontent.
And with your mones sweet Muses all assist
My mournfull Song that doth on woe consist.

That so I may at large paynt out my payne,
Within these desart Groues and Wildernesse:
And after I haue ended to complayne,
They may record my woes and deep distresse:
Except these Myrtle trees relentlesse be,
They will with sobs assist the sighes of me.

Time weares out life, it is reported so,
And so it may, I will it not deny:

Yet have I tryed so long, and this do know,
Time gives no end to this my misery:
But rather Fortune, Time, and Fates agree
To plague my heart with woe eternally.

Ye Silvan Nymphes that in these woods do shrowd,
To you my mournfull sorrowes I declare:
You savage Satyres, let your eares be bow'd,
To heare my wo your nimble selves prepare:
Trees, herbs, and flowers, in rurall fields that grow,
While thus I mourn, do you some silence show.

Sweet *Philomel*, cease thou thy song a while,
And will thy mates their melodies to leave?
And all at once attend my mournfull stile,
Which will of mirth your sugred notes bereave:
If you desire the burthen of my song,
I sigh and sob, cause Ladies I did wrong.

You furious beasts that feed on mountaines high,
And restlesse run with rage your pray to finde,
Draw neere to him whose brutish cruelty
Hath crope the bud of Virgins chaste and kinde:
This only thing yet rests to comfort me,
Repentance comes a while before I die.

Since all agree for to increase my care,
What hope have I for to enjoy delight?
Sith Fates and Fortune do themselves prepare
To work against my soule their full despight,
I know no meanes to yeeld my heart releefe,
Tis only death which can dissolve my griefe.

I muse, and may, my sorrowes being such,
That my poore heart can longer life sustayn,
Sith daily I do finde my griefe so much,

As every day I feele a dying paine:
But yet alas, I live afflicted still,
And have no hope to heale me of my ill.

When as I think upon my pleasures past,
Now turn'd to paine, it makes me curse my fate:
And since my joy vanisht so overcast,
O death give end to my unhappy state,
For only death will lasting life provide,
Where living thus, I sundry deaths abide.

Wherefore all you that heare my mournfull Song,
And tasted have the griefe that I sustayn,
All lustfull ravishers that have done wrong,
With teare-fill'd eyes assist me to complayne:
All that have being do my being hate,
Crying haste, haste, this wretches dying fate.

This sorrowfull Song being done, hee layd himselfe all along upon the green grasse, closing up the floods of his eyes in hope to repose himselfe in a quiet sleep, and to abandon all discontented thoughts, in which silent contemplation we will leave him for a while, and returne to Rosana the Queene daughter of Armenia, that bold Amazonian Lady, whom you remember likewise departed from the Black Castle (clad with inchanted armour) in the pursuit of her disloyall Father, whom she never in her life beheld. This courteous Lady (to performe her Mothers will) travelled up and downe strange Countries with many a weary step, yet never could she meet with her unkinde Father, unto whom she was commanded to give her Mothers Letter, neither could she heare in any place whersoever she came, where she might go to seek him. In the which travell shee met with many strange adventures, which with great honour to her name she finished, yet still she wandred ober hils and dales, mountaines and valleys, and through many solitary woods, till at last

last she happed by fortune into the wildernesse whereas this discontented knight lay sleeping upon the green grasse, next to which place she likewise reposed her selfe under the branches of a Chesse-nut tree, desiring to take some rest after her long travell.

But upon a sudden being betwixt waking and sleeping, she heard towards her left hand a very dolorous groane, as it were of some sorrowfull knight, which was so terrible, heavy, and bitter, that it made her to give an attentive eare unto the sound, and to see if she could hears and understand what it should be.

So with making the least noyse that shee could possibly, she arose up and went towards the place, whereas she might see what it was, and there she behold a knight very well armed, lying upon the green grasse, under a certain faire and green Myrtle tree, his armour was all russet, and full of bars of black steele, which she wend to be a very sad, sorrowfull, and heavy enamelling, agreeable to the inwardsadnesse of his heart.

He was somwhat of a big stature of body, and well proportioned, and there seemed by his disposition to be in his heart great griefes; where after she had a while stood in secret, beholding his sorrowfull countenance, in a wofull manner he tumbled his restlesse body upon the green grasse, & with a sad and heavy look he breathed forth this wofull lamentation.

Oh heavy and perverse Fortune (said hee) why dost thou consent that I so vile and cruell a wretch do breathe so long upon the earth, upon whose wicked head the golden Sunne disdaines to shine, and the glistring Elements deny their cheerfull lights?

Oh that some ravenous Harpey would swallow from his den, and make his loathsome bowels my fatall Toomb, or that my eyes were sightlesse, like the miserable King of Thebes, that I never might again behold this earth, whereon I have long lived and committed so many cruelties.

I am confounded with the curse of sad mischance, for wronging

wronging that Queen of Armenia, in the spoyle of whose Virginity I have a triumphant conquest.

Oh Leoger, Leoger, what fury did induce thee to commit so great a crime, in leaving her stayned with thy lust, and dishonoured by thy disloyalty? Oh cruell and without faith, thou wert nurst with some unkindly milk of Tygers, and borne into the world for thine owne torment. Where was thine understanding when thou forsookest that gracious Princesse, who not only yeelded to thee her liberty, love, and honour, but therewith a Kingdome and a golden Diadem: and therefore woe unto me Traytor, and more woes fall upon my soule, than there be haires upon my head, and may the sorrowes of old Priam be my late punishment.

What doth it profit me to fill the ayre with lamentations, when that the crime is already past, without all remedy or hope of comfort? This being said, she gave a grievous and terrible cry, and so held her peace.

Roland, by whose heavy and sorrowfull lamentations, together with his reasons which she heard, knew him to be her disloyall father, whom she had so long travelled after to finde out: but when she remembred how that his unfaithfulnesse and unkindnesse was the death of her Mother, her heart indured such extream payn and sorrow, that she was constrayned (without any failing) to fall down to the ground.

But yet her courageous heart could not remayn long in that passion, but straitwayes shee rose up again upon her feet, with a desire to performe her mothers will, but yet not intending to discover her name, nor to reveale unto him that she was his daughter. So with this thought and determination, she went unto the place where Leoger was, who when hee heard the noyse of her comming, straitwayes darted upon his feet.

Then Roland did salute him with a voyce somewhat heavy, and Leoger did returne his salutation with no lesse shew of grace.

Then the Amazonian Lady took forth the Letter from her

naked

naked breast, where so long time she had kept it, and as she delivered it into his hands, she said:

Is it possible that thou art that forgetfull and disloyall knight, which left the unfortunate Queen of Armenia (with so great payn and sorrow) big with childe amongst those unmercifull Tyrants her Country-men, which banished her out of her Country in revenge of thy committed crime, where ever since she hath been companion with wilde beasts that in their natures have lamented her banishment?

Leoger when he heard her to say these words, began to behold her, and although his eyes were all to beblubbered and weary of weeping, yet hee most earnestly gazed in her face, and answered her in this manner:

I will not deny to this gentle Amazonian (said he) that which the very clouds do blush at, and the low earth doth mourn for. Thou shalt understand that I am the same knight whom thou hast demanded after: Tell me therefore what is thy will?

Thy will is, sayd she, thou most ungratefull knight, that thou read here this Letter, the last work of the white hand of the unhappy Armenian Queen.

At which words the knight was so troubled in thought, and grieved in minde, that it was almost the occasion to dissolve his soule from his body: and therewithall putting forth his hand somewhat trembling, he took the Letter, and set him down very sorrowfull upon the green grasse, without any power to the contrary, his griefe so abounded the bounds of reason.

No sooner had he opened the Letter, but he presently knew it to be written by the hand of his wronged Lady, the Armenian Queene, and with great alteration both of heart and minde he read the sorrowfull lines, which contayned these words following.

The

The Queen of *Armenia* her Letter.

TO thee thou disloyall Knight of the Black Castle, the unfortunate Queen of Armenia can neither send nor wish salutations: for having no health my selfe, I cannot send it unto him whose cruell minde hath quite forgotten my true love: I cannot but lament continually, yea and complayn unto my Fates incessantly, considering that my fortune is converted from a crowned Quene to a miserable and banished captiue, where as savage beasts are my chiefe companions, and the mournfull birds my best solliciters. Oh Leoger, Leoger, why didst thou leave mee comfortlesse without all cause, as did Æneas the unfortunate Dido? what second love hath bereaved me of thy sight, and made thee forget her that ever shall remember thee? Oh Leoger, remember the day when first I saw thy face, which day bee fatall evermore, and counted for a dismall day in time to come, both heavy, black, and full of foule misthaunes, for it was unhappy unto me: for in giving thee joy, I bereaved my selfe of all, and lost the possession of my liberty and honour: although thou hast not esteemed nor took care of my sorrowfull fortunes, yet thou shouldst not have mocked my perfect love, and disdained the fervent affection that I have born thee, in that I have yelded to thee that precious Jewell, the which hath been denyed to many a noble King. O Love, cruell and spitefull Love, that so quickly dost make men blinde, and depriuedst me of the knowledge that belonged to my royall Highnesse. Oh uncourteous knight, hying blinded with thy love the Queen of Armenia stayned her honestie, which she ought to have kept, & preserved it from the biting canker of disloyall love: Hadst thou pretended to mock me, thou shouldst not have suffred me to have lost so much as I did forgo for thy sake.

Tell mee, why didst thou not suffer mee to execute my will, that I might have opened my white breast with a piercing

pierring sword, and sent my soule to the shady bankes of sweet Elizium? then had it been better for mée to have died, than to live still and daily die.

Remember thy selfe Leoger, and behold the harme that will come hereof: have thou a care unto the pawne which thou hast sealed in my wombe, and let it be an occasion that thou dost (after all thy violent wrongs) returne to sée mee sleeping on my tombe, that my child may not remaine fatherlesse in the power of wilde beasts, whose hearts be fraughted with nothing but cruelties. Do not consent that the perfect love which I beare thée should be counted vaine, but rather performe the promise which thou hast made to me.

Unkind Leoger, O cruell and hard heart! is falshood the firme love that so unfainedly thou didest professe to mée? What is he that hath beene more unmercifull than thou hast beene? There is no furious beast nor lurking Lyon in the disarts of Lybia, whose mercilesse pawes are all besmeared in blood, that is so cruelly hearted as thy selfe, else wouldest thou not leave me comfortlesse, spending my dayes in solitary woods, whereas the Tygers mourne at my distresses, & the chirping Birds in their kindes, grieve at my lamentations: the unreasonable torments and sorrowes of my soule are so many, that if my pen were made of Lidian Steele, and my Inke the purple Ocean, yet could I not write the number of my woes.

But now I determine to advertise thée of my desired death, for in writing this my last testament, the Fates are cutting asunder my thred of life, and I can give the knowledge of no more: but yet I desire thée by the true love which I beare thée, that thou wilt read with some sorrow these few lines. And now I desire of the destinies that thou mayest die the like death that for thée I now do. And so I end.

By her which did yeeld unto thee
her life, Love, Honour, Fame, and Libertie.

VVHen this sad and heavy Knight had made an end of reading this dolorous Letter, hee could not restrayn his eyes from distilling salt teares, so great was the griefe that his heart sustayned: Rosana did likewise beare him company to solemnize his heavinesse, with as many teares trickling from the conduits of her eyes.

The great sorrow and lamentation was such and so much in both their hearts, that for a great space the one could not speak unto the other: but afterwards their griefes being somwhat extenuated, Leoger began to say:

Oh messenger, from her, with the remembrance of whose wrong my heart is wounded, being undeservedly of me evill rewarded: tell me (even by the nature of true love) if thou dost know where she is: shew unto me her abiding place, that I may go thither and give a discharge of this my great fault by yeelding unto death.

Oh cruell and without love (answered Rosana) what discharge canst thou give unto her that already (through thy cruelty) is dead and buried? only by the occasion of such a forsworn Knight.

This penitent and grieved knight, when hee understood the certainty of her death, with a sudden and hasty fury hee struck himselfe on the breast with his fist, and lifting his eyes unto the clouds, in manner of exclamation against the Fates, giving deep and sorrowfull sighes, hee threw himselfe to the ground: tumbling and wallowing from the one side unto the other, without taking any ease, or having any power or strength to declare the inward griefe which at that time he felt, but with lamentations which did torment his heart, hee called continually on the Armenian Queene, and in that devillish fury wherein he was, drew out his dagger, and lifting up the skirt of his shirt of maile, hethrust it into his body, and giving himselfe this unhappy death (with calling upon his wronged Lady) he finished his life, and fell to the ground.

This

This sad and heavy Lady when shee beheld him so desperately to gore his martiall Breast, and to fall liveleſſe to the earth, shee greatly repented her selfe that shee had not discovered her name, and revealed to him how that shee was his unfortunate Daughter, whose face before that time he had never beheld: and as a Lion (though all too late) who seeing before her eyes a young Lioneſſe evill intreated of the Hunter, even so shee ran unto her murthered Father, and with great speed pulled off his Helmet from his wounded head, and unbraced his armour, the which was in colour according to his passion, but yet as strong as any Diamond, made by Magick Art. Also shee tooke away his shield which had on it a ruffet flag, and in the middeſt thereof was portraged the God of Love with two faces, the one was very faire and bound with a cloth about his eyes, and the other was made marvellous fierce and furious.

This being done, with a faire linnen cloth shee wiped off the blood from his wounded body. And when shee was certaine that it was hee after whom shee had travelled so many weary steps, and that hee was without life, with a furious madneſſe shee tore her attyre from her head, and all to rent her golden Haire, tearing it in peeces, and then returned againe and wiped his bleeding body, making such sorrowfull lamentation, that whosoever had seene her would have beene moved to compaſſion. Then shee took his head betwixt her hands striving to lift it up, and to lay it upon her lap, but seeing for all this, that there was no moving in him, she joyned her face unto his pale and dead cheeks, and with sorrowfull words she sayd:

Deare Father, open thine eyes and behold mee, open them sweet Father, and look upon mee thy sorrowfull Daughter: if Fortune be so favourable, let me receive some contentment whilſt life remayneth: Oh strengthen thy selfe to look upon mee, wherein such delight may come to me, that we may either accompany other, Oh my Lord and

onely Father, seeing that in former times my unfortunate Mothers teares were not sufficient to reclaime thee, make me satisfaction for the great travell which I have taken in seeking thee out. Come now in death and joy in the sight of thy unhappy Daughter, and die not without seeing her: open thine eyes that thee may gratifie thee in dying with thee.

This being said, Rosana began againe to wipe his body, for that it was againe all to be bathed in blood, and with her white hands shee felt his eyes and mouth, and all his face, and head, till such time as shee touched his breast, and put her hand on the mortall wound, where she held it still and looked upon him whether hee moved or no. But when shee felt him without sence or feeling shee began anew to complaine, and crying out with most terrible exclamations, shee said

Oh my hapless Father, how many troubles and great travels hath thy Daughter passed in seeking thee, watering the earth with her teares, and alwayes in vaine calling for thee: Oh how many times in naming thy name hath shee beene answered with an Eccho, which was unto her great dolour and griefe: and now that Fortune hath brought her where thou art, to rejoyce her selfe in thy presence, the same Fortune hath converted her wishes into griefe and dolour. Oh cruell and unconstant Queene of Chance, hath Rosana deserved this, to be most afflicted when shee expected some joy: Oh Leoger, if ever thou wilt open thine eyes, now open them, or let the glasses of my eyes be closed eternally.

Herewith she perceived his dim eyes to open, and his senses now a little gathered together: and when hee saw himselfe in her armes, and understood by her words, that shee was his Daughter, whom he had by the unfortunate Queene of Armenia, hee sodainly strove against weaknesse, and at last recovering some strength, he cast his yelding armes about the milke-white neck of the fayre Rosana,

and

and they joyned their faces the one with the other, distilling betwixt them many salt and bitter teares, in such sort that it would have moved the very wilde Beasts unto compassion: and then with a feeble and weake voyce the wounded Knight said:

Ah my Daughter, unfortunate by my disloyaltie, let me recreate and comfort my selfe, in injoying this thy mouth, the time that I shall remaine alive, and before my silly soule doth depart the company of my dying body: I doe confesse that I have béene pittilesse unto thy mother, and unkind to thée, in making thee to travell with great sorrow in séeking mee, and now thou hast found me, I must leave thee alone in this sorrowfull place with my dead body pale and wanne: yet before my death sweet Girle give mée some few gentle kisses: this only delight I crave for the little time I have to tarry, and afterward I desire thée to intombe my body in thy mothers grave, though it bée far in distance from this unlucky Countrey.

Oh my déere Lord (answered shée) doo you request mée to give your body a Sepulchre: I thinke it more requisite, to séeke some to give it unto us both: for I know my life cannot continue long, if the angry Fates deprive mée of your living company. And without strength to proceed any further in speeches, she kissed his face with many sobbings and sighes, and having within her selfe a terrible conflict, she tarryed for the answere of her dying Father, who with paine and great anguish of death, said:

Oh my Child, how happy should I be, that thus imbracing one in anothers armes, wee might depart together: then should I be joyfull in thy company, and account my selfe happy in my death: but alas I must leave thee unto the world. Daughter farewell, good Fortune preserve thee, and for ever may she take thée into her favour. And when he had said these words, inclining his neck upon the face of Rosana hee died.

When this sorrowfull Lady saw that the Soule had

got the victory and departed from the body, shee kissed his pale lips, and giving deep and dolorous sighes, shee began a marvellous and most heavy Lamentation, calling her selfe unhappy and unfortunate, and layd her selfe upon the dead body, cursing her destinies, so that it was lamentable to heare.

Oh my deare Father, said shée, what small benefit have I received for all my travell and paine, the which I have suffered in seeking of thée, and now in the finding of thee the more is my griefe, for that I came to see thée die? Oh most unhappy that I am, where was my minde when I saw that fatall Dagger pierce thy tender breast? whereon was my thought? wherefore did I stand still, and did not with courage make resistance against that terrible and fatall blow?

If my strength would not have serued me, yet at the least I should then have borne thee company. You furious Beasts that are hid in your dennes and deep caves, where are you now? why do you not come and take pittie upon my griefe in taking away my life? doing so, you shew your selves pittifull, for that I do abhorre this dolorous life. Yet all this while she did not forget the promise that shee made him, which was to give his body buriall in her Mothers Tombe. Which was the occasion that she did somewhat cease her lamentation, and taking unto her selfe more courage than her sorrowfull griefe would consent unto, she put the dead body under a broad branched Pine-apple tree, and covered it with leaves and greene grasse, and withall hung his armour upon the boughes, in hope that the sight thereof would cause some adventurous Knight to approach her presence, that in kindnesse would assist her to intombe him. This done, here we will leave Rosana weeping over her Fathers body, and speak of the Negromancer after his flight from the black Castle.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII

How the Magician found *Leogers* armour hanging upon a Pine-tree, kept by *Rosana* the Queens daughter of *Armenia*, betwixt whom hapned a terrible battell: also of the desperate death of the Lady: and after how the Magician framed by Magick Art an inchanted Sepulchre, wherein he inclosed himselfe from the sight of all humane creatures.

I Am sure you doe well remember, when the Christian Knights had conquered the blacke Castle, which was kept by inchantment, how the furious Negromancer to preserve his life, fled from the same, carried by his Art through the ayre in an Iron Chariot, drawne by two flying Dragons: in which charmed Chariot he trolled over many parts and plaines of the Casterne climates.

At last being weary of his journey, he put himselfe into the thickest of a Forrest, wherein travelling with his whirling Dragons, he never rested till hee came unto a mighty and broad River, the which seemed to bee an arme of the marble coloured Ocean: there hee alighted from his Chariot for to refresh himselfe, and toke water with his hands and drunke thereof, and washed his face: and as hee found himselfe all alone, there came into his minde many thoughts of his fore-passed life, and how hee was banquished by the Christian Knights, for which with great anger he gave terrible sighes, and began to curse not onely the houre of his birth, but the whole World, and all the generation of Mankind.

Likewise hee remembred the great sorrow and travell that hee ever since had indured, and what toyle travelling

Knights doe endure: In these variable cogitations spent hee the time away till golden Phœbus began to with-draw himselfe into his accustomed lodging, to hide his light in the Occidentall parts, and therewith drew on the darke and tenebrous night, which was the occasion that his paine did the more increase: all that night hee passed away with such sorrowfull lamentations for his late disgraces, that all the woods and mountaines did resound his woefull exclamations, till that Sol with his glittering beames began againe to cover the earth.

The which being seene by the Magician, with a trice hee arose up, and intended to prosecute his journey: but lifting up his eyes towards the Elements, he discovered hanging upon a high and mighty Pine-apple tree the armour of Leoger.

This armour was hung there by Rosana, in the remembrance of his death, as you heard in the last Chapter. And although it had almost lost the wonted colour, and began to rust through the abundance of raine that had fallen thereon, yet for all that it seemed of great value and of a wonderfull richnesse: so without any further circumspection or regard, hee tooke downe the Knights armour, and armed himselfe therewith, and when hee lacked no more to put on but the Helmet, he heard a voyce that said: Be not so hardy thou Knight as to undoe this Trophie, except thou prepare thy selfe to win it by sword.

The Magician at this unexpected noyse, cast his head on the one side, and espyed Rosana newly awaked from a heavy sleep, most richly armed with a strong inchanted armour, after the manner of the Amazonians, but for all that he did not let to make an end of arming himselfe, and having laced on his Burgonet, hee went towards the demander with his sword ready drawne in his hand, inviting her to a mortall battell.

Rosana, who saw his determination, did provide to defend her selfe, and offend her enemie.

By

Oh my Muſe, that I had but learned eloquence for to ſet out and declare the noble encounters of theſe two gallant warriours: Roſana though ſhee was but a Feminine by nature, yet was ſhe as bold in heroicall adventures as any Knight in the world, except the invincible Chriſtian Champions.

But now returne we to our Hiſtory. The valiant Amazonian when her enemy came unto her, ſhe ſtruck him ſo terrible a blow upon the viſour of his Helmet, that with the fury thereof ſhe made ſparkles of fire to iſſue out with great abundance, and forced him to bow his head unto his breaſt.

The Magician did return unto her his ſalutation, and ſtruck her ſuch a blow upon her Helmet, that with the great noyſe thereof it made a ſound in all the mountaines. And ſo began between them a marvellous and fearfull battell. Fortune not willing to uſe her moſt extremity, inclined the ſcale to neither party, nor as yet gave ſhee conqueſt to any: all the time of the conflict, the furious Magician and the valiant Amazonian thought on no other thing, but either of them endeavoured to bring the other to an overthrow, ſtriking each at other ſuch terrible blowes, and with ſo great fury, that many times it made either of them ſenſleſſe: and both ſeeing the great force one of another, were marvelloully incenſed with anger.

When the valiant Lady threw her ſhield at her back, that with more force ſhe might ſtrike and hurt her enemy: and therewithall gave him ſo ſtrong a blow upon the Burgonet, that he fell quite aſtonied to the earth without any ſeeling.

But when the Magician came againe to himſelfe, hee returned Roſana ſuch a terrible blow, that if it had chanced to hit right upon her, it would have cloven her head in peeces, but with great diſcretion ſhe cleered her ſelfe thereof, in ſuch ſort that it was ſtricken in vaine, and with great lightneſſe ſhe retired, and ſtruck the Magician ſo furiouſly,

that ſhee made him once againe to fall to the ground all aſtonied, and there appeared at the diſcour of his Helmet, great abundance of blood that iſſued out of his mouth: but preſently hee revived and got up in a trice, with ſo great anger, that the ſmoak which came from his mouth, ſeemed like a miſt before his Helmet, ſo that almoſt it could not be ſeen.

Then this furious devill (blaſpheming againſt his hard hap) having his ſharp ſword very faſt in his hand, ranne towards his enemy, who (without any feare of his fury) went forth to receive him: and when they met together, they diſcharged their blowes at once, but it fortuned that the Amazonians blow did firſt faſten, with ſo great ſtrength that for all the Helmet of the Magician, which was wrought of the ſtrongeſt ſteele, it was not ſufficient to make defence, but with the rigorous force wherewith it was charged, it bended in ſuch ſort that it brake into peeces: and the Magicians head was ſo grievouſly wounded, that ſtreams of blood ran down his armour, and he was forced for want of ſtrength to yeeld to the mercy of the valiant Lady, who quickly condeſcended to his requeſts, upon this condition, that he would be a meanes to convay her fathers dead body to an Iland neere adjoyning to the borders of Armenia, and there to intwomb it in her mothersgrave, as ſhe promiſed when that his ayre of life fleeted from his body.

The Magician for ſafegard of his life, preſently agreed to performe her deſires, and protected to accomplish whatſoever ſhe demanded.

Then preſently by his Art hee prepared his Iron Chariot with his flying Dragons in a readineſſe, wherein he layd the murthered body of Leoger upon a pillow of Mistletoe, and likewiſe placed themſelves therein, wherein they were no ſooner entred, with neceſſaries belonging to their travels, but they flew thorow the ayre more ſwifter than a whirle-winde, or a Ship ſayling on the Seas in a ſtormy tempeſt.

The

The wonders that he perform̃ed by the way, be so many and miraculous, that I want an Orators eloquence to describe them, and a Poets skill to expresse them.

But to be short, when Rosana was desirous to eat, and that her hunger increased, by his charmes he would procure Birds (of their own accords) to fall out of the skies, and yeeld themselves unto their pleasures, with all things necessary to suffice their wants.

Thus was Rosana with her fathers dead body, carryed through the Ayre by Magick Art, over hils and dales mountaines and Vallies, Woods and Forrests, Townes and Cities, and through many both wonderfull and strange places and Countrys.

And at last they arrived neere unto the Confines of Armenia, being the place of their long desired rest. But when they approached neere unto the Queen of Armenia's grave, they descended from their inchanted Chariot, and bore Leogers body to his burying place, the which they found (since Rosana's departure) overgrown with mosse and withered Brambles: yet for all that they opened the Sepulchre and layd his body (yet freshly bleeding) upon his Ladies consuming carkasse: which being done, the Magician covered againe the grave with earth, and layd thereon green turfes, which made it seeme as though it never had been opened.

All the time that the Magician was performing the ceremoneous Funerall, Rosana watered the earth with her teares, never withdrawing her eyes from looking upon the Grave: and when it was finished, shee fell into this sorrowfull lamentation following.

Oh cruell Destinies (sayd shee) sith your rigours have bereaved me of both my Parents, and left me to the world, a comfortlesse Orphan, receive the sacrifice of my chastity, in payment of your vengeance: and let my blood heere shed upon this grave, shew the singlenesse of my heart. And with the like solemnity may all their hearts

be broken in peeces, that seek the downfall and dishonour of Ladyes.

As shee was uttering these and the like sorrowes, shee took forth a naked sword which shee had ready for the same effect, and putting the pummell to the ground, cast her breast upon the point. The which she did with such furious violence and exceeding haste, that the Magician although hee was there present, could not succour her, nor prevent her from committing on her selfe so bloody a fact.

This sudden mischance so amazed him, and so grieved his soule, that his heart (for a time) would not consent that his tongue should speak one word to expresse his passion. But at last (having taken truce with sorrow and recovering his former speech) he took up the dead body of Rosana, bathed all in blood, and likewise buried her in her Parents grave: and over the same he hung up an Epitaph that did declare the occasion of all their deaths.

This being done, to expresse the sorrowes of his heart for the desperat death of such a magnanimous Lady, and the rather to exempt himselfe from the company of all humane creatures, he erected over the grave by Magick Art a very stately Toomb, which was in this order framed: First, there were fixed foure pillars, every one of a very fine Rubie: upon which was placed a Sepulchre of Chrystall: within the Sepulchre there seemed to bee two faire Ladyes; the one having her breast pierced thorow with a sword, and the other with a Crown of gold upon her head, and so leane of body that she seemed to pine away: and upon the Sepulchre there lay a Knight all along, with his face looking up to the Heavens, and armed with a Corslet of fine Steele, of a russet enamelling: under the Sepulchre there was spred abroad a great Carpet of Gold, and upon it two pillars of the same, and upon them lay an old Shepherd and his Shephook lying at his feet: his eyes were shut, and out of them distilled many pearled teares: at either pillar there was a Gentlewoman of a comely feature,

the

the one of them seemed to be murthered, and the other ravished.

And neere unto the Sepulchre there lay a terrible great beast, headed like a Lion, his breast and body like a Wolfe, and his tayle like a Scorpion: which seemed to spit continually flames of fire. The Sepulchre was compassed about with a wall of Iron, with foure gates for to enter in thereat: the gates were after the manner and colour of fine Diamonds: and directly over the top of the chiefest gate stood a Marble pillar, whereon hung a table written with red letters, the contents whereof were as follow:

So long shall breathe upon this brittle earth,
The framer of this stately monument,
Till that three Children of a wondrous birth,
Out of the Northern Climate shall be sent:
They shall obscure his name as Fates agree,
And by his fall the Fiends shall tamed bee.

This Monument was no sooner framed by the assistance of Pluto's legions, and maintained by their devilish powers, but the Negromancer inclosed himselfe in the walls, where he consorted chiefly with Furies and walking Spirits, that continually fed upon his blood, and left their damnable seates sticking upon his left side, as a sure token and witnesse that hee had given both his soule and body to their governments after the date of his mortall life was finished.

In which inchanted Sepulchre we will leave him for a time conferring with his damnable mates, and return to the Christian Knights where we left them travelling towards Babylon, to place the King again in his Kingdome.

Chap. XIIII.

How the seven Champions of Christendom restored the Babylonian King unto the Kingdom: and after how honourably they were received at Rome, where S. *George* fell in love with the Emperours Daughter, being a professed Nunne: of the mischiefe that ensued thereby, and of the desperate end of young *Lucius* Prince of Rome.

The valiant Christian Champions, having as you heard in the Chapter going before, performed the adventure of the inchanted Monument, accompanied the Babylonian King to his Kingdome of Assyria, as they had all solemnly promised him.

But when they approached the Confines of Babylon, and made no question of peacefull and princely entertaynment, there was neither signe of peace, nor likelihood of joyfull and friendly welcome: for all the Country raged with intestine warre, foure severall Competitors unjustly striving for what unto the King properly and of right belonged.

The unnaturall causers and stirrers up to this blood-devouring controversie, were the foure Noblemen, unto whom the King unadvisedly committed the government of his Realme, when he went in the tragicall pursuit of his fayre daughter, after his dreaming illusion that caused him so cruelly to seek her death. And the breaking out into this hurliburly grew first to head in this manner following:

Two yéares after the Kings departure, these Deputies governed the publick State in great peace, and with prudent policy: till after no tidings of the King could be heard,

not-

notwithstanding so many messengers as were into every quarter of the world sent to inquire of him: then did Ambition kindle in all their hearts, each striving to wrest into his hand the sole possession of the Babylonian Kingdome.

To this end they all made severall friends: for this had they contended in many fights, and now lastly they intended to set all their hopes upon this maine chance of warre, intending to fight till three fell, and one remayned victor over the rest, whose head should be beautified with a Crown.

But of traytors and treason the end is sudden and shamefull: for no sooner had Saint George (placing himselfe betwæn the Battels) in a briefe Oration shewed the adventures of the King, and he himselfe to the people discovered his reverend face, but they all shouted for joy, and haling the Usurpers presently to death, they re-installed in his ancient dignity, their true, lawfull, and long lookt-for King.

The King being thus restored, married Fidelia for her faithfulnesse: and after the Nuptiall Feasts, the Champions (at the earnest request of Saint Anthony) departed towards Italy: where in Rome the Emperour spared no cost honourably and most sumptuously to entertaine those never daunted Knights, the famous Wonders of Christendome.

At that time of the yære when the Summers Quæn had beautified the earth with interchangeable ornaments, S. George (in company of the Emperour) with the rest of the Champions, chanced to walk along by the side of the river Tibur, to delight themselves with the pleasant Meads, and beautifull prospect of the Countrey.

Before they had walked halfe a mile from the City, they approached unto an ancient Nunnery, which was very faire and of a stately building, and likewise encompassed about with chrystall streames and many græn medowes,

furnished

furnished with all manner of beautifull trées and fragrant flowers.

This Nunnery was consecrated to Diana the Quéen of Chastity, and none were suffered to live therein, but such chaste Ladyes and Virgins as had vowed themselves to a single life, and to kéep their Virginities for ever unspotted.

In this place the Emperours only daughter lived a professed Nunne, and exempted her selfe from all company, except it were the fellowship of chaste and religious Virgins.

This vertuous Lucina (for so was she called) having intelligence before, by the Overséers of the Nunnery, how that the Emperour her Father with many other Knights, were comming to visit their religious habitation, against their approach she attired her selfe in a gown of white Satten, all layd over with Gold lace, having also her golden locks of hayre somwhat layd forth: and upon her head was knit a garland of swéet smelling flowers, which made her séem like some celestiall or divine creature.

Her beauty was so excellent, that it might have quailed the heart of Cupid, and her bravery exceded the Paphyan Quéens. Never could Nature with all her cunning, frame more beauty in any one creature, than was upon her face: nor never could the flattering Syrens more beguile the travellers, than did her bright countenance inchant the English Champion: for at his first entrance into the Nunnery, he was so ravished with her sight, that hee was not able to withdraw his eyes from her beauty, but stood gazing upon her rose coloured chéeks, like one bewitched with Medusaes shadows. And to be short, her beauty séemed so Angelicall, and the burning flames of love so fired his heart, that hee must either enjoy her company, or give end to his life by some untimely meanes.

Saint George being wounded thus with the Dart of Love, dissembled his griefe, and revealed it not to any one,

but

but departed with the Emperour back again to the City, leaving his heart behinde him closed in the stony Monastery with his lovely Lucina.

All that ensuing night he could not enjoy the benefit of sléep, but did contemplate upon the divine beauty of his Lady, and fraughted his minde with a thousand severall cogitations how he might attaine to her love, being a chaste virgin and a professed Nunne.

In this manner spent he away the night, and no sooner appeared the mornings brightnesse in at the Chamber window, but he arose from his restlesse bed, and attired himselfe in watchet Velvet, to signifie his true love, and wandred all alone unto the Monastery, were hee revealed his déep affection unto the Lady, who was as farre from granting to his requests, as the sky is from the earth, or the déepest seas from the highest Elements: for she protested while life remayned within her body, never to yéeld her love in the way of marriage to any one, but to remaine a pure virgin, and one of Diana's traine.

No other resolution could S. George get of the chaste Nunne, which caused him to depart in great discontent, intending to séek by some other meanes to obtaine her love, so comming to the rest of the Christian Champions, he revealed to them the truth of all things that had hapned: who in this manner counselled him, that he should provide a multitude of armed Knights, every one bearing in their hands a Sword ready drawn, and to enter the Monastery at such time as shee little mistrusted, and first with faire promises and kinde spéeches to séek her love, but if she yéelded not, to fill her eares with cruell threatnings, protesting that if she will not grant to requite his love with like affection, hée would not leave one stone of that Monastery standing upon another, and likewise to make her a bloody offering up to Diana.

This policy liked well S. George, though hée intended not to prosecute such cruelty: so the next morning by break

of day he went unto the Nunnery in company of no other but the Christian Champions, armed in bright armour with their glistring Swords ready drawn, which they carried under their side-cloakes to prevent suspition.

But when they came to the Monastery, and had entred into the Chamber of Lucina, (whom they found kneeling upon the bare ground at her ceremoneous Orisons) S. George first proffered her kindnesse by faire promises, but finding that thereby hee nothing prevayled, hee then made known his pretended unmercifull purpose, and thereupon all of them shaking their bright Swords against her vertuous breast, they protested (though contrary to their intents) that except shee would yeeld to Saint George her unconquered love, they would bathe their weapons in her dearest blood.

At which words the distressed Virgin being overcharged with feare, sunck down presently to the ground, and lay for a time in a dead agony, but in the end recovering her selfe, she lifted up her Angelicall face, shrowded under a cloud of pale sorrow, and in this manner declared her minde.

Most renowned, and well approved Knight (sayd shee) it is as difficult to me to climb up to the highest top of heaven, as to perswade my minde to yeeld to the fulfilling of your requests. The pure and chaste Goddesse Diana that sits now crowned amongst the golden Stars, will revenge my perjured promise if I yeeld to your desires, for I have long since deeply vowed to spend my dayes in this religious House, in honour of her Deity, and not to yeeld the flower of my Virginity to any one, which vow I will not infringe for all the wealth of Rome: you know brave Champions, that in time the watry drops will mollifie the hardest Diamond, and time may root this resolution out of my heart. Therefore I request you by the honour of true Knight-hood, and by the loves you beare to your native Countries, to grant mee the liberty of seven dayes, that I may at full

consider

consider with my heart before I give an answer to your demands, and to the intent that I may make some publick sacrifices, as well to appease the wrath which the chaste Goddesse Diana may conceive against mee; as to satisfie my own soule for not fulfilling my vow.

These words were no sooner ended, but the Champions incontinently without any more delay joyfully consented, and moreover proffered themselves to bee all present at the same sacrifice, and so departed from the Monastery with exceeding great comfort.

The Champions being gone, Lucina called together all the rest of the Nunnes, and declared to them the whole discourse of her attayment, where after amongst this religious company, with the help of some other of their approved friends, they devised a most strange sacrifice, which hath since been the occasion that so many inhumane and bloody sacrifices have been committed.

The next morning after six dayes were finished, no sooner did bright Phœbus shew his golden beames abroad, but the Nunnes began to prepare all things in readinesse for the sacrifice: for directly before the doore of the Monastery, they hyred cunning workemen to erect a Scaffold, all very richly covered with cloth of Gold, and upon the Scaffold (about the middle thereof) was placed a faire Table, covered also with a Carpet of cloth of Gold, and upon it a Chasing-dish of coales burning: all this being set in good order, the Emperour with the Christian Champions, and many other Roman Knights being present to behold the ceremoneous sacrifice, little mistrusted the dolefull Tragedy that after hapned.

The assembly being silent, there was straitwayes heard a sweet and harmoneous sound of Clarions & Trumpets, and sundry other kinds of Instruments: these entred first upon the Scaffold, and next unto them were brought seven Rams, all adorned with fine white woll more soft in feeling than Arabian silk, with huge & mighty cragged horns

bound about with garlands of flowers: after them followed a certaine number of Nunnes attired in black vestures, singing their accustomed songs in the honour of Diana: after them followed an ancient Matron drawn in a Chariot by foure comely Virgins, bringing in their hands the Image of Diana: and on either side of her two ancient Nunnes of great estimation, each of them bearing in their hands rich Vessels of Gold full of most precious and sweet Wines: then after all this came the beautifull Lucina apparelled with a rich Robe of estate, being of a great and inestimable value.

Thus ceremoneously they ascended the Scaffold, where the Matron placed the Image of Diana behinde the Chasing dish of coales that was there burning: and the rest of the Nunnes continued still singing their songs and drinking of the precious Wines that were brought in the golden Vessels. This being done, they all at once brought low the necks of the Rams by cutting their throats, whose bloods they sprinckled round about the Scaffold, and opened their bowels, and burned their inward parts in the Chasingdish of coales.

Thus, with this slaughter, they made sacrifice to the Queen of Chastity: at the sight whereof was present the surfetting Lober S. George, with the other six Christian Knights armed all in bright armour, and were all very attentive to this that I have here told you.

The sacrifice ended, this Lucina commanded silence to be made, and when all the company were still, she raysed her selfe upon her feet, and with a heavy voyce, distilling many salt teares, she said:

O most excellent and chaste Diana, in whose blessed bosome we undefiled Virgins do recreate our selves: unto thy most divine excellency do I now commend this my last sacrifice, calling to record all the Gods that I have done my best to continue a spotlesse mayden of thy most beautifull traine.

O Heavens! shall I consent to deliver my Virginity willingly to him, whose soule desires to have the use of it? or shall I my selfe commit my utter ruine and sorrowfull destruction, which proceedeth only by the meanes of my flourishing beauty, the which I would it had been as black as the nightly Ravens, or like to the tawny tanned Moores in the furthest mountaines of India.

O sacred Diana, thou blessed Queene of Chastity, is it possible that thou dost consent that a Virgin descended from so royall a race as I am, should suffer the worthinesse of her predecessors to be spotted by yeelding her virgins honour to the conquest of love, without respecting the chaste vow I have unto thy Deity?

Well, seeing it is so that I must needs violate my selfe against all humane nature, I beseech thee to receive the solemnity of this my death, which I offer up in sacrifice to thy divine excellency: for I am here constrained with mine owne trembling hand to cut off the flourishing branches of these my dayes. For this I sweare before the Majesty of Diana, that I had rather offer up my soule into the society and sacred bosome of that great Goddesse, than to yeeld the castle of my chastity to the conquest of any Knight in the world.

And now to thee I speak thou valiant Knight of England, behold here I yeeld unto thy hands my liveleese body, to use according to thy will and pleasure, requesting only this thing at thy hand, that as thou lovedst me living, thou wilt love me dead, and like a mercifull Champion suffer me to receive a Princely Funerall.

And last of all to thee divine Diana do I speak, accept of this my bleeding soule, that with so much blood is offered unto thee.

So, in finishing this sorrowfull speech, she drew out a faire and bright shining Sword, which she had hidden secretly under her Gowne, and setting the hilt against the Scaffold (little looked for of her Father and those that were

present) she suddenly threw her selfe upon the point of that sword, in such a furious manner, that it parted her bloody heart in sunder, and so rendred her soule to the tuition of her unto whom shee offered her most bloody and ruthfull sacrifice.

What shall I here declare the lamentable sorrowes and pittifull lamentation that was there made by her Father and other Roman Knights that were present at this unhappy misehance? so great it was that the wals of the Monastery eccheed, and their pittifull shrieks ascended to the clouds.

But none was more grieved in minde than the afflicted English Champion, who (like a man distraught of sense) in great fury rushed amongst the people, throwing them downe on every side, till he ascended upon the Scaffold: and approaching the dead body of Lucina, he took her up in his armes, and with a sorrowfull and passionate voyce he sayd: O my beloved Joy, and late my only hearts delight, is this the sacrifice wherein (through thy desperatnesse) thou hast deceived mée, who loved thee more than thy selfe? is this thy respit that thou requiredst for seven dayes, wherein thou hast concluded thy owne death and my utter confusion?

Oh noble Lucina, and my beloved Lady, if this were thy intent, why didst thou not first sacrifice me thy Servant and Love, wholly subjected unto thy divine beauty? woe be unto mée, and woe be unto my unhappy enterprise: for by it is she lost, who was made soveraigne Lady of my heart.

Oh Diana, accursed by this chance, because thou hast consented to so bloody a Tragedy: for I do here protest, that never more shalt thou bee worshipped, but in thy stead in every Land and Country where the English Champion commeth, shall Lucina bee adored. For from henceforth will I seek to diminish thy name, and blot it from the golroll of the firmament, yea and utterly extinguish it for ever,

ever, so that there shall never more memory remayn of thee, for this thy bloody tyranny, in suffering so lamentable a sacrifice.

No sooner had he delivered these speaches, but incensed with fury he drew out his sword, and parted the Image of Diana into two peeces, protesting to ruinate the Monastery within whose walls the device of this bloody sacrifice was concluded.

The sorrow and extream griefe of the Roman Emperour so exceeded for the murther of his Daughter, that he fell to the earth in a senslesse swound, and was carried by certaine of his Knights, halfe dead with griefe, home to his Pallace, where he remayned speechlesse by the space of thirty dayes.

The Emperour had a Sonne, as valiant in armes as any born Italian except S. Anthony. This young Prince whose name was Lucius, seeing his sisters timelesse death, and by what meanes it was committed, he presently intended with a traine of an hundred armed Knights which continually attended upon his person, to assayle the discontented Champions, and by force of armes to revenge his sisters death.

This resolution so incouraged the Roman Knights, but especially the Emperours sonne, that betwixt these two companies began as terrible a battle as ever was fought by any Knights, the fiercenesse of their blowes so exceeded the one side against the other, that they did resound Ecchoes, which yelded a terrible noyse in the neighbouring woods.

This battle did continue betwixt them both sharp and fierce for the space of two houres, by which time the valour of the incensed Champions so prevayled, that most of the Roman Knights were discomfited and slaine: some had their heads parted from their shoulders, some had their armes & legs lopped off, and some lay breathlesse, weltring in their own bloods, in which encounter many a Roman

Lady

Lady lost her husband, many a Widdow was bereaved of her sonne, and many a childe left fatherlesse, to the great sorrow of the whole Country.

But when the valiant young Prince of Rome saw his Knights discomfited, and he left alone to withstand so many noble Champions, he presently set sparres to his Horse, and fled from them like a heap of dust forced by a whirlewind.

After whom the Champions would not pursue, accounting it no glory to their names to triumph in the overthrow of a single Knight, but remained still by the Scaffold, where they buried the sacrificed Virgin, under a Parble stone close by the Ponakery wall. The which being done to their contentments, Saint George ingraved this Epitaph upon the same stone with the point of his dagger, which was in this wise following:

Vnder this Marble stone interr'd doth lie
Luckless *Lucina*, yet of beauty bright:
Who to maintaine her spotless chastity,
Against the assaylment of an English Knight,
Vpon a blade her tender breast she cast;
A bloody offring to *Diana* chaste.

So, when he had written this Epitaph, the Christian Champions mounted upon their swift-footed Steeds, and bade adue to the unhappy confines of Italy, hoping to finde better fortunes in other Countries. In which travell we will leave them for a time, and speak of the Prince of Rome: who after the discomfiture of the Roman Knights, fled in such haste from the furies of the warlike Champions. After which, he like a raging Lion traverses along by the River of Tybris, filling all places with his melancholy passions, untill such time as he entred into a thick Grove, wherein he purposed to rest his weary limbs, and lament his mis-fortunes. After he had in this solitary place unlaced his Helmet, and hurled it scornfully against the ground,

the

the internall Furies began to visit him, and to sting his brest with motions of fiery revenge. In the end hee cast up his wretched eyes vnto the skies and said: Oh you fatall Torches of the Elements, why are you not clad in mournfull habiliments, to cloake my wandring steps in eternall darknesse? or shall I bee made a scorne in Rome for my cowardise? or shall I returne and accompanie my Romane friends in death, whose bloods mee thinkes I see sprinckled about the fields of Italie? Me thinkes I heare their bleeding soules fill each corner of the earth with my base flight: therefore will I not liue to bee tearmed a fearefull coward, but dye courageously by mine owne hands, whereby those accursed Champions shall not obtaine the conquest of my death, nor triumph in my fall

This being said, hee drew out his Dagger, and claue his heart in sunder. The newes of whose desperate death, after it was bruited to his Fathers eares, hee interred his body with his Sister Lucinaes, and erected ouer them a stately Chappell, wherein the Nunnes and ceremonious Monkes, during all their liues, sung Dirges for his Childrens soules.

After this, the Emperour made Proclamation through all his Dominions, that if any Knight were so hardy as to trauell in pursuit after the English Champion, and by force of armes to bring him backe, or deliuer his head vnto the Emperour, hee should not onely be held in great estimation through the Land, but receiue the gouernement of the Empire after his decease. Which rich proffer so encouraged the minds of many aduenturous Knights, that they went from sundry Prouinces in the pursuit of S. George, but their attempts were all in vaine,

Chap. XV.

Of the Triumphs Titles and Turnaments that were ſolemly held in Conſtantinople, by the Grecian Emperour, and of the Honourable aduentures that were there atchieued by the Chriſtian Champions, with other ſtrange accidents that hapned.

IN the Eaſterne parts of the world the fame of valiant deedes of the Champions of Chriſtendome was noyſed, with their honorable victories, heroicall acts and feates of armes, naming them the mirrours of Nobilitie, and the types of bright honor. All Kings and Princes (to whoſe eares the report of their valours were bruited) deſired much to behold their noble perſonages. But when the Emperour of Grecia (keeping then his Court in the Citie of Conſtantinople) heard of their mighty and valiant deeds, hee thirſted after their ſights, and his mind could neuer bee ſatiſfied with content, vntill ſuch time as hee had deuiſed a meane to traine them vnto his Court, not onely in that hee might enioy the beneſit of their Companies, but to haue his Court honoured with the preſence of ſuch renowned Knights: and therefore in this manner it was accompliſhed.

The Emperour diſpatched meſſengers into diuers parts of the world, giuing them in charge to publiſh throughout euery Country and Prouince as they went, of an Honourable Turnament that ſhould be holden in the Citie of Conſtantinople within ſixe moneths following: thereby to accompliſh his intent, and to bring the Chriſtian Champions (whoſe company he ſo much deſired) vnto his Court.

This charge of the Grecian emperour (as hee commanded) was ſpeedily performed, with ſuch diligence, that in a ſhort

ſhort time it came to the eares of the Chriſtian Knights, as they trauelled betwixt the Prouinces of Aſia and Africa, who at the time appointed came in great pompe and Maieſtie to Conſtantinople, to furniſh forth the Honourable Triumphs.

At the ſame whereof likewiſe reſorted thither a great number of Knights of great valour and ſtrength: among whom was the Prince of Argier with a goodly company of noble perſons: and the Prince of Feſſe with many well proportioned Knights. Likewiſe came thither the King of Arabia in great ſtate: and with no leſſe Maieſtie came the King of Silicia, and a brother of his, who were both Giants. Many other braue and valiant Knights (whoſe names I heere omit) came thither to honour the Grecian Emperour, for that hee was very well eſteemed of by them all. And as they came to honour the triumphs: ſo likewiſe they came to proue their fortitudes, and to get fame and name, and the praiſe that belongeth to aduenturous Knights. It was ſuppoſed of all the comany that the King of Silicia would gaine by his proweſſe the dignitie from the reſt, for that hée was a Giant of very big limbes, although his Brother was taken to bee the more furious Knight: who determined not to Juſt, for that his Brother ſhould get the honour and praiſe from all the Knights that came, but it fell out otherwiſe, as hereafter you ſhall vnderſtand.

For when the day of Turnament was come, all the Ladies and Damſels put themſelues in places to behold the Juſting, and attyred themſelues in the greateſt brauery that they could deuiſe, and the great court ſwarmed with people that came thither to behold the triumphant Turnament.

What ſhall I ſay here of the Emperours Daughter, the faire Alcida, who was of ſo great beauty that ſhe ſeemed more liker a diuine ſubſtance than an earthly creature, and ſate gliſtering in rich ornaments amongſt the other Ladies like vnto Phœbe in the Chriſtall firmament, and was

noted of all beholders to be the fayrest Princesse that euer mortall eye beheld, so when the Emperour was seated vpon his imperiall throne vnder a tent of greene veluet, the Knights began to enter into the lists, and hee that first entred, was the King of Arabia, mounted vpon a very faire & well adorned Courser, hee was armed with blacke armour, all to be spotted with siluer knobs, and hee brought with him fifty Knights all apparelled with the same liuery, and thus with great Maiestie hee rode round about the Palace, making great obedience vnto all the honourable Ladies and Damsels.

After him entred a Pagan Knight, who was Lord of Syria, and armed with armour of Lyons colour, accompanyed with an hundred Knights all apparelled in Veluet of the same colour, and passed round about the palace, shewing vnto the Ladies great friendship and courtesie as the ot her did.

Which being done, hee beheld the King of Arabia tarrying to receiue him at the Iust: and the Trumpets began to sound, giuing them to vnderstand that they must prepare themselues ready to the encounter: whereto these Knights were nothing vnwilling, but spurred their Coursers with great fury, and closed together with couragious valour.

The King of Arabia most strongly made his encounter, and strooke the Pagan without missing vpon his brest: but the Pagan at the next race, being heated with furie, strooke him so surely with his Lance, that hee heaued him out of his saddle, and hee fell presently to the ground, after which the Pagan Knight rode vp and downe with great pride and gladnesse.

The Arabian King being thus ouerthrowne, there entred into the lists the King of Argier, armed with no other furniture but with siluer maile, and a brest plate of bright steele before his brest: his pompe and pride exceeded all the Knights that were then present, but yet to small purpose

his

his pride and arrogancie serued: for at the first encounter hee was ouerthrowne to the ground: in like sort did this Pagan vse fifteene other Knights of fifteene seuerall Prouinces, to the great wonder and amazement of the Emperour and all the assembly.

During all these valiant encounters, Saint George with the other Christian Champions stood a farre off vpon a high Gallery beholding them, intending not as yet to be seene in the Tilt.

But now this valiant Pagan after hee had rode some fiue courses vp and downe the place, and seeing none entring the Tilt-yard, hee thought to beare all the fame and honour away for that day.

But at the same instant there entred the noble minded Prince of Fesse, being for courage the onely pride of his Country, hee was a maruellous well proportioned Knight, and was armed all in white armour, wrought with excellent knots of gold, and hee brought in his company a hundred Knights, all attyred in white Satten, and riding about the place, hee shewed his obedience vnto the Emperour, and to all the Ladyes, and thereupon the Trumpets began to sound.

At the noyse whereof the two Knights spurred their Coursers, and made their encounters so strong, and with such great fury, that the proud Pagan was cast to the ground, and so departed the lists with great dishonour.

Straight way entred the braue King of Silicia, who was armed in a Glistering Corslet of very fine steele, and was mounted vpon a mighty and strong Courser, and brought in his company two hundred Knights, all apparrelled with rich cloth of gold, hauing euery one a seuerall Instrument of Musicke in their hands, sounding thereon most delightsome melodie.

And after the Silician King had made his accustomed compasse and curtesie in the place, hee locked downe his Beuor, and put himselfe in readinesse to iust.

So when the signe was giuen by the chiefe Harrold at armes, they spurred their horses and made their encounters so valiantly, that the first race they made, their Lances shiuered in the ayre, and the peices thereof scattered abroad like Aspen leaues in a whirlewinde.

At the second course the young Prince of Fesse was carryed ouer his horse buttockes, and the Saddle with him betwixt his leges, which was a great griefe vnto the Emperour, and all the company that did see him, for that hee was well beloued of them all, and held for a Knight of great estimation.

The Sicilan King grew proud at the Prince of Fesses ouerthrow, and was so inraged and so furious, that in a small time hee left not a Knight remaining on horse-backe in their Saddles that durst attempt to Iust with him, but euery one of what Country or Nation soeuer hee vnhorsed in the attempt: so that there was no question among eyther Nobles or the multitude, but that vnto him the vndoubted honour of the victorie in triumph would be attributed.

But being in this arrogant pride, hee heard a great noise in the manner of a tumult drawing neere, which was the occasion that hee stood still, and expecting some strang accident, and loking about what it should bee, hee beheld Saint George entring the lists, as then come from the Gallery, who was armed with his rich and strong armour, all of purple, full of golden starrs, and before him rode the Champion of France, Italy, Spaine and Scotland, all on stately Coursers, bearing in their hands foure silken streamers of foure seuerall colours. And there followed him the Champion of Wales, carrying his Shield, whereon was portrayed a golden Lyon in a sable field, and the Champion of Ireland likewise carryed his Speare being of knotty Ashe, strongly bound about with plates of steele, all which shewed the highnesse of his discent, in that so many braue Knights attended vpon him.

So when Saint George had passed by the royall seate

whereon the Emperour sate inuested, in whose company were many Princes of great power, hee rode along by the other side, whereas Alcida the Emperours fayre daughter sate amongst many gallant Ladies and fayre Damsels, richly apparelled in a vesture of Gold, to whom hee vaied his bonnet, shewing them the curtesie of a Knight, and so passed by Alcida, who at the sight of this noble Champion, could not refraine her selfe, but with an high and bold voice thee said vnto the Emperour: Most mighty Emperour and my royall Father, this is the Knight in whose power and strength all Christendome doe put their fortunes, and this is hee whom the whole world admires for Chiualry. Which words of the louely Princesse although Saint George heard them very well, yet passed hee on as though hee had heard nothing.

Now when hee was come before the face of his aduersary, hee tooke his Shield and his Speare, & prepared himselfe in readinesse to Iust, and so being both prounded, the Trumpets beganne to sound, whereat with great fury these two warlike Knights met together, and neyther of them missed their blowes at their encounter: but yet by reason that Saint George had a desire to extoll his fame, and to make his name resound through the world, hee strooke the Giant such a mighty blow vpon his brest, that hee presently ouerthrew him to the ground, and so with great state and Maiestie hee passed along without any shew of disdaine, whereat the people gaue so great a shout, that it resounded like an eccho in the ayre: and in this manner said: The great and furious boaster is ouerthrowne, and his mighty strength hath little auailed him.

After this many Princes proued their aduentures against the English Champion, and euery Knight that was of any estimation Iusted with him but with great ease he ouercame them all in lesse then the space of two houres. So at such time as bright Phœbus beganne to make an end of his long iourney, and the day to drew to an end, there appeared to

enter into the lists the braue and mighty Gyant, being Brother to the Silician King, with a mighty great speare in his hand, whose glimmering point of steele glistered through all the Court, hee brought with him but onely one Squire, attyred in siluer maile bringing in his hand another Lance.

So this furious Giant, without any care of courtesie due vnto the Emperour or any of his Knights there present, entred the place, which being done, the Squire that brought the other Speare, went vnto the English Champion, and said: Sir Knight, yonder braue and valiant Giant, my Lord and Master, doth send vnto thee this warlike Speare, and therewithall hee willeth thee to defend thy selfe to the vttermost of thy power and strength, for hee hath vowde before sunne set, to be eyther Lord of thy fortunes or a vassall to thy prowesse, and likewise saith that hee doth not onely defie thee in the turnament, but also challenge thee to mortall battell.

This brauing message caused Saint George to smile and bred in his breast a new desire of honour, and so returned him this answere: Friend, goe thy wayes and tell the Giant that sent thee, That I doe accept his demand, although it doth grieue my very soule to heare his arrogant defiance, to the great disturbance of this royall Company, and in the presence of so mighty an Emperour: but seeing his stomacke is gorged with so much pride, tell him that George of England is ready to make his defence, and all that shortly hee shall repent him by the pledge of my knight-hood.

In saying these words he tooke the speare from the squire and deliuered him his Gantlet from his hand to carry to his Master, and so put himselfe to the standing, awaiting for the encounter.

At that time hee was very nigh the place where the Emperour sate, who heard the answere which the English knight made vnto the Squire, and was much displeased that the Giant in such sort would defie S. George without any occasion.

But

But it was no time as then to speak, but to keep silence, and to mark what event came to his great pride and arrogancy.

All this time the two warriours (mounted upon their Steeds) tarryed the signe to bee made by the Trumpets, which being given, they set forward their Coursers, with their Speares in their Rests, with so great fury and desire the one to unhorse the other, that they both failed in their encounter.

The Giant who was very strong and proud, when hee saw that he had missed his intent, hee returned against Saint George, carrying his Speare upon his shoulder, and comming nigh unto him, upon a sudden before hee could cleare himselfe, he struck him such a mighty blow upon his Corslet, that his Lance brake in peeces, by reason of the fineneſſe of his armour, and made the English Knight to double his body backwards upon his horses crupper.

But when he saw the great villany that the Giant used against him, his anger increased very much, and so taking his Speare in the same sort, hee went towards the Giant, and sayd:

Thou furious and proud beast, thou scorne of nature, and enemy to true Knight-hood, thinkest thou for to entrap mee treacherously, and to gore me at unawares like to a savage Boare? Now as I am a Christian Knight, if my knotty Speare have good successe, I will revenge me on thy uncivility.

And in saying this, hee struck him so furiously on the breast, that the Speare passed thorow the Giants body, and appeared forth at his back, whereby he fell presently down dead to the ground, and yelded his life to the conquest of the fatall Sisters. All that were present were very much amazed thereat, and wondred greatly at the strength and force of Saint George, accounting him the fortunatest Knight that ever weilded Lance, and the very pattern of true Nobility.

At this time the golden Sonne had finished his course, having nothing above the Horison but his glistring beames, whereby the Iudge of the Turnaments commanded with sound of Trumpets, that the Iousts should cease, and make an end for that day.

So the Emperour descended from his Imperiall throne into the Tilting place, where all his Knights and Gentlemen were, for to receive the noble Champion of England, and desired him, that he would go with them into his Pallace, there to receive all honours due unto a Knight of such desert: to the which he could not make any denial, but most willingly consented. After this the Emperours Daughter (in company of many Courtly Virgins) likewise descended their places, where Alcida bestowed upon Saint George her Globe, the which he wore for her favour many a day after in his Burgonet.

The other six Christian Champions, although they merited no honour by this Turnament, because they did not try their adventures therein, yet obtayned they such good liking among the Grecian Ladyes, that every one had his Mistris, and in their presence they long time fired their chiefe delights: where we must leave the Champions in the Emperours Court for a time, surfetting in pleasures, and returne to S. Georges Sonnes travelling in the world to seek out adventures.

Chap. XVI.

How a Knight with two heads tormented a beautifull Mayden that had betrothed her selfe to the Emperours Sonne of *Constantinople*: and how she was rescued by S. *Georges* Sonnes, and after how they were brought by a strange adventure into the company of the Christian Champions, with other things that hapned in the same travels.

This

THis renowned Emperour (within whose Court the Christian Champions made their abodes) of late yeares had a Sonne named Pollemus, in all vertues and knightly demeanours, equall with any living. This young Prince in the Spring time of his youth, through the piercing darts of blinde Cupid, fell in love with a Mayden of meane parentage, but in beauty and other precious gifts of nature, most excellent.

This Dulcippa (for so was she called) being but daughter to a Country Gentleman, was restrayned from the Emperours Court, and denyed the sight of her beloved Pollemus, and he forbidden to set his affection so low, upon the displeasure of the Emperour his Father: for he being the Sonne of so mighty a Potentate, and she the daughter of so meane a Gentleman, was thought to be a match unfit and disagreeable to the Lawes of the Countrey: and therefore they could not be suffered to manifest their loves as they would, but were constrayned by stealth to enjoy each others beloved and much desired company.

So upon a time these two Lovers concluded to meet together in a valley betwixt two hils, in distance from the Emperours Court some three miles, whereas they might in secret (devoyd of all suspition) unite and tie both their hearts in one knot of true love, and to prevent the determination of their parents that so unkindely sought to crosse them.

And so when the appointed day drew on, Dulcippa arose from her carefull bed, and attired her selfe in rich and costly apparrell, as though she had been going to performe her nuptiall ceremonies.

And in this manner entred she the valley, at such time as the Sonne began to appeare out of his golden Horison, and to shew himselfe upon the face of the earth, glistring with his bright beames upon the silver-floating Rivers. Likewise

wise the calmy Western winds did very swætly blow upon the grœn leaves, and made a delicate harmony: at such time as the fairest Dulcippa (accompanied with high thoughts) approached the place of their appointed mæting.

But when she found not Prince Pollemus presẽt, shæ determined to spend the time away till he came in trimming of her golden hayre, and decking her delicate body, and such like delightfull pleasures for her contentment and recreation.

So sitting down upon a grœn bank under the shadow of a Mirtle træ, shee pulled a golden Cawle from her head, wherein her hayre was wrapped, letting it fall and disperse it selfe all abroad her back, and taking out from her chrystalline breast an Ivory Comb, she began to kemb her hayre, her hands and fingers sæming to bæ of white Alablaster, her face staining the beauty of Roses and Lillies mixed together, and the rest of her body comparable to Hyrens, upon whose love and beauty Mahomet did somewhat doate.

But now marke (gentle Reader) how frowing Fortune crossed her desires, and changed her wished joyes into unexpected sorrowes. For as shee sate in this divine and Angelicall likenesse, there fortuned to come wandring by an inhumane Tyrant, surnamed the Knight with two heads, who was a ravisher of Virgins, an oppresser of Infants, and an utter enemy to vertuous Ladies and strange travelling Knights.

This Tyrant was bodied like unto a man, but covered all over with locks of haire. Hæ had two heads, two mouthes, and foure eyes, but all as red as blood. Which deformed Creature presently ranne unto the Virgin, and caught her up under his arme, and carried her away over the Mountaines into another Countrey, where hee intended to torment her, as you shall heare more at large hereafter.

But now returne wee to Prince Pollemus, who at the time

time appointed likewise prepared to meete his betrothed Lover: but comming to the place, hee found nothing but a silken Scarfe, the which Dulcippa had let fall through the fearefull frighting shee took at the sight of the two-headed Knight.

No sooner found he her Scarfe, but he was oppressed extreamely with sorrow, fearing Dulcippa was murthered by some inhumane meanes, and had left her Scarfe as a token that shee infringed not her promise, but performed it, to the losse of her own life. Therefore taking it up, and putting it nere his heart, hee breathed forth this wofull lamentation.

Here rest thou nære unto my true loving heart, thou precious taken and remembrance of my dærest Lady, never to bæ hence removed till such time as my eyes may either behold her body, or my eares heare certain newes of her untimely death, that I may in death consort with her.

Frown you glistring Lamps of brightnesse, that gave first light unto this fatall morning, for by your dismall light the pride of earthly women is dishonoured. Come, come you wrathfull Planets, descend the luckelesse Horizon, and raine upon my head eternall vengeance, oppresse my body with continuall misery, as once you did the wofull King of Thebes; for by my slothfull negligence and overlong tarrying, this bloody Tragedy hath bæn committed.

And for her sake I vow to travell through the World, as farre as ever golden Phœbus lends his light, filling each corner of the earth with clamours of her name, and making the Elements resound with Ecchoes of my lamentation.

In which resolution he returned home to the Emperour his Fathers Pallace, dissembling his griefe in such manner that none could suspect his discontented sorrowes, nor the strange accident that unto beauteous Dulcippa had hapned.

And ſo upon a day as hæ was meditating with himſelfe, ſæing the ſmall comfort that he took in the Court, conſidering the want of her preſence whom he ſo much deſired, hæ determined in great ſecret, as ſoon as it was poſſible, to depart the Court.

Which determination he ſtrait-wayes put in practice, and took out of the Emperours Armory very ſecretly, an exceeding good Coſſet, the which was all ruſſet, and enamelled with black, and embroydered round about with a gilded edge, very curiouſly and artificially graven and carved.

Alſo he took a Shield of the ſame making, ſaving that it was not graven as the armour was, and commanded a young Gentleman that was ſonne unto an ancient Knight of Conſtantinople, of a good diſpoſition and hardy, that hæ ſhould kæp them ſafely, and gave him to underſtand of his determined pretence.

Although it did grieve the young man very much, yet for all that, ſæing the great friendſhip that he uſed towards him, in uttering his ſecrets unto him before any other, without replying to the contrary, he very diligently took the armour and hid it, till he found a conbenient time to put it into a ſhip very ſecretly.

So likewiſe hæ put into the ſame ſhip two of the beſt Horſes which the Emperour had; and forth-with hæ gave the Prince to underſtand that all things were then in a readineſſe, and in godd order: Pollemus diſſembling with the accuſtomed ſorrow that he uſed, withdrew himſelfe into his chamber, till ſuch time as the dark night came.

Which when it was come, he made himſelfe ready with his apparrell, and when all the people of the Court were at their reſt, and in their dæpſtæps, he alone with his Page, who was named Mercutio, departed the Pallace and went to the Sea ſide. His Page did call the Mariners of the ſhip, who ſtraitway brought unto them their Boat, into the which they entred, and went ſtrait aboord

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And being therein, for that the wind was very faire, hee commanded to waigh their Anchors, and to hoyse up sayles, and to commit themselves to the mercy of the waters: as he commanded all was done, and so in short time they found themselves ingulfed in the maine Ocean, far from the sight of any Land.

But when the Emperour his father understood of his secret departure, the lamentation which hee made was very much: and he commanded his Knights to go unto the Seaside, to know if there were any ship that departed that night. And when it was told them that there was a Barque that haled anchor, and hoysed sayle, they supposed straitway that the Prince was gone away in her.

I cannot here declare the great griefe and sorrow which the Emperour felt in his wofull heart for the absence of his Sonne, which a long time he alwayes suspected and feared. But when the departure of Pollemus was bruited thorow all Constantinople, all sports and feasts ceased, and all the people of the Countrey were overcome with a generall sorrow.

So Pollemus sayled through the deep Seas three dayes and three nights with a very faire and prosperous forewind.

The fourth day in the Evening being calme, and no wind at all, the Mariners went to take their rests, some on the poop, and some on the fore-ship, for to ease their wearied bodies. The Prince (who sate upon the poop of the ship) asked his Page for his Lute, the which straitway was given him: and when he had it in his hands, he played and sung so sweetly, that it seemed to bee a most heavenly melody: and being in this sweet musick, he heard a very lamentable cry as it were of a woman, and leaving his delicate musick, he gave a listning and attentive eare to hearken what this sorrowfull creature sayd, and by reason of the stilnesse of the night, he might easily heare as it were a woman uttering these words:

It will little profit thee thou cruell Tyrant, this thy bold hardineſſe, for that I am beloved of ſo worthy a Knight, as will undoubtedly revenge this thy tyrannous cruelty proffered me.

Then he heard another voyce which ſeemed to anſwer: Now I have thee in my power there is no humane creature of ſtrength able enough to deliver or redeeme thee from the torments that (in my determination) I have purpoſed thou ſhalt endure.

Pollenus could heare no more by reaſon that the Barque wherein they were, paſſed by ſo ſwiftly, but hee ſuppoſed that it was his Ladyes voyce which he heard, and that ſhee was carried by force away. So (laying downe his Lute) he began to fall into a great thought, and was very heavy and ſorrowfull, in that he knew not how to adventure for her recovery.

Being in this cogitation, hee returned to his Page which was aſleep, and ſtruck him with his foot, and awaked him, ſaying: What, doſt thou not heare the great lamentation that my Lady Dulcippa made (as to mee it ſeemed) being in a ſmall Barque that is paſſed by, and gone forwards along the Seas? To the which the Page Mercutio anſwered nothing, for he was ſtill in a ſound ſleep. To whom the Prince called again, ſaying: Ariſe I ſay, bring forth my armour, call upon the Mariners that they may launch their Boat into the Sea, for by the omnipotent Iupiter, I ſweare that I will not be called the Sonne of my Father, if I do ſuffer ſuch violence to be done againſt my Love, and not procure with all my ſtrength to revenge the ſame. Mercutio would have replyed unto him, but the furious countenance of the Prince would not give him leave; no, not once to look upon his face: ſo hee brought forth his armour and buckled it on.

In the meane time the Mariners had launched their Boat into the Sea, whereunto he leaped with a haſty fury, and carried with him his Page and foure of the Mariners

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for to follow the Barque, and he commanded them to take their way towards the other company that passed by them.

So they laboured all the night till such time as bright Phœbus with his glistring beames gave unto them such light, that they might discover and see the other Barque, although somwhat afarre off.

So they laboured with great courage till two parts of the day was spent, at which time they saw come after them a Gally which was rowed with eight Oares upon a side, and it made so great speed, that with a trice they were with them, and hee saw that there was in her three Knights, in bright armour, to whom Pollemus called with a lowd voyce, saying: Most courteous Knights, I request you to take me into your Gally, that being in her I may the better accomplish my desire.

The Knights which were in the Gally passed by the Prince without making return of any answer, but rather shewed that they made but little account of him.

These three Knights were the Sonnes of the English Champion, who departed from their Father in his journey towards Babylon, to set the King again in his Kingdome.

But now to follow our History: the Prince of Constantinople seeing the little account they made of him, with the great anger and fury that he received, he took an Oare in one hand, and another in the other hand, and with such strength hee struck the water, that hee made the slothfull Barque to flie, and laboured so sore at the Oares, that with a trice they were equall with the Gally.

So leaving the Oares, with a light leap hee put himselfe into the Gally with his Helm on, and his Shield at his shoulder, and being within, he sayd: Now shall you do that by force, which before, I using great courtesie, you would not yeeld unto.

This being sayd, one of Saint Georges Sonnes took

the encounter in hand, thinking it a blemish to the honour of Knight-hood, by multitudes to assayle him, so they two have knights without any advantage the one of the other, made their encounters so valiantly, that it was a wonder to all the beholders.

The Prince of Constantinople struck the English knight such a furious blow, that he made him to decline his head to his breast, and forced him to recoyle backwards two or three steps, but he came quickly again to himselfe and returned him so mighty a blow upon his Helmet, that hee made all his teeth to chatter in his head, which was pittifull to see.

Then began betwixt them a marvellous and well fought battell, that all that beheld them greatly admired: with great policy and strength they endured the bickering all day, and when they saw the dark and tenebrous night come upon them, they strove with more courage and strength to finish their battell.

The Prince of Constantinople, puffing and blowing like an inraged Bull, lift up his Sword with both his hands, and discharged it so strongly upon his enemy, that perforce he made him to fall to the ground, and therewithall offered to pull his Helmet from his head. But when the English knight saw himselfe in that sort, he threw his Shield from him, and very strongly caught the other about the neck, and held him fast, so that betwixt them began a mighty and terrible wrestling, tumbling and wallowing up and down the Gally, breaking their plancks and Dares, that it was strange to behold.

At this time the night began to be very dark, wherefore they called for lights, which presently were brought them by the Mariners, in the meane time these knights did somewhat breathe themselves, although it was not much. So when the lights were brought, they returned to their old combat with new force and strength.

Oh Heavens, sayd Pollemus, I cannot beleeve to the contrary

trary but that this is Mars the God of War, that doth contend in battle with mée, and for the great envy hée beares against mée, hée goeth about to dishonour mée. And with these words they thickned their blowes with great desperatenesse.

And although this last assault continued more than two houres, yet neither of them did faint, but at the last they both together lift up their Swords, and charged them together the one upon the others Helmet, with so great strength that both of them fell down upon the hatches without any remembrance.

The rest that looked upon them, did beléeve verily that they were both dead, by reason of the abundance of blood which came forth at their visours, but quickly it was perceived that there was some hope of life in them. Then presently there was an agréement made betwixt the Knights of the Gally and the Mariners of the Barque, that they should conjoyn together and travell whither Fortune would conduct them, in this order as you have heard, carried they these two Knights without any remembrance.

But when the Prince of Constantinople came to himselfe, with a lowd voyce he sayd; Oh Iove, is it possible to be true that I am overthrown in this first encounter and assault of my Knight-hood? here I curse the day of my creation, and the houre when first I merited the name of a Knight; henceforth Ile bury all my honours in disgrace, and spend the remnant of my life in base cowardise; and in speaking these words, he cast his eye aside, and beheld the English Knight as one newly risen from a trance, who likewise breathed forth these discontented speeches; Oh unhappy Sonne of Saint George, now a coward and of little valour, I know not how thou canst name thy selfe to be the sonne of the valiantest Knight in the world, for that thou hast lost thy honour in this last assault.

This being sayd, the two weary Knights concluded a peace betwixt them, and revealed each to the other their

names and living, and wherefore they adventured to travell, the which when it was known, they sayled forward that way whereas the dolorous woman went, so in this sort they travelled all the rest of the night that remayned, till such time as the day began to bee cleere, and straitway they descryed Land, to which place with great haste they rowed.

And comming aland, they found no used way, but one narrow path, the which they kept: wherein they had not travelled long when that they met with a poore simple Countrey-man, with a new ground Hatchet in his hand, and he was going to cut some fire-wood off the high and broad-spreading trees, of whom they demanded what Countrey and Land it was.

This Countrey (sayd hee) is called Armenia, but yet most courteous Knights you must pardon me, for that I do request you to return again, and proceed no further if you do esteem of your lives, for in going this way there is nothing to be had but death.

For that the Lord of this Countrey is a furious Monster, called the Two-headed Knight, and he is so furious in his tyranny, that never any Stranger could as yet escape out of his hand alive. And for proofe of his cruelty, no longer than yesterday he brought hither a Lady prisoner, who at her first comming on shoare, hee all to bewhipt and beat her in such sort that it would make the most tyrannous Tyrant that is, to relent and pitty her distresse, swearing that every day he would so torment her, till her life and body did make their separation.

Pollemus the Prince of Constantinople, was very attentive to the old mans words, thinking the Lady to bee his Dulcippa after whom he so long travelled: the griefe he received at this report struck such a terrour to his heart, that he fell into a swound, and was not able to go any further. But S. Georges Sonnes, who knew him to bee a Knight of much valour, incouraged him, and protested by the honour

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of their Knight-hoods, never to forſake his company, till they ſaw his Lady delivered from her torments, and her ſafely conducted home into his own Country.

So travelling with this reſolution, the night came on, and it was ſo dark, that they were conſtrayned to ſeek ſome convenient place to take their reſts, and laying themſelves down under a broad branched Oak tree, they paſſed the night, pondering in their mindes a thouſand imaginations.

So when the morning was come, and that the Diamond of Heaven began to gliſter with his beames upon the mountain tops, theſe martiall Knights were not ſlothfull, but roſe up and followed their journeys.

After this they had not travelled ſcarce halfe a mile, when that they heard a pittifull lamentation of a woman, whoſe voyce by reaſon of her lowd ſhrieks, was very hoarſe, ſo they ſtayd to heare from whence that lamentable noyſe ſhould come.

And preſently, afarre off, they beheld a high Pillar of ſtone, out of the which there came forth a ſpout of faire and cleere water, and thereat was bound a woman all naked, her back faſtned to the pillar, her armes backward embracing it, with her armes faſt bound behinde her. Her ſkin was ſo faire and white, that if it had not been that they heard her lamentation, they would have judged her to have been an Image made artificially of Alablaſter, and joyned to the pillar.

Theſe warlike Knights laced on their Helmets, and came unto the place where ſhe was, but when the Prince of Conſtantinople ſaw her, he preſently knew her to be his Lady and lovely Miſtreſſe. For, by reaſon of the colonelle of the night, and with her great lamentation and weepings, ſhe was ſo full of ſorrow and affliction, that ſhe could ſcarce ſpeak. Likewiſe the Princes heart ſo yerned at the ſight of his unhappy Lady, that almoſt he could not look upon her for weeping.

But yet at last with a sorrowfull sigh he sayd: Oh cruell hands! is it possible that there should remain in you so much mischiefe, that whereas there is such great beauty and fairenesse, you should use such basenesse and villany? shee doth more deserve to be loved and served, than to be in this sort so evill intreated.

This woefull Prince with much sorrow did behold her white skin and back all to bespotted with her red blood, and taking a cloak from one of the Mariners, he threw it upon her, and covered her body, and took her in his armes whilst the other Knights unbound her.

This unhappy Lady never felt nor knew what was done unto her, till such time as she was loosed from those bands, and in the armes of her Lover. But yet shee thought that shee had been in the armes of the monstrous two-headed Knight, and therefore shee gave a terrible sigh, saying: Oh Pollemus, my true betrothed husband, where art thou now, that thou commest not to succour mee? and therewithall ceased her speeches.

This Prince hearing these words, would have answered her, but hee was disturbed by hearing of a great noyse of a Horse, which seemed to bee in the Woods amongst the Trees.

The rest of the Knights intending to see what it should be, left the Lady lying upon the green grasse in the keeping of Prince Pollemus and the Mariners, and so S. Georges sonnes went towards that place whereas they heard that rushing noyse, and as they diligently lookt about them, they beheld the two-headed Monster mounted upon a furious and great Palfrey, who returned to see if the Lady were alive, for to torment her anew.

But when he came to the Pillar and saw not the Lady, with an irefull look hee cast his eyes, looking round about him on every side, and at last he saw the three Knights comming towards him with a slow and quiet pace, and how the Lady was untyed from the Pillar where hee left her,

her, and in the armes of another Knight, making her sorrowfull complaint.

The two-headed Knight seeing them in this order, with great wrath he came riding upon his furious Horse towards them: and when he was neere them, he sayd: Fond Knights, what wretched folly and madnesse hath bewitched you, that without any leave you have adventured to untie the Lady from the Pillar where I left her, or come you to offer up your bloods in sacrifice upon my Fauchion? To whom one of the three valiant Brothers answered, and sayd: We be Knights of a strange Countrey, that at the sorrowfull complaint of this Lady arrived at this place, and seeing her to bee a faire and beautifull woman, and without any desert to be thus evill intreated, it moved us to put our persons in adventure against them that will seeme farther to misuse her.

In the meane time that the Knight was speaking these words, the ugly deformed Monster beheld him very precisely, knitting his browes with the great anger he received to hearing his speeches, and with great fury hee spurred [illegible] monstrous beast, that he made him to give so mighty a [illegible], that he had almost fallen upon the English Knight: [illegible] with great lightnesse did deliver himselfe, and so drawing out his Sword, he would have strucken him, but the beast passed by with so great swiftnesse, that hee could not reach him.

Here began as terrible a battle between the two-headed Knight and Saint Georges sonnes, as ever was fought by any Knights, their mighty blowes seemed to rattle in the Elements like to a terrible thunder, and their Swords to strike sparkling fire in such abundance, as though it had been from a Smiths Anvill.

During this conflict, the English Knights were so greevously wounded, that all their bright armour was stayned with a bloody gore, and their Helmets bruised with the terrible strokes of the Monsters Fauchion, whereat they grew more

more inraged, and their strength began to increase in such sort, that one of them struck an overthwart blow with his trusty Sword upon his knee, and by reason that his armour was not very good, he cut it cleane asunder, so that leg and all fell to the ground, and the two-headed Knight fell on the other side to the earth, and with great roaring he began to rage and stare like a beast, and to blaspheme against the Fates for this his sudden mishap.

The other two Brethren seeing this, presently cut off his two heads, whereby he was forced to yeld to the mercy of imperious Death.

There was another Knight that came with the Monster, who when he saw all that had passed, with great feare returned the way from whence he came.

These victorious Conquerours, when they saw that with so great ease they were delibered from the Tyrants cruelty, with joyfull hearts they departed, with conquest, to the Prince of Constantinople, where they left him comforting his distressed Lady.

So when they were all together, they commanded the Mariners to provide them somwhat to eat, for that they had great need thereof, who presently prepared it, for that continually they bore their provision about them: of this Banket the Knights were very glad, and rejoyced much at that which they had atchieved, and commanded that the Lady should be very well looked to, and healed of her harme received.

So at the end of three dayes, when the Princely Lady had recovered health, they left the Countrey of Armenia, and departed back to the Sea, whereas they had left their Ships lying at roade, that tarried there untill their coming.

Whereinto they had no sooner entred, but the Mariners hoysed sayle, and took their way towards Constantinople, as the Knights commanded. The winds served them so prosperously that within a small time they arrived in

Greece,

Greece, and landed within two dayes journey of the Court, which lay then at Paru about a mile from Constantinople.

Being aland, the Prince Pollemus consulted with Saint Georges three Sonnes, what course were best to bee taken for their proceeding in the Court. For, saith he, unlesse I may with the Emperour my Fathers consent, enjoy my dearest Dulcippa, I will live unknown in her company, rather than delight in the heritage of ten such Empires.

At last they concluded that the Lady should bee covered in a black baile for being known, and Pollemus in black armes, and the other Knights all suitable should ride together: which accordingly they did, and about ten of the morning entred the Pallace: where they found the Emperour, the seven Champions, with many other Princes in the great Hall: to whom one of Saint Georges Sonnes thus spake:

Great Emperour and noble Knights, this Knight that leadeth the Lady hath long loved her, in their births there is great difference, so that their parents crosse their affections: for him she hath endured much sorrow, and for her he will and hath suffered many hazards. His comming thus to your Court is to this end, to approve her the only desertfull Lady in the world, himselfe the faithfullest Knight against all Knights whatsoever: which with your Emperiall leave, he, my selfe, and these two my associates, will maintain: desiring your Majesty to give judgement as we shall deserve.

The Emperour condescended, and on the Green before the Pallace, those foure overthrew more than foure hundred Knights: so that Saint George and three other of the Champions entred the Lists, and ran three violent courses against the Black Knights, without moving them: who never suffered the points of their Speares to touch the Armour of the Champions: which the Em-

perour perceiving, guessed them to be of acquaintance: wherefore giving iudgement, that the Knight should possesse his Lady, at his request they all discovered themselves.

To describe the delightfull comfort that the English Champion took in the presence of his Children, and the ioy that the Emperour received at the returne of his lost Sonne, requires more Art and Eloquence than my tired senses can afford. I am therefore here forced to leave the Flowers of Chivalry in the City of Constantinople. Of whose following adventures I will at large discourse hereafter: and how all these famous Champions came to their deaths, and for what cause they were called the seven Saints of Christendome.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Of the renowned and prayse-worthy death of Saint *Patrick*, how he buried his own selfe: and for what cause the *Irish-men* to this day, do weare their red Crosse upon Saint *Patrick's* day.



Ere must you suppose (gentle Readers) that time had run a long race before these aforesayd thrice honoured Champions had purchased so many right worthy victories: and being now wearied with age, Death with his gloomy countenance, began to challenge an end of all their worldly atchievements, and to draw their noble names to a full perfection; therefore preparing a black Stage for Honour to act his last scene on, thus it followed.

The valiant Champion Saint Patrick feeling himselfe weakned with time and age, not able any longer to endure the bruises of Princely atchievements, became an Hermit, and wandring up and down the world in poore habiliments, he came at last to the Country of his birth, which is now called Ireland, but in former times Hiberia, where instead of Martiall atchievements, hee offered up in the name of his Redeemer, devout Orisons, daily making petitions to the Deity of Glory, in the behalfe of his desired peace; a life more delightfull to his aged heart, than all his former accomplishments. And now willing to bid fare-

well to the world, hee desired a reclosure to bee made, and to bee pent up in a stony wall from the sight of all earthly objects. To which request of this holy Father (now no Souldier but a man of peace) the inhabitants wholly condescended, and builded him a foure-square house of stone, without either window or doore, only a little hole to receive his food in, wherein they closed him up, never to be seen more alive by the eyes of mortall men. Also appointing divers of the Countrey to bring him at convenient times, food to maintaine nature, which they delivered in at the aforesayd hole, which they thought to be a deed of more than common charity, and he (the receiver) to bee an honour to their Countrey, by this the severe and strickt course of life he put himselfe to. Thus lived hee the servant of his God day and night kneeling on the bare ground, till thrice the Winters cold had tane departure, and as oft the Summers warmth had cheared up the cold earth, making his knees hard with kneeling, and his eyes dim with lamentations for his former offences. In which time the hayres of his head were all over-grown and deformed, and the nayles of his fingers (as it were) seemed like the talons and clawes of an old Raven, with the which by little and little he digged his own grave, prepared against the houre of his death to bee buried in; the which by processe of time came thus to effect as followeth.

When hee had walked (as I sayd before) thrice twelve months in divine contemplations, by inspiration (as it seemed) hee layd him downe in the grave that his owne nayles had digged: and feeling his body weak and feeble, ready to deliver up the ayre of life, hee began to speak as followeth.

World (quoth he) thou hast been long my kinde friend, and hast graced my name with many titles of honour, making me famous in thy large circumference: thou hast given mee victories over all mine enemies, and weakned

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the boldnesse of all my withstanders, that my life and name might be caracted amongst the rest of our Christian Champions: for which I have thought my selfe predestinated to a lasting happinesse in that the title of my fortunes challenge so long a memory. World (I say) fare thou well, my life lingreth now to her last minute, which as willingly I here deliver up, as ever I brandisht weapon against powerfull Pagan. I need no pompall traine of Princes to attend my funerall, nor solemn chimes of bels to ring me to my grave, nor troops of mourners in sable garments, to furnish out my obsequy: my selfe here buries up my selfe, and all offices of lamentations belonging to so sad a businesse, is my owne hand labour. Earth, I embrace thee: thou gentle mould my bodies coveting, with humility I kisse thee: no difference is betwæn thy colo nature and my lifes warm substance, we are both one. Emperours are but earth so am I. Thou earth, gently do I yeld my selfe into thy mouldy bosome. I come, I come, swæt Comforter, into thy hands I commend my spirit. These, and such like, were the last words that ever this good Champion delivered: so yelding to death, the earth of it selfe as it were buried up his body, in the grave which his owne hands had digged.

Thus being changed from a lively substance to a dead picture, his attenders, as their usuall custome was, came with food to relæve him, and calling at the hole where he had wont to receive it, they heard nothing but empty ayre blowing in and out, which made them conjecture presently that Death had prevayled, and the fatall Sisters finished up their labours: so calling together more company, they made an entrance thereinto, and finding what had hapned, how hæ had buried his owne selfe, they reported it for a wonder up and down the Countrey, being an accident of much strangenesse: for before that time the like never chanced.

Whereupon, by a common consent of the whole kingdome, they pulled down the aforesayd House or Tower,

and in the same place, builded in processe of time a most sumptuous Chappell, calling it Saint Patricks Chappell, and in the place where this holy Father had buried himselfe, they likewise erected a Monument of much richnesse, framed upon pillars of pure Gold, beautified with many artificiall sights, most pleasant to behold: whereunto for many yeares after resorted distressed people, such as were commonly molested with loathsome diseases, where making their Orisons at Saint Patricks Tomb, they found help, and were restored to their former healths. By which means the name of Saint Patrick is grown so famous through the world, that to this day he is entituled one of our Christian Champions and the Saint for Ireland, where in remembrance of him, & of his honourable atchievements done in his life time, the Irish-men as well in England as in that Countrey, do as yet in honour of his name keep one day in the yeare festivall, holding upon the same a great solemnity, wearing upon their Hats each of them a Crosse of red silk, in token of his many adventures under the Christian Crosse, as you have heard in the former History at large discoursed. Whose noble deeds both in life and death we will leave sleeping with him in his grave, and speak of our next renowned Tragedy, which Heaven and Fate had allotted to Saint David, the Champion for Wales, at that time entituled Camber-Britannia.

Chap. XVIII.

Of the honourable victory wonne by Saint *David* in *Wales*: of his death, and the cause why Leeks are by custome, of *Welsh-men*, worne on Saint *Davids* day: with other things that hapned.

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SOme certain months after the departure of Saint Patrick from the City of Constantinople, from the other Champions, as you heard before in the last Chapter, Saint David having a heart still fired with fame, thirsted even to his dying day for honourable atchievements, and although age and time had almost wearied him away, yet would he once more make his adventure in the fields of Mars, and seale up his honours in the records of Fame with a noble farewell.

So upon a morning framing himselfe for a knightly enterprize, he took his leave of the other Champions, and all alone well mounted upon a lusty Courser, furnished with sufficient habiliments, for so brave an enterprize, he began a journey home towards his own Country, accounting that his best joy, and the joyes of his most comfort. But long had he not travelled, ere he heard of the distresses thereof: how Wales was beset with a people of a sauage nature, thirsting for blood, and the ruine of that brave Kingdome: and how that many battels had been fought to the disparagement of Christian Knight-hood. Whereupon arming himselfe with true resolution, hee went forward with a courageous minde either to redeem the same, or to lose his best blood in the honour of the adventure.

Whereupon all the way as he travelled, he drew in to his ayd and assistance, all the best Knights he could finde, of any Nation whatsoever, giving them promises of noble rewards, and such entertainments as befitted so worthy a fellowship. By this meanes before he came upon the borders of Wales, he had gathered together the number of five hundred Knights, of such noble resolutions, that all Christendome could not afford better, the seven Champions excepted. And these all well furnished for battell, entred the Country, where they found many townes unpeopled, gallant houses subverted, Monasteries defaced, Cities ruinated,

fields

fields of corne consumed with fire: yea, everything so out of order, as if the Country had never been inhabited. Wherefore upon with a grieved mind to see the region of his birth place so confounded, and nothing but praises of murder and death sounding in his eares, he summoned his knights together, placing them in battell array, to travell high up into the Countrey, for the performance of his desired hopes. But as they marched along with an easie pace to prevent dangers, there resorted to them people of all ages, both young and old, bitterly complayning of the wrongs thus done unto their Countrey. Where when they knew him to be the Champion of Wales, whom so long they had desired to see, their joyes so exceeded, that all former woes were abolished, and they emboldned to nothing but revenge. The rest of the knights that came with S. David, perceiving their force and numbers to encrease, purposed a present onset, and to shew themselves before their enemies, which lay incamped among st the mountaines, with such strength and policy, that hard it was to make an assayment.

Whereupon the noble Champion, being then their Generall and Leader, called his Captaines together, and with a bold courage sayd as followeth.

Now is the time, brave Gentlemen, or never to be canonized the sonnes of Fame: this is the day of dignity or dishonour, an enterprize to make us ever live, or to end our names in obscurity: let not chill feare, the Cowards companion, pull us back from the golden throne where the adventurous Souldier sits in glory deservedly: we are to trample in a field of death and dead mens bones, and to buckle with an enemy of great strength, a pagan power that seeks to over-run all Christian Kingdomes, and to wash our Cambrian fields with innocent blood. To armes, I say, brave followers, I will be the first to give death the onset, and for my colours or Ensigne do I weare upon my Burgonet (you see) a green Leek beset with gold, which shall (if we win the victory) hereafter be an honour unto

Wales

Wales, and on this day, being the first of March, be for ever worne by the Welshmen in remembrance hereof, which words were no sooner spoken by the Champion, but all the royall Army of every degree and calling got themselves the like Recognizance, which was each of them a greene Leeke upon their Hats or Beavers, which they wore all the time of the battell, and by that meanes the Champions followers were known from the others. This was not long a doing before Saint David and his companies beheld descending from the Mountaines, an army of Pagans, as it seemed numberlesse, people of such mighty statures, whose sights might even have daunted their noble resolutions, had not the brave Champion still animated them forward with Princely incouragements. Time stayed not long ere the battels joyned, and the Pagans with their Iron Clubs and Mats of Steele, so laydabout them, that had not our Christian army been preserved by miracle, such a slaughter had been made of the Champion and his knights, that well might have caused the whole world to wonder at.

But the Queen of Chance so favoured Saint David and his followers, that what with their nimble Lances, keene Darts, and Arrowes shot from their quick Bowes, and Welsh hooks in great abundance, the Sunne also lying in the Pagans faces, to their great disadvantage, that in short time the noble Champion wonne a worthy victory. The ground lay all covered with mangled carkasses, the grassy fields changed from green into red colour with the mingled blood that ran from horse and man thus murthered. A noble policy was it for all our Christians in that battell to weare green Leekes in their Gorgonets for their Colours, by which they were all known and preserved from the slaughter of one anothers Swords, only Saint David himselfe excepted, who being victor, in the highest pride of his glory was at last vanquished. Oh unhappy fate, to cut off his honour that was the only Darling of Honour. Help me Melpomene to bewayle his losse, that having wonne all,

lost his deere life, a life that the whole World might well have misse of. Oh fatall chance! for comming from the battell, over heated in blood, a sudden cold congealed in all his lifes members, that without recovery he was forced to yeeld unto death, to the great griefe of all his Knights and followers, who for the space of forty dayes mourned for him in great heavinesse, and after attended him unto his grave with much sorrow.

Which being done, in the honour of his Name they ordayned a custome, that the day of his victory should be canonized, and called in all after ages Saint Davids day, being holden still upon the first of March, and in remembrance thereof, upon the same day should likewise be worne by all well-willers to the same Countrey, certain green Leekes in their Hats, or on their bosomes, in true honour of this noble Martiall, which is still a prayse-worthy custome in these our Northern climates. Which time-beloved Souldier we will now leave sleeping in his Tomb in peace, and go forward in our other intended tragicall discourses.

Chap. XIX.

How S. *Denis* was beheaded in his own Conntrey, and how by a miracle shewed at his death, the whole Kingdom of *France* received the Christian Faith.

Saint Denis, being the third in this our pilgrimage of death, was likewise desirous of the sight of his own Countrey, which hee had not seen in many yeares, and purposing a toylsome travell to the same, took leave of the other Champions, who not altogether willing to leave so noble a Champion: yet considering the desire of his minde, they quickly condescended, wishing him the best well-fare of knight-hood: and so parting, they to their

Princely

Princely Pauilions, and hee to his restlesse journey, as well mounted, and as richly furnished with habiliments of Knighthood, as any Martialist in all Arabia, in which Countrey he was then: but leaving that place, and to satisfie his desires, he travelled day by day toward the Kingdome of France, without any adventure worth reporting, till he arrived upon the borders of that faire Countrey that he had so long wished to behold. But now see how Fate frowned: the welcome he expected was suddenly converted into a deadly hatred; for there was remayning in the French Kings favour a Knight of Saint Michaels Order, who in former times hearing of the honourable adventures of this noble Champion Saint Denis, and thinking the same to be a disparagement to his Knight-hood and the rest of that Order, conspired to betray him, and to bring all his former honours with his life to a finall overthrow.

Whereupon, this envious Knight of S. Michaels, goes unto the King (being as then a Pagan Prince, one that had no true knowledge of the Deity) and sayd, that there was come into his Kingdome a strange Knight, a false believer, one that in time would draw the love of his subjects from him, to the worship of a strange God: and that in despight of him and his Countrey, he would establish a falsified opinion: and that hee wore upon his breast the Christians Crosse, with many other things contrary to the Lawes of his Kingdome.

Upon these afore-sayd false informations, the King grew so inraged, that without any more consideration, he caused the good Knight S. Denis to be attached in his bed-Chamber, otherwise a score of the best Knights in all France had not been sufficient to bring him prisoner to the Kings presence: before whom being no sooner come, but with more than humane fury, without cause he adjudged him speedy death, and by martiall Law (without any further triall) to receive the same.

The good Champion S. Denis, even in death having a

most noble resolution, nothing at all dismayed, and knowing his cause to be good, and that hee should suffer for the Name of his sweet Redæmer, hee most willingly accepted of the same judgement, saying: Most mighty, but yet cruell King, think not but this thy exceeding tyranny will bee requited in strange manner: thy censure I take with much joy, in that I die for him whose Colours I have worne from mine infancy, and this my death seales up the obligation of all my comforts. And thou sweet Countrey where I first took life, receive it again as a Legacy due unto thee: for this my blood which here I offer up into thy bosome, is the best gift I can bestow upon thee. Farewell knighthood, farewell honourable adventures and Princely atchievements. Never may this gauntlette arme brandish weapon more in the honour of the Christians Crosse: for death awayteth at my back to cut off all such noble hopes, and I by tyranny am betrayed thereunto.

These speeches being uttered, he was forced to stand silent, and in the presence of the King, with many hundreds more, was constrained to yeild his body to the fatall stroak, where his head being layd upon the block, was by a base Executioner quickly dissevered from the rest of his manly members. Which being no sooner done, and the Champion libelled, but the Elements beset with cloudy exhalations, sent down such a terrible Thunder-clap, that struck presently dead the Knight of Saint Michael that accused him, the Executioner, with others that were at his attachment; at which strange and fearfull spectacle the King himselfe grew so amazed, that he deemed him to bee a blessed Creature, and that he had suffered wrongfully, and how his cause for which hee so willingly rendred up his life, was the true cause, which all must have a desire to die in. Wherefore incontinent from a Pagan, the King turned Christian, and caused the same to be proclaymed through all his Provinces, ordayning Churches to be built in remembrance of this great man. And like wise in the place where he suffered,

he

he caused with all speed to be built an hermitage of release, for poore Pilgrims to finde succour in, and such as travelled in the honour of that God, in whose name this good Champion died. Thus received France the true Faith, in which we leave it flourishing, and speak of S. Iames the Spanish Champion, and how he died.

CHAP. XX.

Of the tyrannous death that the Spanish Champion was put unto: and how God revenged the same in a strange manner: and of other things that happened.

HEre, gentle Reader, with a sad eye, prepare to give entertainment to the dolorous manner of the Spanish Champions death, who by tyranny and cruell dealing of the Infidels, was likewise made away. For age and time, as upon the former, grew upon him, and so enfeebled his strength, that he was no longer able to mannage the adventures of Chivalry, nor fight the battels of his Saviour, wherefore resolving to spend the remnant of his dayes in peace, he desired leave likewise to commit his fortunes to the Queen of Chance: which as the others did, he quickly obtained, and so leaving Constantinople, he put himselfe to travell toward the Countrey of his first being, not decked in his shining armour, nor mounted on his Spanish Gennet: but poore and bare in outward habit, though inwardly furnished with Gold & Jewels of an inestimable value, which hee had sowed up in the patches of a ruffet Gaberdine, better to travell with: where instead of a bright shining Curtle-axe, his Pilgrims staffe serued him to walk with, and for his Burganet of glittring steele, he couered his head (now as white as Christs down with age) with a Hat of grey colour, branched with a broad

Scallop-shell, his Princely longings were changed to grēn pastures, and his Canopies to the Skies azured covering, where the Nightingale and Lark told him the times passage. These were now his best contents and comforts, that time and age bestowed upon him.

In which manner travelling many a day and night, giving still as he went to the poore and nēdy, such small peces of silver as he well could spare; he arrived at last upon the confines of Spaine: where in honour of that God, for whom he had fought ten so many battels, hee builded up at his own charge a most sumptuous Chappell, to this day bearing the name of S. Iaques Chappell: and for the maintenance therof purchased divers Lands adioyning; with Nutrisers to sing day and night therein Alleluia to his Redeemer.

This celestiall gift and glorious custome so prepared, begot such love of the meaner sort of people, that they esteemed him more than a man, with a reverence of such regard bestowed upon him, that the very name of this noble Champion wonne greater admirations than the high Tilts of their Countries King, who being then a cruell tyrant, and a proud king, maintaining Atheisme by his government, grew so envious thereat, that he caused good S. Iaques, with the whole Quire of his celestiall singers, to be closed up together in the Chappell which the Champion had erected, and so starved them to death. Oh bloody butchery, and inhumane cruelty; a death of more terrour than ever was heard of. Nero in ripping up his mothers wombe to see the bed of his creation, was not halfe so cruell. But to be short, hunger prevayled, and they dead, their bodies putrified, and in time consumed away to dust and mould. Whereupon the Lord to shew how they died in his favour, and the love of Heaven, inflected such a light in the Chappell, that it shined day and night with such a glorious brightnesse, as if it had bēn the glorious Pallace of the Sunne: and likewise continually was heard therein, (though no creature remaining) such a Quire of melodious harmony, as if it had bēn

the sound of celestiall Musick. Which strange pleasures both to the eye and eare, bred so great an amazement to the whole Countrey, that all with a common consent, accused their King for the tyrannous putting to death of these good men so cruelly murthered: but especially the noble S. Iaques, that they purposed to hold him for their Countries Saint and Champion till the worlds dissolution. The proud King perceiving now his own rashnesse, and his commons hate against him for this deed doing, took such an inward conceit of griefe, that without taking any food ever after, he languished away and died: Thus have you heard the tragedy of the Spanish Champion, whom we likewise commit to the sweet leaps of eternity, and passe on further to more deathfull accidents.

CHAP. XXI.

Of the honourable and worthy death of the Italian Champion, how in the heigth of pleasure in his own Countrey, Death by a propheſie seazed upon him.

AFter all these aforesayd proceedings, Nature the common Nurse of us all, so wrought in the heart of Saint Anthony the Champion for Italy, that he undertook the next tragicall enterprize, and leaving Saint George with Saint Andrew, resting their crazed bones in the Emperours Court of Constantinople, where they lately atchieved so many prayses of Knight-hood, hee took his journey towards Italy, and knowing by course of nature, that his dayes were not many, purposed there to set up his lives rest, and in death to finish up all earthly troubles. So comming after long journeys to the City of Rome, where the Emperour Domitian kept his Court, and the City being

then

then in her chiefest pomp and glory, wonne great desire in the Champions minde to see the Monuments of the same.

So upon a morning going from his lodging, he walked up and down the streets with great admiration, and fed his eye with many delightfull objects. First, with great wonder hee stood gazing upon the Monuments that were erected in the honour of all their famous Emperours, Consuls, Dictors, and Conquerours, things which yeelded him great pleasure. The next thing that his eyes delighted in, was the Temple of the twelve Sybels, a most miraculous building: in which Temple were all their Prophecies inrolled, as also the beginning and ending of the whole catalogus of the Heathen Gods, as Mars, Venus, Iupiter, Saturn, Apollo, and such like, with their manner of worship. The next that he saw was the house of Remus and Romulus that builded Rome, a building of much worthinesse. Next unto it stood an ancient Prison (an old rotten thing) where the man lay, that was condemned to death, and could have no body come to him and succour him, but was searcht, yet was kept alive a long space by sucking of his daughters breasts. After this he saw Pompeys Theater, reputed one of the nine wonders of the World: the Emperour Neroes Tombe maintayned with disgrace, for the offence hee did in setting Rome on fire. To conclude, hee spent many dayes in viewing the Martyrs Tombes, and other Reliques brought from Ierusalem. Amongst many other delightfull sights, hee came into a Chappell dedicated unto himselfe, called The honour of S. Anthony: wherein was portrayed in Alabaster pictures, the true formes of all the Champions of Christendome, with the stories of all their adventures, combats, turnaments, and battels; their impriſonments, dangers, and inchantments, all portrayed and pictured up by inchantment and witchcraft, whereupon ran a prophesie, that the Patron of this Chappell should ever live undisquered, and never embrace death, till his eyes were witnesses of the same portraytures which in golden letters were subscribed

subscribed over the Chappell doore or entrance. All which when S. Anthony had beheld, and knowing by inspiration himselfe to be the man, with a meek minde embraced his own end, and never after departed the Chappell, but remained kneeling in the same upon the bare Marble, making his Orisons of repentance to the eternall Deity, till pale Destiny had cut off the threeds of his old dayes.

And thus being converted to mouldy earth, the Emperour caused him to be intombed in the same Chappell: and over his grave to set a magnificent Chaire, in which Chaire for many yeares after, the Roman Conquerours received their Laurell rewards of Martiall victory, under whose Banner and Name, even to this day they make their adventures: so with high honour and fame both lived and died this prayse worthy Champion Saint Anthony of Italy.

Chap. XXII.

Of the Martyrdome of Saint *Andrew* the Scottish Champion, and how his death was revenged by the King of that Countrey, and by what meanes *Scotland* was brought unto the Christian Faith.

Saint George and S. Andrew were the two last Champions that stayed together, and as it seemed, the dearest love remained between them two: but yet rusty Time, with his swift course would needs part them, and breake this their united fellowship. For the summons of Honour so animated the bold heart of the Scottish Champion, that he burned with desire to see his native Countrey, and to behold the place of his first being: so leaving Constantinople, only honoured with the presence of Saint George and his three Sonnes, in great jollity of minde he travelled month

by month, week by week, day by day, till time and Fate set him happily in the Kingdome of Scotland: where having not been in many yeares before, he received such entertainment as if he had been the greatest Emperour of the world: for all the streets and passages as he went, were furnished with people of the best regard, to give a gracious welcome to his native home, especially the King himselfe, who for the love and honour hee bore unto his name and Knight-hood, lodged him in his own Palace, and proclaymed for his Noble welcome, a Princely Turnament to be holden for the space of fifteen dayes: in which time all the Nobility and Martiall Knights of Scotland performed such well approved atchievement, that Greece, Constantinople, Rome, nor Ierusalem could equall them in the least regard: but Saint Andrew being now grown aged, and unapt for such Princely encounters, sate as a beholder, censuring of the best deserver, and gave such due commendations as befitted so gallant a Company: and for a fare-well of such time-honoured Pastimes, hee desired leave of the King to depart, and to spend the remnant of his life in private contemplations, for the good of his soule, and to wash away with the water of true penitence, all the blood he had spilt in his travell about the World, in the maintenance of Knight-hood: a request so reasonable, that the King could not refuse but give his consent. So taking leave of his Majesty, and the rest of the Nobility and Knights there present, he departed up to a Mountaine farre remote from the Kings Court, under which by Nature was erected a Cave or hollow Vault, wherein he remayned for the space of a yeare, studying Divinity, and the commands of his Redeemer, Scotland being then a rude and Heathenish Countrey, where the common sort of people inhabited, by which meanes he was much admired, and supposed to be sent from some place unknown, as a Messenger to bring them evill tidings. Whereupon those misbeleeving people by a common consent (taking him for some subtle conspirer against their Pagan gods, which as then they

they worshipped) put him secretly to death, and after cutting off his head in hope of reward, bore it to the King, deeming they had done a deed of much deserved commendations. Which inhumane cruelty when the King saw, with much greefe he lamented the losse of this good man, and with all speed in revenge of his death, raysed a power of his best resolved Knights of warre, putting every one to the Sword, both man, woman, and childe, that in any manner consented to the Champions martyrdome: and after in processe of time, appointed a Monastery to be built in the same place where he died, causing the whole Kingdome to be brought in subjection to a quiet government, and Christened in the right beleefe of this holy Father. This was the last deed of Saint Andrew, by whose death Scotland received the true Faith, in which it now remayneth.

CHAP. XXIII.

Of the adventure performed by Saint *George*: how hee received his death by the sting of a venemous Dragon: and of the Honours and Royalties done unto his Name, being entituled our English Patron of Knighthood.

NOw droopes my weary Muse, for she is come unto her latest Tragedy, Saint George is summoned to the Barre of Death, where magnificent Honour stands ready to give his Name a Noble Renown to all ensuing Ages.

This illustrious Champion, when he was left alone, as you heard, in the company of his three sonnes, Guy, Alexander and David, strange imaginations day by day possessed his minde, that he could not rest nor sleep: sometimes sup-

posing his companions were in great distresse: other while how they had won the chiefest goale of honour, little needing his knightly service and assistance: sometimes one thing, sometimes another so molested him, that he must needs make his adventure to follow them. Whereupon calling his three Sonnes together, he went to the Grecian Emperour and requested that they might all foure depart with his leave and liking, for knightly adventures had challenged them all to appeare in some forrain region where noble atchievements were to be performed; but where and in what Countrey, his Destiny had not yet revealed to him. So furnishing them all foure in habiliments of shining steele, they left Constantinople, as it were guided by Fate, untill they came into England, then called Britaine, whose chalky cliffes S. George had not seen in twice twelve yeares, and now comming with a sweet imbracement to his native Country, he gave his three sonnes thereinto a most joyfull welcome, shewing them (to their great comfort) the brave situation of the Townes and Cities, and the pleasant prospects of the fields as they passed, untill they came within the sight of the City of Coventry, where he was born, and received his first being; upon whose glistring pinnacles no sooner calling his eye-sight, but the inhabitants interrupted his pleasurable delights with a dolefull report, how upon Dunsmore-heath, as then remained an infectious Dragon, that so annoyed the Countrey, that the inhabitants thereabout could not passe the heath without great danger: and how that fifteen Knights of the Kingdom had already lost their lives in adventuring to suppresse the same. Also giving him to understand of a Prophesie, that a Christian Knight never born of woman, should be the destroyer therof, and his name in after ages for accomplishing the adventure, should be holden for an eternall honour to the Kingdom. S. George no sooner hearing thereof, and what wrongs his native Countrey received by this infectious Dragon, and knowing himselfe to be the Knight, grew so incouraged, that he purposed presently to put the adventure

in

in tryall, and either to free his Countrey from so great a danger, or to finish his dayes in the attempt: so taking leave of his sons and the rest there present, he rode forward with as noble a spirit, as he did in Ægypt, when he there combated with the burning Dragon. So comming to the middle of the Plaine, where his infectious enemy lay couched in the ground, in a deep cave, who by a strange instinct of nature knowing her death to draw neere, made such a yelling noyse, as if the Element had burst with thunder, or the earth had shook with a terrible exhalation: so comming from his den, and spying the Champion, hee ran with such fury against him, as if he would have devoured both man and horse in a moment, but the Champion being quick and nimble, gave the Dragon such way, that he miss him, and with his sting ran full two foot into the earth: but recovering, hee turned again with such rage upon Saint George, that he had almost born his horse over and over, but that the Dragon having no stay of his strength, fell with his back downward upon the ground, and his feet upward, whereat the Champion taking advantage, kept him still down with his horse standing upon him fighting as you see in the picture of Saint George, with his Lance goring him thorow in divers parts of the body, and withall contrariwise the Dragons sting annoyed the good Knight in such sort, that the Dragon being no sooner slaine and bewltred in his venemous gore, but Saint George likewise took his deaths wound by the deep strokes of the Dragons sting, whish he received in divers parts of his body, that bled in such abundance, that his strength began to enfeeble, and grow weak, yet retayning the true nobleneſſe of minde, he valiantly returned victor to the City of Coventry, where his three sonnes with the whole inhabitants stood without the gates in great royalty to receive him, and to give him the honour that belonged to so worthy a Conquerour, who no sooner arrived before the City, and presented them with the Dragons head which so long had annoyed the Country, but what with the abundance

of blood that issued from his deep wounds, and the long bleeding without stopping the same, he was forced in his Sonnes armes to yeeld up his last breath, for whom his three princely Sonnes long lamented, making the greatest moane that ever was made in any Kingdome, and againe they were so seconded with the griefe of the whole Countrey, that all the Land from the King to the Shepherd, mourned for him for the space of a month: which heavy time being ended, the King of this Countrey being a vertuous and noble Prince, advanced Saint Georges three Sonnes to noble Offices: First, the eldest of them named Guy, to be Earle of Warwick, and high Chamberlaine of his household. The next named Alexander, according to his name, to be Captaine generall of his Knights of Chivalry. And the youngest named David, to bee his Cup-bearer, and Controuler of all his Revels and delights. And likewise in remembrance of their noble Father the Christian Champion, he ordained for ever after to be kept a solemne Procession about the Kings Court, by all the Princes and chiefe Nobility of the Countrey, upon the 23 day of Aprill, naming it S. Georges Day, upon which day he was most solemnly interred in the City where he was born, though now by the ruines of Time defaced and abolished. He likewise decreed by the consent of the whole Kingdome, that the Patron of the Land should be named Saint George, our Christian Champion, in that hee had fought so many battels in the honour of Christendome. All which we see (with many more honours) to this day here maintained in remembrance of this good Knight, who (no doubt) resteth in eternall peace with the other renowned Champions of Christendome: so God grant we may do all.

Amen.

FINIS.